SweetBunny22

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by finncandrownmeandillsaythnx

Resumen

> *He looked at the charcoal smudge again. It was so distinctly Will. It was like finding a fingerprint at a crime scene, only the crime was Mike's rapidly disintegrating sanity.*
>
> *He should close the tab. He should absolutely, one hundred percent close the tab, clear his browser history, burn the laptop, and maybe move to a monastery in Tibet where the wifi was spotty. He should walk into Will's room right now and say... what?*
>
> ***Hey man, sorry to wake you, but are you spreading your cheeks to pay for our electricity bill? Because if so, thanks, but also, what the fuck?***

In which, Mike Wheeler thinks he knows everything about his roommate and childhood best friend, Will. He knows Will likes his coffee black, hates the texture of anything remotely slimy, and is surprisingly good at keeping secrets. But when Mike stumbles upon a cam model named 'Lee' who films in a room that looks suspiciously familiar, he realizes he doesn't know Will nearly as well as he thought. And God, does he want to learn.

OR simply: a camboy!will AU

Notes

Welcome to the first chapter of this mess! This is a college/cam-boy AU where Mike is a disaster and Will is making bank.

Fair Warning: This chapter contains the reveal of Will's online persona. It includes a image of his camboy profile with explicit contents; feel free to scroll past it. I used it as reference when story-building. Please read responsibly and mind the tags! If this is not for you, then don't read.

Chapter 1: What can you get for $15?

The problem with living with your best friend—the one you've been inextricably, painfully, and secretly in love with since the age of twelve—was that there was nowhere to hide.

New York City was supposed to be the place where people went to disappear, to blend into the gray static of millions of other souls screaming into the void. But in apartment 4B on the Lower East Side, the world shrank down to eight hundred square feet of shared oxygen, tangled charging cables, and the pervasive scent of Will Byers' vanilla shampoo.

Mike Wheeler was twenty-one years old. He was a junior at NYU, majoring in English Literature with a minor in Creative Writing (because apparently, he enjoyed suffering), and he was currently staring at a toaster.

Not just any toaster. This was a chrome-plated, four-slice, digital-display beast that looked like it belonged on a spaceship rather than in their cramped, pre-war kitchenette. It hummed with a quiet, expensive efficiency.

"Will," Mike said, his voice thick with sleep. He was leaning against the doorframe, wearing nothing but flannel pajama bottoms and a tattered Radiohead t-shirt. "Why is there a robot on our counter?"

Will Byers was standing by the window, bathed in the sickly yellow morning light of the city. He looked unfairly good for 8:00 AM on a Tuesday. He was wearing an oversized yellow sweater that swallowed his hands—*paws*, Mike's brain unhelpfully supplied—and he was buttering a bagel with the focus of a surgeon.

Will looked up, blinking large, innocent hazel eyes. "It's a Breville, Mike. It's not a robot."

"It costs three hundred dollars," Mike accused, walking over to inspect the machine. He poked it. It beeped at him politely. "I checked the price tag on the box in the recycling. Three. Hundred. Dollars. For toast."

"It has a 'Bit More' button," Will said defensively, as if that explained everything. "For when your toast isn't quite done. It's revolutionary."

"We used to eat ramen four nights a week," Mike pointed out, grabbing a mug from the drying rack. "I had to steal toilet paper from the library last year. Where are you getting the money for a NASA-certified bread heater?"

This was the question. The question that had been nagging at Mike, and Lucas, and Max, and pretty much everyone in the friend group, really.

They were college students. By definition, they were supposed to be destitute. Mike was surviving on an allowance from his parents that came with a side of guilt-tripping phone calls from Ted Wheeler about "fiscal responsibility," plus whatever tips he scraped together from his soul-sucking shifts at *The Daily Grind*.

Will, on the other hand, came from money that didn't exist. Joyce barely made ends meet in Montauk with Hopper. And yet, lately, Will was different. Not flashy—Will would never be flashy. But... comfortable.

There were the new art supplies—Windsor & Newton paints, not the student-grade crap. The delivery food orders that weren't just the dollar slice pizza place, but actual Thai food with appetizers. The rent check was always ready three days early. And now, the Toaster of Destiny.

Will shrugged, a sharp, bony movement of his shoulders. He turned back to his bagel, his ears turning a dusty shade of pink. "I told you. Commissions. My art page is doing really well lately."

"Right," Mike muttered, pouring lukewarm coffee from the old pot. "Commissions."

He wanted to believe it. He really did. Will was talented—brilliant, actually. His sketches were haunting and beautiful, and Mike had spent hours just watching Will’s hands move across paper, the graphite smudging against the side of his palm. But Mike had seen the 'commissions' Will usually did. Digital avatars for D&D nerds. Character sheets. They paid, sure, but they didn't pay *Breville* money.

"Don't be jealous just because my toast is superior," Will teased, a playful glint in his eyes as he slid the plate across the counter. The bagel wasn't just toasted; it was a work of art, perfectly golden-brown from edge to edge, the butter melted into a glistening, even sheen. It was irritatingly perfect.

Mike reached for it, and because the universe hated him, his fingers brushed against Will’s. The contact was brief—a fraction of a second—but it sent a jolt of static electricity zipping up Mike's arm, bypassing his brain entirely to settle heavily, warmly,

in his groin. It was a familiar physiological betrayal. He ignored it. He was a master at ignoring it, having practiced religiously for the better part of a decade.

"I'm not jealous," Mike lied, taking a bite that was arguably too large. He chewed aggressively. It was the best bagel he'd ever had. The crunch was audible. "I'm just... worried. Seriously, Will. You're not dealing drugs, are you? Or running some kind of illegal underground poker ring?"

He swallowed, gesturing vaguely with the bagel. "Because you'd be terrible at it. You apologize to inanimate objects when you bump into them. You cried when we watched that documentary about penguins. You don't exactly scream 'hardened criminal mastermind.'"

Will laughed, a bright, clear sound that seemed to bounce off the peeling linoleum and make the cramped kitchen feel a little bigger, a little brighter. He leaned back against the counter, crossing his arms over that ridiculous yellow sweater. "No drugs, Mike. No poker rings. Just art. I promise." He paused, his smile turning slightly enigmatic, a little secret tucked in the corner of his mouth. "People just really like my... style."

"Your style," Mike echoed, the words feeling heavy on his tongue. He watched, transfixed, as a rogue crumb from the bagel caught on the fullness of Will's lower lip. It was a tiny, insignificant thing, but to Mike, it was a beacon.

He had the sudden, violent urge to lick it off. To lean across the foot of counter space separating them, press his mouth to Will's, and taste the butter and the warmth and the *Will* of it all.

Will seemed to notice the intensity of Mike's gaze. He stopped chewing, his brow furrowing slightly. "What? Do I have something on my face?"

He reached up to wipe his cheek, missing the spot entirely.

"No, you—" Mike's hand moved before his brain could issue a cease-and-desist order. He reached out, his thumb brushing against the corner of Will's mouth. The skin was soft, impossibly warm. Will froze, his breath hitching audibly.

For a second, neither of them moved. Mike's thumb lingered on Will's lip, the crumb gone, replaced by the terrified pounding of Mike's own pulse in his fingertips. Will's eyes were wide, dark pupils blowing out to swallow the hazel.

"There," Mike croaked, his voice cracking like a pubescent teenager's. He snatched his hand back as if he'd touched a hot stove. "Crumb. Just... a crumb."

"Oh," Will breathed. He licked his lips—a nervous, unconscious flick of his tongue that nearly brought Mike to his knees. "Thanks."

"Yeah. Welcome." Mike shoved the rest of the bagel into his mouth to stop himself from saying something stupid, or doing something that would ruin their lease, their friendship, and his entire life.

Mike's shift at *The Daily Grind* was a special kind of purgatory. The coffee shop was located three blocks from campus, which meant it was perpetually filled with over-caffeinated students, professors with superiority complexes, and tourists who didn't understand how a line worked.

He was manning the espresso machine, a violently loud Italian contraption that screamed like a banshee every time he frothed milk. He liked the noise. It was a physical wall, a static hiss that filled his head and left no room for the thoughts that usually tried to creep in during the quiet moments.

Thoughts that sounded uncomfortably like his father's disappointed silence. Ted Wheeler never had to say it out loud; the judgment was in the heavy sighs, the way he looked at Mike's creative writing minor, at his vintage t-shirts, at the fact that Mike had never brought a girl home for Thanksgiving since... well, ever.

Twenty-one years old, the phantom judgment whispered as Mike steamed oat milk for a girl who had spelled her name 'Stacee' on the cup. *Wiping counters. Wasting time. Fixated on the wrong things.*

And the other thing. The thing Mike refused to look at directly, like an eclipse.

He didn't fit the boxes people tried to put him in. He didn't look at guys on the subway. He didn't check out the lacrosse team when they came in for their post-practice iced lattes. He didn't feel that pull towards *men or women* in general. Labels felt restrictive, like a sweater that was too tight in the shoulders.

It wasn't a pattern. It was a singularity.

It was just *Will*.

It was always just Will. The way Will's hair fell in his eyes. The way Will's hands looked when he held a charcoal stick. The specific, devastating geometry of Will's collarbones. If that made him something undefined, something broken, so be it.

Willsexual, a voice that sounded suspiciously like Max whispered in the back of his mind. *Just admit it, Wheeler.*

Mike banged the portafilter against the knock box a little harder than necessary.

He'd tried dating girls freshman year. It had been a disaster of epic proportions. The sex felt like assembling IKEA furniture—confusing, mechanical, and resulting in a finished product that was shaky at best.

He'd tried hooking up with a guy once, too, a drama major named Julian after a particularly drunken frat party. That had been... better. Physically. But emotionally, Mike had spent the entire time wishing Julian would stop talking and turn into a small, hazel-eyed artist from Indiana.

"Earth to Wheeler. Come in, Wheeler." A hand waved aggressively in front of his face, snapping fingers with a rhythm that was annoying enough to penetrate the fog.

Mike jumped so hard the steam wand screeched against the bottom of the metal pitcher, sending a spray of hot oat milk onto his knuckles. "Jesus, Lucas!" he gasped, slamming the steam lever off and whipping around. He wiped his hands frantically on his apron, which was already a lost cause, stained with three different types of syrup and the general grime of a six-hour shift. "You trying to give me a heart attack? I'm holding pressurized steam here."

Lucas didn't look particularly remorseful. He was leaning against the counter with that effortless, athletic grace that Mike always found vaguely annoying, especially when he himself felt like a sleep-deprived trash bag. "I've been standing here for two minutes while you stared at the milk frother like it held the secrets of the universe," Lucas deadpanned, hitching his gym bag higher on his shoulder. "Honestly, I was about to check for a pulse. Or call an exorcist."

"I was thinking," Mike defended, though he felt the heat rise in his neck, betraying him instantly. He busied himself with dumping the ruined milk into the sink, avoiding Lucas's knowing gaze.

"You were dissociating," Lucas corrected smoothly. "There's a difference. Thinking implies productivity. You were just... vibing in a void of despair. And you have that look again."

Mike frozen, rag in hand. "What look?"

"The 'pining Victorian widow gazing out to sea waiting for her husband to return from the war' look," Lucas supplied helpfully, stealing a napkin from the dispenser. "It's tragic, man. Really. You practically have a melancholic filter over your face." He shook his head. "Anyway. Service? I'm a paying customer."

Mike rolled his eyes so hard it hurt, but the familiar banter acted like a balm. The tension that had been coiling in his shoulders since the kitchen incident eased a fraction. Lucas was safe. Lucas knew him. "What are you doing here? Don't you have Bio?"

"Cancelled. Professor has the flu. Or a hangover. It's unclear, but he was wearing sunglasses indoors last lecture, so my money is on the latter," Lucas said, pulling out a stool and sliding onto it. "Give me a large black coffee. The darkest roast you have. Like, sludge level. I need to feel something. And a blueberry muffin if it's not stale."

"Everything here is stale, Lucas. It's part of the rustic charm. We charge extra for the crunch." Mike punched in the order on the touchscreen, the machine lagging sluggishly under his fingers. "That'll be eight-fifty."

Lucas's jaw actually dropped. He stared at the display like it had personally offended his ancestors. "Eight-fifty? Last week it was eight."

"Inflation. Gentrification. The rising cost of my personal suffering," Mike listed off in a monotone voice, tapping the counter impatiently. "Do you want the bean water or not? The line is building up behind you." *(There was no line, just a confused freshman looking at the menu).*

"Robbery. Absolute highway robbery," Lucas grumbled, fishing his wallet out of his back pocket. He slapped his card onto the reader with unnecessary force. "I should report you to the Better Business Bureau. Or the police."

"I don't own the business, Lucas. I just work here. I am but a cog in the caffeinated machine." Mike waited for the machine to beep its approval, watching the little loading circle spin.

"So," Lucas started, putting his wallet away. "Max and I are coming over tonight. Movie night. You guys still on, or are you going to be too busy staring at kitchen appliances and wondering where they came from?"

Mike flinched. The toaster. The damn toaster. "Yeah, of course we're on," Mike said quickly, turning to grab the pot of dark roast to hide his face. "Will's picking the movie, though. So prepare yourself for either a three-hour documentary about the socio-economic impact of gloom or an obscure 80s horror film where everyone dies."

"Better than your rom-coms," Lucas shot back. He took the cup, blowing on the steam before fixing Mike with a scrutinizing stare. "Hey, speaking of Will. Did you ever ask him what he does every Saturday?"

Mike stiffened, wiping a spot on the counter that was already clean. "What do you mean?"

"The disappearing act, Mike. Don't tell me you don't know." Lucas leaned in closer, dropping his voice as if discussing state secrets. "Every single week. You clock in here for the graveyard shift at nine, and poof—Will vanishes off the face of the earth until Sunday morning. Max is freaking out about it."

"You guys are overreacting," Mike defended, though the lie tasted like ash. "He's probably just busy. He has... projects."

"Projects?" Lucas repeated flatly. "Mike, think about it. Why do you think we moved our movie nights to Friday?"

Mike blinked, the steam from the coffee machine momentarily forgotten. "Because... because Max has that early yoga class on Sundays now? That's what Will said."

"Max hates yoga. She went once, pulled a hamstring, and vowed vengeance on the entire practice," Lucas deadpanned. *Oh yeah*, Mike vaguely remember Max asking him about etsy witches a few months back. "We moved movie night because Will systematically shut down every single Saturday plan for the last three months. It started subtle—he was 'tired' or had 'a headache.' But now?" Lucas started counting off on his fingers. "Last week, he told Max he was at a late-night life drawing symposium. The week before that, he told Dustin he was visiting a sick aunt in Queens. Does Will even have an aunt in Queens?"

"Maybe," Mike lied. *(He didn't. His only aunt lived in Indiana and she wasn't sick, she was just mean).*

"And the week before *that*," Lucas pressed, relentlessly, "we tried to get him to come to that bar crawl since you were working and he'd be alone. He said he was at the library. The library closes at eight on Saturdays, Mike. You start your shift at nine."

Mike felt a prickle of sweat at his hairline. He had always assumed that while he was slaving away serving caffeine to insomniacs, Will was just... home. Sleeping. watching bad reality TV. Drawing in his sketchbook on the couch. The idea that Will was *active* —going places, doing things, lying about it—felt like the floor dropping out.

"Okay, so maybe he got the times mixed up. Or he went to the 24-hour study hall," Mike grasped at straws, desperate to normalize it. "Why does it matter if he wants some alone time?"

"It matters because Max thinks he has a sugar daddy."

The words hung in the air between them, heavy and absurd.

Mike choked on his own saliva, coughing violently into his elbow. He hacked for a solid ten seconds, his eyes watering, while Lucas watched him with the detached concern of a scientist observing a lab rat.

"A *what*?" Mike wheezed finally, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "That is... that is the most insane thing I have ever heard. Will? Our Will? He doesn't have a sugar daddy."

"Think about it, Mike." Lucas leaned forward, his elbows on the sticky counter. "A sugar daddy. You know. Old rich guy. Pays for things in exchange for... company. Or whatever."

"I know what a sugar daddy is, Lucas!" Mike hissed, looking around wildly to make sure 'Stacee' wasn't listening. "It's just—it's disgusting. And wrong. Will wouldn't do that."

"Really? Look at the evidence." Lucas started ticking points off on his fingers again. "One: The sudden cash flow. Two: The secrecy. And three: The fact that his 'projects' always happen exclusively when his overprotective roommate—that's you—is stuck behind an espresso machine for eight hours. I mean no judgement. Go get that bag and all'at but it's *Will,* it's hard not to worry."

"Exactly! It's Will," Mike insisted, though a hot flush of defensive anger was crawling up his neck. The image of Will—*his* Will, with his soft sweaters and his gentle hands—being touched by some wrinkled, creepy old man made his stomach turn over. It wasn't just protective anger; it was a possessive, ugly thing that coiled in his gut. "He's working on his portfolio! He probably just goes somewhere quiet to focus where I'm not hovering over him!"

"Without you?" Lucas raised an eyebrow, hitting the nail right on the head of Mike's deepest insecurity. "That's the weirdest part, man. You guys are practically conjoined twins. You share a brain cell half the time. If he was just drawing, he'd be doing it on the couch while you complained about your creative writing professor. But he's hiding it. Specifically from you."

Mike felt the blood drain from his face. That was the thing that hurt the most. Not the money, not the weird hours. It was the exclusion. For more than a decade, it had been Mike and Will against the world. If Will was building a life—or a secret—that didn't include Mike, what did that make Mike? Just a roommate? A relic of childhood?

"He's not hiding anything," Mike snapped, slamming the register drawer shut a little too hard, making the coins rattle violently. "Will tells me everything. We don't have secrets."

Except for the fact that I'm in love with him, Mike thought. *And apparently, whatever he's doing on Saturday nights.*

"Right," Lucas said, the word stretching out into a skeptical drawl. He took a long, deliberate sip of his coffee, grimacing as the dark roast hit his tongue—or maybe it was the bitterness of the situation. "So, humor me. If he's not hiding anything, where exactly is he going tomorrow night? While you're here, serving caffeine to the undead and he, yet again, rejected Max's and I's invitation to come over?"

Mike's mind raced, spinning its wheels against slick pavement. He hadn't asked. He didn't think he *had* to ask. Usually, their schedules were synchronized to the minute. *'Going to the bodega,' 'Heading to class,' 'Taking a shower.'* The silence regarding Saturday night suddenly felt deafening. If Will hadn't mentioned it, Mike had assumed it was because nothing was happening. But if Lucas was right...

"He's... going to a gallery opening," Mike invented on the spot, the lie tumbling out of his mouth before he could weigh its plausibility. He shifted his weight, trying to look casual and failing miserably. "A... showcase. For new artists."

Lucas stared at him, his eyebrows climbing toward his hairline. "A gallery opening? At nine pm?"

"It's an avant-garde gallery, Lucas. In Bushwick. Probably in a basement or a warehouse. You wouldn't get it." Mike felt like he was drowning, flailing for context clues that didn't exist. "It's very... experimental. Performance art. Immersive installations. It goes late."

Lucas gave him a look. It wasn't angry. It was worse. It was a look of profound, exhausted pity. The kind of look one gives a child insisting they didn't eat the cookie while covered in crumbs. *You don't believe that, and neither do I,* his eyes said, *but I'm too tired to watch you embarrass yourself further.*

He just sighed, the sound heavy with unsaid things, and looked away. "Whatever you say, Wheeler." Lucas took a bite of the muffin, chewed thoughtfully for a moment, and then grimaced, letting the rest drop back onto the napkin with a dull thud. "You were right. This is stale. I feel like I'm eating drywall. Which is fitting, I guess, since this conversation is equally hard to swallow."

By the time Mike got home, the sky had opened up, unleashing a classic New York deluge that felt less like weather and more like a personal attack. The rain soaked through his canvas sneakers in seconds, turning his socks into wet sponges, and the subway ride home had smelled of damp wool, ozone, and the specific, hopeless scent of a hundred strangers regretting their life choices.

He wrestled his key into the sticky lock of 4B, shivering violently as he kicked the door open. He was ready to complain. He was ready to demand tea. He was ready to see Will.

"Will! I'm home!" he announced, shedding his dripping coat onto the entryway hook. "I hope you didn't cook because I'm pretty sure we have that leftover Thai from Tuesday and I am not emotionally prepared to—"

He stopped dead.

The apartment was uncharacteristically dark. The usual warm yellow lamps were off, leaving the room bathed in the flickering, spectral blue glow of the TV. Max and Lucas were already there, sprawled on the couch like they lived there, but the vibe was wrong. They weren't bickering. They weren't laughing. They were sitting in a tense, watchful silence, staring at him.

"Shh!" Max hissed, the sound cutting through the quiet like a whip crack. She pointed the remote at him aggressively. "Keep it down."

Mike froze, water dripping from his hair onto the hardwood floor with a steady *plip, plip, plip*. "What? Why? Is someone sleeping?"

"He's in his room," Lucas whispered, gesturing vaguely towards the closed door at the end of the short hallway. "We think he’s... on a call. Or something."

"Or something?" Mike repeated, his voice dropping instinctively. A knot of unease tightened in his stomach. "What does that mean?"

"It means he's been in there for an hour with the door locked. I don’t think he noticed we’re here already," Max said, pausing the movie *(Evil Dead 2, frozen on a frame of*

Bruce Campbell looking deranged). She turned around, her expression serious. "I heard him laughing earlier. Like, really laughing. And then... music. But not his usual The Clash playlist."

Mike looked at the door. It stood at the end of the hall like a monolith. A thin strip of golden light spilled out from underneath, cutting across the floorboards. Struck right at eye level on the wood was a bright pink Post-it note with Will's neat, architectural handwriting: *Do Not Disturb! :)*

The smiley face felt mocking.

"Is he... is he talking to someone?" Mike asked, taking a hesitant step forward. "Like, on the phone?"

"Maybe," Lucas said, exchanging a dark look with Max. "But who does he talk to on the phone at 10 PM on a Friday for an hour? Joyce calls on Sundays. Jonathan calls on Wednesdays."

The "Sugar Daddy" theory, which Mike had so vehemently rejected in the coffee shop, suddenly bounced around his skull like a pinball, lighting up bumpers of anxiety and jealousy. *No,* he thought. *Not Will. Will is... Will.*

But curiosity, toxic and compelling, pulled him forward. He crept down the hallway, avoiding the floorboard that always creaked. He knew he shouldn't. He knew this was a gross invasion of privacy. Will deserve boundaries. Will is allowed to keep his own secrets.

But Mike needed to know, *okay?* Blame Mr. Clarke and his adamant push about curiosity voyage bullshit.

He leaned in, pressing his ear towards the painted wood, holding his breath until his lungs burned.

Through the thin pre-war walls, the sounds were muffled but undeniable. There was a low, rhythmic thumping of bass—slow, sultry, like the heartbeat of a nightclub. And then, Will's voice cut through the mix.

It wasn't the voice Mike knew. It wasn't the soft, slightly hesitant tenor that asked if they needed more milk or ranted about the deeper themes in *Dungeons & Dragons*. This voice was pitched lower. It had a texture to it—velvet dragged over gravel. It was smooth. It was confident.

"...glad you liked that, darling. Yeah? You want me to show you more?"

Mike recoiled as if the door had turned white-hot. He stumbled back, nearly tripping over his own wet feet.

His heart hammered a frantic, terrified rhythm against his ribs. *Darling?*

Will didn't say 'darling'. Will said 'dude' and 'cool' and 'um' and 'Mike'. Will stumbled over his words when he was nervous. Will turned bright red when someone complimented him. This... this persona, this stranger behind the door who purred endearments with the practiced ease of a lover... who was that?

And more importantly, who the hell was he talking to?

"See?" Max whispered triumphantly from the couch. "Sugar. Daddy."

"Shut up," Mike hissed, the venom in his voice startling even himself. He turned on his heel and retreated to the kitchen, needing to put distance between himself and that door. He shed his wet coat with violent, jerky movements, throwing it over the back of a chair where it dripped onto the linoleum like a weeping ghost.

He felt sick. Actually, physically ill. His stomach churned with a mixture of cold dread and hot, acidic jealousy.

Was Will seeing someone? Dating someone? The thought landed like a physical blow to the solar plexus, knocking the wind out of him. If Will had a boyfriend, why wouldn't he tell Mike? They told each other everything. They shared existential crises. They even shared a toothbrush once on that one camping trip way back 11th grade.

Unless it wasn't something you told your best friend about. Unless it was casual. Unless it was dirty. Unless it was just for money. Or just for sex.

The thought of Will having sex—messy, intimate, real sex—with someone who wasn't Mike made his blood boil. It made his hands shake as he gripped the edge of the sink. He imagined hands touching Will's waist, lips against his neck, someone else learning the map of Will’s body that Mike had spent years memorizing from a distance but never touching.

It was irrational. He knew it was irrational. He had no claim on Will. They were friends. Roommates. Bros. Mike had forfeited his right to be jealous the moment he decided to lock his feelings in a box and swallow the key.

But he had also spent the last ten years building a shrine to Will Byers in the cathedral of his mind—lighting candles, sweeping the floors, muttering prayers to a deity that didn't know he existed. And the idea that someone else—some faceless man or random hookup—was worshipping at the altar, leaving muddy footprints on the holy ground, was unbearable. It was sacrilege.

The door to Will's room didn't just open; it swung wide with a suddenness that made Mike jump. The heavy bass cut off instantly, leaving a ringing silence in its wake.

And then Will was there.

He wasn't wearing his oversized yellow sweater. He wasn't wearing the paint-stained t-shirt he usually slept in.

Will was wearing a robe. A short, shimmering silk thing in a deep, midnight blue that Mike had never seen before. It was tied loosely at the waist, the fabric clinging to his shoulders and draping fluidly over his frame. His hair was a mess, mussed and sticking up in the back as if fingers had been running through it repeatedly. His face was flushed a deep, undeniable pink, his lips swollen and bitten red.

But it was what was *underneath*—or rather, what wasn't—that made the air leave Mike's lungs in a painful rush. The robe gaped slightly at the chest, revealing a expanse of pale, smooth skin and the sharp jut of collarbones, completely bare. And as Will took a step forward, the hem of the silk fluttered, just enough for Mike to catch a flash of white at his upper thigh. A band. Elastic. Lace.

Thigh highs? Mike's brain short-circuited. *Is he wearing fucking thigh highs?*

Mike stared. He couldn't help it. His eyes were glued to the V of skin at Will's chest, tracing the path down to where the sash was tied in a hasty, precarious knot.

Max stared, her mouth slightly open. Lucas choked on a kernel of popcorn.

"Oh," Will said, spotting them. He froze mid-step, his hand flying up to clutch the lapels of the robe together, pulling it tight against his throat. "Hey. I... I didn't hear you guys come in."

"Nice... bathrobe," Max said, her voice dripping with implication, her eyes darting down to Will's bare legs. "New?"

Will looked down, seemingly realizing just how exposed he was. The flush on his cheeks deepened, spreading down his neck to his chest, turning him a shade of red that

rivaled a tomato. He shifted his weight, and Mike saw the white band on his thigh again. It was definitely a stocking.

"Oh. This. Yeah," Will stammered, his voice an octave higher than usual. He crossed his legs tightly, trying to make himself smaller. "It's... for a project. Art project. Study of... fabric drape. And light. On... silk."

"Fabric drape," Mike deadpanned. His voice sounded distant, like it was coming from underwater. He was gripping the edge of the granite counter so hard his knuckles were white, trying to ground himself before he did something insane, like cross the room and untie that knot. "Right. And the socks?"

Will's eyes went wide. "Circulation!" he squeaked. "For... cold feet. Look, I'm gonna go change."

He spun around on his heel, the silk swirling around his thighs, and bolted back into his room.

Mike watched him go. He saw the way the robe hugged the curve of Will's ass. He saw the flash of pale skin at the back of his knee.

He needed a drink. Or a lobotomy.

The rest of the movie night passed in a fugue state of sensory overload and suffocating silence. Mike sat on the floor, ostensibly watching Bruce Campbell saw his own hand off, but his eyes kept drifting to Will.

Will, who had emerged ten minutes later, scrubbed of makeup and drowning in his familiar, safe yellow sweater. Will, who sat on the floor next to Mike, their knees knocking together with every shift in posture.

Usually, this contact was Mike’s lifeline. They were touchy people—or rather, they were touchy with *each other*. A hand on a shoulder in the hallway, legs tangled together on the couch, Mike resting his chin on Will’s head when he stood behind him. It was a codependent, gravitational pull that had survived puberty, high school trauma, and the move to the city.

But tonight, the touch felt radioactive. Every time Will’s knee brushed Mike’s thigh, Mike flinched internally. He could feel the heat of Will’s skin through the denim, and his brain would unhelpfully supply the image of that silk robe, of the white lace band, of the flushed skin.

Who is touching you? Mike wanted to scream. *Who made you look like that?*

He watched Will laugh at Lucas's jokes—a little too loudly, a little too breathless. He watched Will check his phone every few minutes, his face illuminated by the harsh blue light. He saw the way Will's thumb hovered over the screen, the small, secret smile that tugged at the corner of his mouth before he quickly locked it and shoved it face-down on the carpet.

It was agony. It was the specific, hollowing agony of realizing that the person who knows the map of your soul has built a secret room you aren't allowed to enter.

When the credits finally rolled and Lucas and Max left—casting pitying, suspicious glances at Mike as they headed out to their own place a few floors below—the silence in the apartment didn't just fall; it crashed.

The air was thick with things unsaid. The ghost of *darling* hung in the kitchen. The phantom image of the silk robe lingered in the hallway.

"I'm going to bed," Will yawned, standing up and stretching his arms over his head. The movement caused the hem of his sweater to ride up, exposing a strip of pale stomach and the faint, happy trail of hair that disappeared into his waistband.

Normally, Mike would have poked him right there. He would have tickled his ribs, or made a stupid joke about him needing to eat more, using it as an excuse to put his hands on Will's skin. It was their ritual—a safe, playful way to bridge the distance between them.

But tonight, Mike looked away. He stared resolutely at the black screen of the TV, refusing to acknowledge the invitation of that exposed skin. He felt brittle, like one wrong move would shatter him into a million jagged pieces of jealousy and desire.

"Do you have a late night shift tomorrow?" Will asked.

The question hit the silence like a dropped plate.

Mike stiffened. It was casual. Too casual. It was the kind of tone you used when you were trying to pretend you didn't care about the answer, even though the answer was the only thing that mattered.

He froze. The question was a trap. He knew it in his bones. Will wasn't asking because he wanted to know when Mike would be home; he was asking because he wanted the apartment empty. He wanted Mike gone.

The realization was a shard of ice in Mike's gut. Will was effectively scheduling his life around Mike’s absence.

"Yeah," Mike lied, the falsehood tasting like copper in his mouth.

He didn't have a shift. He had specifically requested the night off three weeks ago. He had marked it on his calendar with a little star. He had planned to surprise Will with takeout from that expensive Italian place in the Village and a marathon of those stupid ghost hunting shows they secretly loved. He had wanted a night of *them*—just Mike and Will, eating carbs and yelling at the TV, reaffirming that whatever else was changing, this part of them was solid.

Now, that plan felt pathetic. Childish. A relic of a friendship that Will was clearly outgrowing.

"Y’know, the usual," Mike added, hating the way his voice sounded—flat, hollow. "Nine to five."

"Oh," Will said. And there it was. Relief. A palpable, audible exhale of tension leaving Will’s body. "Okay. Cool. Get that bread, I guess."

He wants me to go, Mike thought, despair clawing at his throat. *He's relieved I won't be here.*

"Yeah. Night, Will."

Will paused at his door, his hand on the knob. He hesitated, looking back at Mike. For a second, the mask slipped. The secretive, flushed stranger vanished, and there was just Will—Mike’s Will—looking at him with large, worried eyes. He seemed to sense the shift in the air, the sudden, cold distance Mike had put between them.

"You okay, Mike? You were quiet tonight. Like... really quiet."

Mike felt his throat close up. The urge to confess was overwhelming. He wanted to grab Will by the shoulders and shake him. He wanted to say *No, I'm not okay. I'm going insane. I think you're selling yourself to strangers and I think I'm jealous of them and I think I'm in love with you and I don't know which part is worse. I wanted to watch Ghost Adventures with you tomorrow and eat garlic knots until we felt sick. I don't want to leave.*

But he looked at Will’s face—open, tender, waiting—and he couldn't do it. He couldn't be the reason that expression closed off. He couldn't be the suffocating, overprotective

best friend who didn't know when to let go.

"I'm fine," Mike said, forcing a smile that felt like a grimace, a mask of his own constructed from ten years of practice. "Just tired. Long week. You know how it is."

Will studied him for a second longer, searching for cracks. Then, he smiled, the soft, crinkly-eyed smile he saved for Mike. The one that made Mike feel like he was the only person in the universe who mattered.

"Okay. Well... sleep tight. Don't let the bedbugs bite."

"If they do, grab a shoe and fight," Mike finished automatically, the childhood rhyme slipping out before he could stop it. It was a reflex, woven into their DNA, a reminder of sleeping bags pushed together and flashlights and being twelve years old and terrified of the dark together.

Will grinned—a real, genuine thing that made Mike's heart stutter and break all over again—and closed his door.

The click of the latch sounded like a gunshot.

Mike waited. He waited until the faint strip of golden light coming from underneath Will's door finally flickered and died, plunging the hallway into darkness.

The living room, once their shared sanctuary of pizza boxes and movie marathons, now felt alien. It was charged with the lingering static of secrets, haunted by the ghost of the silk-robed stranger Will had briefly become. Mike felt like an intruder in his own home, staring at the closed door that suddenly felt like a fortress separating him from the person he loved most.

He retreated to his own room, the silence following him like a shadow. He didn't turn on the main light, navigating by the streetlamp glow filtering through the blinds. He collapsed onto his mattress, fully clothed, staring up at the familiar water stain on the ceiling that looked vaguely like a map of Italy.

But his mind wouldn't settle. It kept replaying the evidence reel: the Breville toaster, the expensive paints, the secretive smile, the silk robe.

Sugar Daddy.

The phrase, planted by Lucas and Max, had taken root, sprawling like kudzu in his brain. He needed to cut it out. He needed to prove them wrong. Or... god help him,

prove them right.

He snatched his laptop from the nightstand. The screen flared to life, harsh and accusing in the dark. Ignoring his usual bookmarks, his fingers flew across the keys, driven by a shameful, voyeuristic compulsion.

signs roommate has a sugar daddy

For the next hour, Mike didn't move. He became a frantic archaeologist of the internet, digging through subreddits—r/sugarbaby, r/relationship_advice, r/confessions—searching for parallels. He read stories of unexplained allowances and mysterious "mentors," cross-referencing every detail with the last six months of his life with Will.

The sudden income? Check. *The expensive gifts (the toaster, the paints)?* Check. *The secrecy?* Check. *The "mentorships" or vague "projects"?* Check.

It all fit. It fit so well it made Mike want to vomit.

But as he dug deeper into the threads, reading the firsthand accounts of "SBs" and "SDs," the narrative shifted. It wasn't the cold, transactional relationship Mike had braced himself for. It was far more nuanced. The posts spoke of "mutually beneficial arrangements" built on companionship, mentorship, and deep emotional connection. They talked about the necessity of chemistry, of mutual trust, and a level of intimacy that often rivaled traditional dating. It wasn't just sex for cash; it was, by any all means, a relationship. It required trust and respect. It required letting someone in.

And that... that was the piece that didn't fit. That was the jagged edge that snagged in Mike’s brain.

If Will had someone that special in his life—someone he trusted enough to be intimate with, someone he respected enough to build an arrangement with—Mike would know.

Will didn't know how to love in halves. He didn't know how to compartmentalize his heart. Mike thought back to the few brief, disastrous attempts Will had made at dating since they moved to the city. There was the barista with the nose ring sophomore year, and that quiet guy from Art History last fall. In both cases, Will had been an open book. He had dissected every text message with Mike over cheap wine, agonized over every awkward pause, shared every flicker of hope and disappointment until the early hours of the morning.

Will wasn't someone who held back when it came to relationships. He poured himself into connections until he was empty. He wore his heart on his sleeve, bruising easily

and loving fiercely. Even if this "arrangement" was a secret from the rest of the world, Will wouldn't keep it from Mike. They didn't have secrets. They were Mike and Will.

The silence was the most damning part. It wasn't just secretive; it was out of character. It implied that Will had built a wall between them, brick by brick, without Mike even noticing the mortar drying.

Unless... unless it wasn't a relationship at all.

Maybe he was desperate? Had Mike failed him so badly as a friend and roommate that Will felt he had no other choice but to seek support elsewhere, in silence? The thought made Mike's chest ache with a familiar, protective guilt.

Or maybe... and this thought was a darker, sharper thing that snagged in his throat... maybe he liked it? Maybe there was a side to Will—a hungry, wanting side—that Mike didn't know. A side that craved the attention, the adoration, the feeling of being *taken care of* and spoiled, even if it was by a stranger. The possibility didn't just confuse him; it ignited a flare of jealousy so bright and hot it burned.

Mike groaned, slamming his head back against his pillow and digging the heels of his hands into his eyes until he saw stars.

Stop it, he told himself firmly. *Just stop.*

Who was he to judge? Will was an adult. He was twenty-one years old. If he wanted to date older men for money, or just date older men in general, that was his business. Mike had no claim on him. He wasn't Will's keeper. He was just his best friend who happened to be pathetically in love with him.

He trusts you, Mike thought, the guilt washing over him. *He's sleeping in the next room, trusting you to be his friend, and you're here psychoanalyzing his life choices based on Reddit.*

He needed to let it go. He needed to accept that there were parts of Will’s life he couldn't touch, rooms he couldn't enter. He had to trust Will’s judgment, even if it hurt.

He took a deep breath, trying to release the tension coiling in his chest. It didn't work. The anxiety was still there, buzzing under his skin like static, but now it was mixed with a heavy, frustrated arousal that had been simmering since he saw that flash of white lace on Will’s thigh.

He needed a release. He needed to clear his head, get the dopamine hit, and go to sleep. And maybe, *maybe,* tomorrow he can stop obsessing over this and act normal about the whole thing.

Yeah, Mike thought, *that sounds like a great plan.*

He opened the laptop again, navigating away from the relationship forums and toward his usual sites. He scrolled through the thumbnails on *Pornhub*, looking for something, anything, that could distract him. But everything looked plastic. Fake. The moans sounded scripted, the lighting was harsh.

He was about to give up when a banner ad on the sidebar caught his eye. It wasn't the usual trashy, flashing advertisement for enhancement pills or "hot singles in your area." It was sleek. Minimalist. A deep, rich purple background with elegant gold typography.

VELVETCAM. *Real People. Real Connection. Experience the New Standard.*

It looked... expensive. Curated.

Curiosity, idle and dangerous, pricked at him. Maybe a new site would have something better. Something less... dead behind the eyes.

Mike clicked.

The site loaded with expensive smoothness, no lagging or pop-ups. The interface was clean, dark mode by default. *Welcome to Velvetcam.*

He didn't have an account, so he couldn't see the full streams, but the homepage was populated with "Trending Now" and "Recommended" feeds. He scrolled idly, skimming past thumbnails of guys in neon-lit rooms, gym rats flexing in mirrors, couples looking bored.

And then he stopped.

In the "Rising Stars" category, there was a thumbnail that made his breath hitch—not out of recognition, but out of pure, unadulterated want.

It wasn't a face. It was a shot taken from behind, bathed in stripes of warm, golden sunlight that cut across the frame like bars. The model was standing, leaning slightly forward, his hands gripping the hem of an oversized yellow and brown plaid shirt and hiking it up to his waist to reveal the smooth, pale curve of his bare backside.

Mike stared at the shirt. It was an ugly thing, really—a chaotic clash of mustard yellow and muddy brown that should have been hideous. But it sparked a distinct, nagging memory in the back of his mind.

Will had a shirt just like that. Mike remembered seeing him wear it a few weeks ago on a lazy Sunday morning. He remembered teasing him about looking like a lumberjack who had gotten lost in a sunflower field. He also remembered, with a jolt of unwanted clarity, how the sunlight hitting that specific shade of yellow had made Will's hazel eyes look impossibly green, flecked with gold. He remembered staring a little too long, caught in the gravity of Will's gaze until Will had awkwardly looked away.

But plaid shirts were everywhere. Every thrift store in Brooklyn probably had five of them on the rack. It was a trend. It was generic. It wasn't *the* shirt. It couldn't be.

Still, the coincidence was enough to make his mouth go dry. The body... the body was exactly Mike's type. Slender, slightly tan, with that specific fragility that drove him insane. It was a blank canvas, perfect and anonymous, yet achingly familiar.

He looks like him, Mike thought, the desire curling hot and heavy in his gut, warring with the anxiety. *He has the same build. The same terrible taste in patterns.*

It was pathetic, maybe, but it was safe. He could use this. He could project Will's face onto this stranger—pretend it *was* that Sunday morning, but different—fuel his imagination for a good jerk-off session, and get the release he desperately needed without actually crossing any lines. It was just a fantasy. A proxy. A way to touch without touching.

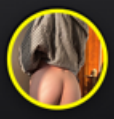
Mike's cursor hovered over the thumbnail. He felt a thrill of anticipation, the guilt of the "Sugar Daddy" search fading into the background, replaced by a simpler, baser need.

Mike clicked.

The profile loaded, the screen filling with a dark, sleek interface that screamed 'premium'.

VelvetCam

JOIN NOW | Guest



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Age: **21** Location: **New York, US** Language: **English** Body: **Slim/Twink** Orientation: **Gay**

ABOUT LEE

Hey there! I'm Lee. 🐰💛

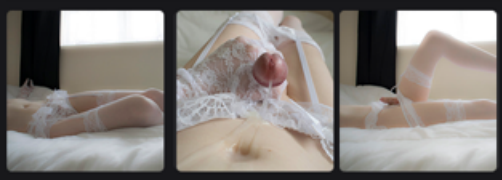
Just a college student living in NYC trying to pay rent and have some fun. I'm an art major (hence the paint on my hands sometimes, sorry!).

I'm shy at first, but I warm up if you're nice to me. I love yellow, soft hoodies, old sci-fi movies, and being told what to do.

Rules: Be respectful. No face demands (it's a secret!). No rude comments.

#twink #masked #submissive #fatass #toys #thighhighs #panties

FREE TEASERS 🌶️



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SEND REQUEST

GOALS

Progress towards big expenses.

Rent Money 🏠	85%
New Art Supplies 🎨	45%
Pizza Money 🍕	250t
Christmas Fund 🎄	10%

WISHLIST

Treat me? I'll wear it on stream. ;)

Silk Panties 500t — Gift

Thigh Highs 400t — Gift

Toys 1200t — Gift

TOP SUPPORTERS

1. _takeachance
2. carltoon
3. urdaddy

Mike felt the blood drain from his face, leaving him lightheaded. He scanned the header information first—*Twenty-one. New York. Gay.* It was generic enough. There were thousands of boys in this city who fit that description. It didn't mean anything. It was a coincidence.

But then his eyes drifted to the 'About Me' section, and the world stopped.

He read the bio, his heart hammering a frantic rhythm against his ribs. The cheerful introduction as 'Lee'. The playful bunny emoji. The casual mention of being a college student in NYC trying to pay rent. But it was the specific details that made the air leave Mike's lungs. The writer described himself as an *art major*—apologizing in advance for the paint on his hands—and listed his likes with a terrifying familiarity: *yellow, soft hoodies, old sci-fi movies, and being told what to do.*

Mike read it once. Then twice.

No.

He shook his head, a sharp, violent motion in the empty room. It was a coincidence. It had to be.

Art majors? In New York City? You couldn't throw a rock in Brooklyn without hitting a twink with paint on his hands and a rent problem. It was a trope. A stereotype. This guy was just playing a character, leaning into the 'starving artist' aesthetic because it sold.

And the likes? *Yellow, soft hoodies, old sci-fi movies.* Generic. Basic. Who didn't like soft hoodies? Who didn't like *Star Wars* or *Blade Runner*? It was practically a prerequisite for being a queer twenty-something in 2025. It didn't mean anything.

It's not him, Mike told himself, the denial rising like a frantic chant. *Will is in the next room sleeping. Will is... Will.*

That last part—*being told what to do*—sent a shiver down Mike's spine that had nothing to do with fear and everything to do with a dark, twisted heat he refused to acknowledge. He pushed it down. It was just a coincidence. A terrifying, uncanny, one-in-a-million coincidence.

He scrolled down, his vision tunneling, the nausea rising in his throat to combat the arousal. The video feed was black since the user was offline, but the profile preview showed a mosaic of blurred images locked for subscribers. However, situated

prominently below the bio was a row of three high-definition public teasers designed to hook new viewers.

Mike stared at them.

They weren't just random shots. They were a triptych of soft-core invitation, bathed in natural light on a messy white duvet.

The first showed a slender torso reclined back, clad in delicate, snowy white lace. A garter belt hugged the sharp jut of hip bones, the clips straining against the tops of sheer white thigh-highs. The third was a playful, almost innocent shot of legs thrown up in the air, ankles crossed.

But it was the middle image—the close-up—that made the air leave Mike's lungs in a painful rush.

It was a shot of the crotch, focused with devastating clarity. The white lace panties were cut low, sheer and teasing, strictly ornamental and doing little to hide the flushed cock underneath. But the focal point wasn't the lace or the skin—it was the hand resting casually against the curve of the hip, fingers hooked possessively into the delicate waistband of the garter belt to pull it taut.

It's just a hand, Mike's brain insisted, the denial screeching like a faltering engine. *Hands look alike. It's a generic, slender hand.*

But it wasn't. It was *that* hand.

Long, elegant fingers with blunt, short-trimmed nails. The specific, graceful arch of the knuckles. Mike had watched those fingers hold a 6B pencil a thousand times, deftly shading the hollow of a cheekbone. He had watched them wrap around a chipped coffee mug just this morning, white-knuckling the ceramic against the morning chill.

The image in his mind—Will, sleepy and soft in the kitchen—began to bleed into the image on the screen. The ceramic mug dissolved into white lace. The yellow sweater melted into bare skin. It was a violent, seamless overlay that made Mike's vision swim. He tried to push it away, tried to separate the Best Friend from the Cam Model, but the evidence was etched into the pixels.

It was erotic. It was explicit. It was terrifyingly familiar.

Mike's eyes frantically scanned for a flaw, a discrepancy, something to prove his paranoia wrong. He wasn't looking at the curve of the thigh or the invitation of the

lingerie. He was looking at the thumb.

And there it was. The final nail in the coffin of his denial.

Smudged against the pale skin of the knuckle, standing out in stark, high contrast against the pristine snowy white lace, was a dark, undeniable streak of charcoal. A stubborn remnant of art that refused to wash away. Just like the bio had warned. *Hence the paint on my hands sometimes, sorry!*

And on the wrist, peeking out from the edge of the frame, was a woven friendship bracelet. Blue and yellow string. Frayed at the edges.

The world tilted on its axis.

On the brighter side, Max is wrong, *hah,* Will wasn't seeing a Sugar Daddy. *In your face, Mayfield,* he thought. But the victory is short lived after realizing what it meant. His Will—sweet, shy, *D&D* playing, cries-at-insurance-commercials Will Byers—was monetizing his assets on the World Wide Web.

Mike stared at the screen, his brain feeling like a browser with too many tabs open, all of them frozen. He looked at the "Rent Money" goal. He looked at the "Pizza Fund."

He bought us pizza last week, Mike realized with a jolt of horror that was quickly followed by a bizarre sense of awe. *I ate pepperoni pizza bought with... that.*

He looked at the charcoal smudge again. It was so distinctly Will. It was like finding a fingerprint at a crime scene, only the crime was Mike's rapidly disintegrating sanity.

He should close the tab. He should absolutely, one hundred percent close the tab, clear his browser history, burn the laptop, and maybe move to a monastery in Tibet where the wifi was spotty. He should walk into Will's room right now and say... what?

Hey man, sorry to wake you, but are you spreading your cheeks to pay for our electricity bill? Because if so, thanks, but also, what the fuck?

No. He couldn't do that. He couldn't be the guy who busted his best friend for sex work while said best friend was trying to sleep. That was a friendship-ending conversation. That was a "move out by morning" conversation.

But he couldn't *not* know. The curiosity was a physical itch, scratching at the back of his eyes.

His eyes drifted to the "Subscribe" button.

$15.00 / Month.

It stared at him. A gatekeeper. A toll booth to the truth.

Fifteen dollars. Mike did the mental math instantly. That was his laundry money for the month. That was three days of iced coffees. That was a very decent sandwich with chips and a drink.

That was the price of admission to Will's secret world? That was the cost of seeing his best friend bare everything?

It wasn't the sex work that made Mike's stomach turn. It was the accessibility. The realization that for a crisp fifteen-dollar bill, anyone—*anyone*—could see Will in that silk robe. Anyone could hear that voice. Anyone could see the skin Mike had spent a decade trying not to stare at, treating it like a holy relic he wasn't worthy to touch.

But strangers? Strangers could buy it for the price of a Spotify subscription.

They have what I dream about, Mike realized, eye twitching a bit. *And they don't even know him. They don't know he cries at commercials. They don't know his favorite Clash song. They just paid for the ticket.*

He looked at the tipping info in the corner. **5 Tokens = $1.**

Twenty cents. Twenty cents to tip him. To maybe get him to smile? To say their name?

It felt like a theft. It felt like walking into your own house and finding a party you weren't invited to, where everyone else was drinking your wine and touching your things.

He should close the tab. He should respect Will's privacy. The nagging part of his brain insisted.

But the jealousy was a physical thing, clutching at his throat, overriding every instinct of self-preservation he had. He couldn't let *them* have this. Not without him. If Will was sharing himself with the world, Mike—who knew him best, who loved him most—deserved to see it too. He *needed* to see it. He needed to know exactly what he was missing.

I'm just supporting my best friend, Mike lied to himself, his cursor trembling over the button as he tried to frame it as anything other than desperate, clawing need. *It's... patronage.*

God, he was going to hell. He was going to hell, and he was paying an entrance fee.

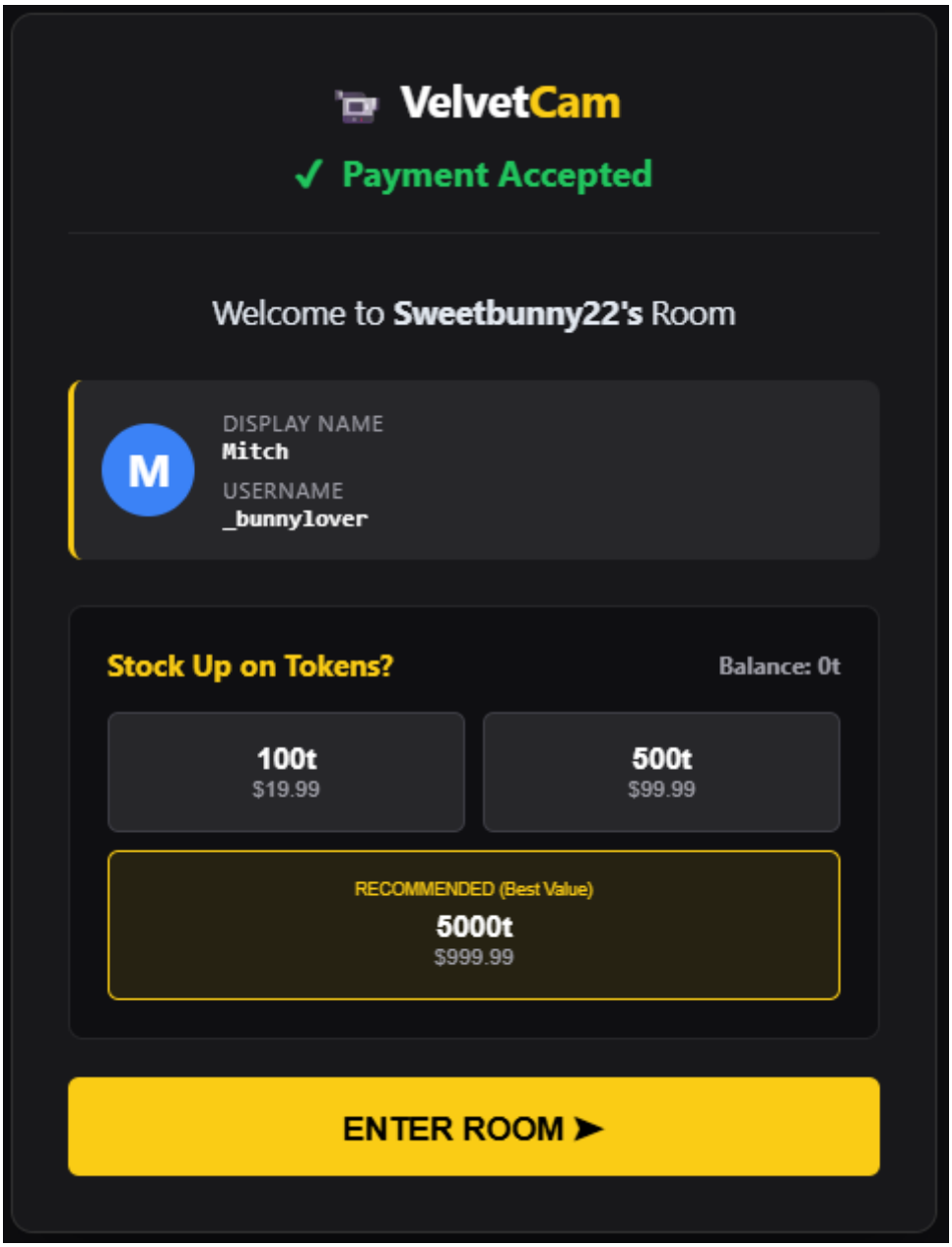
Mike reached for his wallet.

He pulled out his debit card. His fingers flew across the keyboard, typing in the numbers with a speed born of desperation and morbid, unholy curiosity.

Name on Card: Michael Wheeler. *Username: ...*

He paused. He couldn't be Mike. He needed a pseudonym. A mask.

He typed: *Mitch*. *Username:* _bunnylover. (God, he was pathetic. He was actually pathetic).



The screen unlocked. The blurred tiles snapped into high-definition focus, a wall of pixelated censorship instantly replaced by a mosaic of warm, golden skin.

Mike gasped, the sound ragged in the quiet room.

It was porn, *yep*. There was no polite way to phrase it. It was explicit, unapologetic pornography. But it was... aesthetic. It was curated. The lighting was warm and golden, softening the edges of the room and turning the cramped student bedroom into something intimate, dreamy, and expensive.

And there, in every frame, was Will.

He was mostly headless, the camera cropped strategically from the chin down to protect his identity. But it was him. It was undeniable. Mike knew the specific, delicate architecture of those collarbones. He knew the constellation of three tiny moles on the side of that neck. He knew the way Will's throat bobbed when he swallowed nervous laughter. Seeing it displayed like this—cataloged, tagged, and sold—felt like walking into a museum dedicated to his own secret obsessions.

His trembling cursor hovered over the most recent upload.

Thigh High Wednesday - New Sets. Uploaded: 2 days ago.

Wednesday. Mike's mind reeled back. Wednesday night, he had been right here in the living room, struggling through an essay on *The Great Gatsby*. Will had been sitting on the other end of the couch, headphones on, legs tucked under him, intensely focused on his laptop screen. He had told Mike he was "editing reference photos" for a commission. Mike had even offered to get him water, and Will had smiled that soft, grateful smile, angling his screen away slightly—not enough to be suspicious, just enough to be private.

He hadn't been editing references. He had been uploading *this*. He had been managing his porn empire three feet away from Mike's elbow, casually posting nudes while Mike complained about F. Scott Fitzgerald.

The audacity of it made Mike dizzy. If this video was pre-recorded, then *when* did he film it? During the day when Mike was at class? In the precious few hours Mike was at the library?

And tonight... the blue silk robe. The white thigh-highs peeking out under the robe. The flushed skin and the heavy bass thumping through the wall earlier. Will hadn't just been on a call. He had been filming. He had been creating the next installment.

Mike swallowed hard, his throat dry. That meant there was a new video—a video featuring *that* robe and *those* legs—sitting on Will's hard drive right now, just a few walls away. Waiting to be edited. Waiting to be uploaded.

When? Mike wondered, a dark, possessive curiosity unfurling in his chest. *Next Wednesday? Sunday?*

Mike clicked play.

The video player expanded to fill the screen. The setting was familiar—painfully so. It was Will's room, just on the other side of the wall. Mike recognized the corner of the

Clash poster in the background, though the lens focus blurred it into an abstract shape. He recognized the chipped paint on the windowsill.

On screen, Will wasn't standing. He was sprawled back on his bed, the messy white duvet bunched up around him like a cloud.

In *this* video, Will was wearing nothing but a delicate, snowy white lace lingerie set that looked expensive and sinful against his pale skin.

A garter belt hugged his hips, the clips straining against the tops of sheer white thigh-highs that encased his legs. And the panties... they were barely there. A scrap of translucent white lace that did absolutely nothing to hide the flushed, heavy curve of his pretty cock underneath.

Mike let out a whimper that was a wretched cocktail of horror and blinding arousal.

"Hi guys," Will's voice purred through the speakers.

It was the voice Mike had heard through the door, but clearer now. It was lower than his speaking voice, smoothed out, stripped of its usual anxious cadence. It was confident. It was intimate. It was a voice designed to make the listener feel like the only person in the room, a secret whispered directly into their ear.

"So, I got a new package today," Will continued, shifting on the bed. The camera angle was high, looking down at him, making him look small and devastatingly available. "Daddy _takeachance sent me these... and I think they might be my new favorite."

Daddy _takeachance. The name grated on Mike's nerves like sandpaper, but he couldn't look away.

On screen, Will ran his hands down his own body. He traced the line of his ribs, his fingers trailing over his nipples—visible and hard—before gliding down over his flat stomach. His hands were slow, deliberate, mapping his own anatomy with a reverence that made Mike's mouth run dry. They settled on the waistband of the panties, hooking a thumb under the lace and snapping it lightly against his hip.

"They're so soft," Will whispered, his hips bucking almost imperceptibly against the mattress. "But they feel a little... empty. Don't you think?"

He moved his hand lower, cupping himself through the sheer fabric. He squeezed, a soft gasp escaping his lips that was amplified by the microphone. Mike watched, mesmerized and horrified, as Will began to stroke himself, the lace friction clearly

driving him over the edge. Pre-cum darkened the white fabric, a stark, wet stain that grew with every movement.

"I was thinking," Will murmured, his voice dropping to a breathy, broken register. He moved his other hand down, sliding it between his legs to tease the rim of his entrance through the gusset. "Maybe we should see if anything else fits?"

Mike watched, paralyzed, as his best friend turned over, arching his back to present his ass to the camera. The lace stretched tight over his cheeks, outlining everything. Will turned his head, angling back as if to look at the lens, but the frame cut him off strictly at the neck. It was a faceless, anonymous display—no eyes to read, no smirk to analyze—just the confident, wanton offering of his body.

"What do you think, Daddy?" Will teased, dragging a finger down his crack. "Should I take them off? or should I ruin them?"

Mike slammed the laptop shut.

He sat there in the suffocating darkness of his bedroom, his chest heaving as if he'd just sprinted up five flights of stairs. The silence of the apartment was heavy, broken only by the ragged sound of his own breathing and the steady drum of rain against the windowpane.

His erection was painful, a throbbing, relentless pressure against the rough denim of his jeans that mocked his moral panic. It was a physical betrayal, his body completely divorcing itself from his conscience. He felt hot, feverish, the blood rushing in his ears drowning out the rational part of his brain that was screaming at him to stop, to purge the history, to forget he had ever seen that charcoal smudge.

But he couldn't forget. The image was burned onto his retinas: Will, arching back. Will, flushed and wanton. Will, calling out to a faceless username with a reverence he had never shown anyone in real life.

Will was a cam boy.

The reality of it sat heavy in his gut, a lead weight of revelation. His best friend—the boy who made him tea when he was sick, who argued about *Star Wars* lore with passionate intensity—was selling his intimacy byte by byte.

And *Daddy _takeachance*... the name tasted like bile in Mike's throat. Some stranger had bought that performance. Some stranger had paid for the right to hear Will whimper.

Mike squeezed his eyes shut, but the darkness only made the memory of the video clearer. He was going to hell. He was absolutely, undeniably going to hell. He was violating his best friend's privacy in the most intimate way possible. He was crossing a line that could never be uncrossed. If Will knew... if Will knew Mike was sitting here, hard and desperate, watching him...

It would destroy them.

But he couldn't walk away. Not now. Not when he finally had a glimpse of the fire Will kept hidden behind his soft sweaters and innocent smiles.

With a trembling hand, Mike reached out. He flipped the laptop lid back open. The screen flared to life, illuminating his face in a ghostly blue glow, casting long shadows across the room.

He fumbled for his headphones on the nightstand, his fingers clumsy with urgency. He plugged them in, sealing himself into the digital world, shutting out the rain, the apartment, and his own conscience.

He stared at the frozen frame on the screen—Will’s back arched, looking back at him. Waiting.

"Sorry, Will," Mike whispered to the empty room, his voice cracking, a plea for forgiveness he knew he didn't deserve. "I'm so, so sorry."

He hit play.

Chapter 2: Post-Nut Clarity and Other Myths

Chapter Notes

> Didn't expect that much comment from the first chapter but thank you so much guys! This was supposed to be published yesterday but I got dragged away from my laptop and was running on 0 sleep when I came back so I couldn't finish it in time. I made sure it's worth it though!! If the last chapter was nothingburger this is downright dirty.
>
> **FAIR WARNING**: this chapter is dedicated solely to Mike's humiliation ritual (sorry for this, Quel). 20k words of Mike being a DL.
>
> Below are the list of kinks, fetishes and tags that are tackled on this chapter.
>
> ▶ SPOILERS
>
> Also, there would be another *screenshot* on this chapter. Just one, it's not that explicit (in my own not-very-professional point of view) but please feel free to scroll past it if you're uncomfortable.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The sun hitting Mike’s face felt less like a gentle wake-up call and more like an interrogation lamp designed to extract a confession he wasn't ready to give.

He groaned, a low rumble in his chest, and rolled over, burying his face in a pillow that smelled like stale sweat, expensive conditioner, and shame. His head throbbed with a rhythmic, pounding pressure usually reserved for tequila hangovers of the collegiate variety, but he hadn't touched a drop of alcohol last night. No, this was a different kind of hangover. This was a spiritual dehydration. This was the physiological cost of staying up until 3:00 AM watching your best friend violate a pair of white lace panties in high definition while you systematically destroyed your own nervous system.

Mike squeezed his eyes shut, turning his face into the mattress until he couldn't breathe, praying that the lack of oxygen would drag him back down into the void of sleep. But the memories were already there, waiting behind his eyelids like a slideshow from hell, looped and projected in IMAX quality.

Will's back arching, the vertebrae popping into sharp relief against pale skin. The way Will bit his lower lip—hard, teeth sinking into the plush flesh—to stifle a moan that still escaped as a broken whimper. The wet, slick sound of silicone sliding against skin, amplified by a microphone that picked up every wet gasp. The way he looked into the camera—headless, faceless, anonymous, yet undeniably, heartbreakingly Will—and whispered, "Do you like that? Tell me you like that."

Mike groaned again, a pathetic, wounded sound that died in the cotton of his pillowcase. He had liked it. He had liked it so much he felt physically ill, a nausea born of equal parts moral revulsion and residual, electric pleasure that still hummed in his veins.

He hadn't watched every single video—there were simply too many, a vast, terrifying library of smut that would take weeks to catalog properly—but god, he had tried. He had binged them with the feverish, manic intensity of a starving man stumbling upon a banquet, gorging himself until he was sick.

He remembered *Sunday Fun Day - Toy Play*, where Will introduced a vibrating plug with the casual, slightly awkward demeanor of a shopping channel host—*"It has six speeds, guys, and it's waterproof, which is… handy"*—before descending into an incoherent, trembling mess of overstimulation. He remembered *Blue*, a requested video where Will simply touched himself while wearing a blue velvet choker, his breathing ragged and desperate in a way that had made Mike's own breath hitch, creating a phantom pressure in his own chest.

And Mike... Mike had fallen apart.

He realized with a jolt of humiliation that he was naked from the waist down. His boxers were tangled somewhere around his ankles, kicked off in a frenzy hours ago. The air in the room was stale, heavy with the scent of sex and sleep. His stomach and chest felt tight, the skin crusted with dried semen—evidence of not one, not two, but three, maybe four orgasms wrung out of his exhausted body before he had simply passed out from overstimulation.

It was degrading. It was exhilarating. It made him feel like a hormonal teenager discovering his dick for the first time, realizing with wide-eyed wonder just how much pleasure the human body could actually withstand before short-circuiting. It was the kind of messy, unbridled release he hadn't allowed himself in years, certainly not with this kind of fervor.

He felt hollowed out. Scraped clean. He felt like a criminal who had returned to the scene of the crime, stolen the silverware, kicked the dog, and then fallen asleep in the

master bedroom.

He kicked the duvet off, the cool morning air hitting his exposed skin like a slap. He needed a shower. He needed to scrub his skin until it was red and raw. He needed to scour the surface of his body with boiling water and soap until he felt clean again. *If that's even possible.* He needed to exorcise the phantom sensation of Will's voice in his ear and the image of Will's thighs from his brain before he had to face the real, living, breathing Will in the kitchen.

He sat up, swinging his legs over the side of the bed. His foot hit something hard and metallic on the floor.

His laptop. Dead. The battery drained completely, lying open like a corpse on the hardwood.

"Christ," Mike muttered, his voice a rough rasp. He bent down to pick it up, his joints popping. He plugged it in, feeling an irrational surge of panic that Will might somehow see the browser history through the wall, or that the laptop itself would start broadcasting the sounds of last night the moment it got power.

He trudged to the bathroom, keeping his eyes averted from the mirror above the sink. He didn't want to see the dark circles, the guilt, the hunger that he was sure was tattooed across his forehead in scarlet letters.

The shower helped, but only marginally. The hot water eased the tension in his shoulders, steaming up the small, tiled bathroom until he couldn't see his own reflection, which was probably a mercy. But it couldn't wash away the knowledge. It couldn't scrub the sounds from his memory. He knew now. He knew exactly what Will sounded like when he was close to the edge. He knew the specific, devastating noise Will made when he was overstimulated—a high, sharp intake of breath that sounded like a sob, followed by a whimper that Mike felt in his marrow.

Just the thought of it—the memory of that sound echoing in his ears against the hiss of the shower—made his dick twitch in excitement against his thigh.

Motherfucker, Mike thought, staring down at himself in disbelief, water streaming over his face. *Seriously?*

It was like his body had declared mutiny against his common sense. He had just wrung himself dry not six hours ago. He was empty, chafed. And yet, the mere phantom image of Will's flushed chest was enough to stir the embers. He ignored it, gritting his teeth, if

only because he was genuinely afraid that if he touched himself one more time, his dick might actually fall off from overuse.

He turned off the water with aggressive force, the pipes groaning in protest. He dried off roughly, dressing in his grungiest sweatpants—the ones with the bleach stain on the knee—and a t-shirt that had at least three holes in it. Armor. It was armor against his own libido. He took a deep breath, braced himself against the sink, and prepared to face reality.

Just act normal, he told his steamy reflection. *You are Mike Wheeler. You are tired. You are grumpy. You are annoyed about your shift later. You are not a pervert who paid fifteen dollars to see your roommate's asshole.*

He took a deep breath, steeling himself like a man walking to the gallows, and opened the bathroom door.

The sensory assault was immediate and confusingly, painfully wholesome. The air was thick with the scent of sizzling bacon, the rich, earthy aroma of fresh coffee, and something sugary and warm—blueberry pancakes?

Will was in the kitchen.

He was standing at the stove, his back to Mike, framed by the morning light filtering through the grime of the window. And because the universe seemingly wasn't finished punishing Mike for his sins, because whatever deity oversaw the lives of pathetic, pining idiots had decided today was the day to break him completely, Will wasn't wearing his usual yellow sweater.

He was wearing *the* flannel.

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the very same oversized, yellow-and-brown plaid monstrosity from the profile picture that started this. The exact shirt Mike had stared at for twenty minutes last night, analyzing the thread count, imagining Will's hands gripping the hem and hiking it up to reveal the smooth, pale curve of his ass.

In the harsh light of day, it looked... soft. Worn. It was paired with soft gray sweatpants that hung dangerously low on his hips, the waistband teasing the start of his pelvis. He was barefoot, one heel resting against his other ankle in a stork-like stance, humming along to some indie-pop track on the radio while he tapped a spatula against his thigh in time with the beat.

It was the most domestic, innocent scene imaginable. It was aggressive normalcy wrapped in Mike's deepest, darkest fantasy. It was Will. Just Will.

And Mike couldn't breathe.

Because Mike looked at those gray sweatpants, and his brain didn't see the comfortable cotton fabric. It saw the ghost of what lay underneath. It superimposed the high-definition image of white lace and flushed skin over the reality of the breakfast scene. He looked at the flannel and his hands itched—physically itched—to slide underneath the hem, just to feel the warmth, just to confirm that the skin he had worshipped on a screen existed in three dimensions.

"Morning, sunshine," Will called out, his voice light and airy, cutting through the heavy fog in Mike's brain. He didn't turn around, too focused on the sizzling pan in front of him. "I heard the shower. Coffee's fresh. It's the good stuff, not the sludge from your work."

Mike froze in the doorway, his hand gripping the painted wood of the frame as if it were the only thing keeping him upright. "Hey."

His voice came out a croak—a rough, unused sound that scratched against his throat. He cleared it, wincing at the noise. "Hey."

Will turned then, flashing a bright, easy morning smile that felt like a physical blow. His face was scrubbed clean, pink from the heat of the stove, his hair soft and fluffy without any product in it. He looked about eighteen years old. He looked wholesome. Nothing like *Sweetbunny22*, the siren who had whispered dirty things into his headset a few hours ago.

"You look like death," Will noted cheerfully, though his eyes crinkled with genuine concern as he flipped a pancake with practiced, domestic ease. "Rough night? You were restless. I could hear your bed creaking. Like, a lot."

Mike flinched so hard his shoulder slammed into the doorframe.

Restless.

That was certainly one way to put it. It was a kind, sanitizing euphemism for the absolute depravity that had taken place in Mike’s room between the hours of 1:00 and 3:00 AM. He hadn't been tossing and turning. He hadn't been adjusting his pillows in search of the cool side.

He had been fucking his fist.

He had been grinding his hips into the mattress with a rhythmic, desperate violence, chasing friction until he saw stars. He had been panting into his pillow to muffle the sounds of his own unraveling while Will's digital voice whispered filth in his ear. The bed—a cheap, creaky frame they'd assembled together last year when they moved in—had groaned in protest with every snap of his hips, a rhythmic *squeak-squeak-squeak* that Mike had been too far gone to notice.

But Will had noticed. *Of-fucking-course he would.* Will had been lying in the silence of the next room, listening to the frantic, repetitive rhythm of Mike getting off, and had apparently interpreted it as... insomnia. Or maybe he knew exactly what it was and was just being polite. The thought made Mike want to crawl into the oven and turn it on.

"Yeah," Mike choked out, his voice sounding brittle and terrified to his own ears. He rubbed the back of his neck, feeling the heat rise up his throat. "Couldn't sleep. Mind wouldn't shut off. Insomnia's a bitch."

"Sucks," Will sympathized, grabbing the maple syrup from the cabinet. He plated a stack of pancakes—perfectly golden circles, steaming slightly—and slid them across the granite counter, parking them right next to the gleaming Breville toaster. "Well, eat. I made blueberry. I know you hate the plain ones."

Mike stared at the pancakes. He stared at the way the butter was already melting into a yellow pool on top. He stared at Will, who was now pouring him a mug of coffee, adding exactly the right amount of oat milk without even asking.

The domesticity of it was crushing.

He made me breakfast, Mike thought, a tidal wave of affection crashing violently into the jagged rocks of his guilt. *He remembered I like blueberry. He remembered how I take my coffee. He's taking care of me because he loves me, because I'm his best friend.*

And I'm practically stalking him.

The dichotomy made him want to weep. Here was Will, offering sustenance and comfort in the harsh light of Saturday morning, completely unaware that Mike had spent the last eight hours consuming him in the dark.

"Thanks," Mike mumbled, his voice thick. He slid onto a stool, keeping his eyes glued to the plate as if the swirling patterns of the syrup held the secrets of the universe. He

was terrified—genuinely, bone-deep terrified—that if he looked Will in the eye, the truth would spill out of him like vomit. Or worse, he would give in to the overwhelming urge to lean over the counter, grab Will by the front of that familiar flannel shirt, and kiss him until neither of them could breathe.

"So," Will said, leaning back against the sink, the ceramic mug cradled in his hands—those hands, Mike thought helplessly, *those hands*—as he crossed his ankles. "I have news."

Mike's head snapped up so fast he nearly gave himself whiplash. The bite of pancake turned to ash in his mouth.

He knows.

The thought was a siren blaring in his skull. Will had checked his phone. He had seen the notification of a new subscriber. He had put two and two together—

"What news?" Mike asked, his voice strangling in his throat. He gripped his fork like a weapon.

"My mom called this morning," Will said, rolling his eyes, though the gesture was fond. "It's a disaster out there. The washing machine broke again—flooded the basement. And apparently, the stray cat she's been feeding finally had her kittens, but she chose to have them directly under the back porch where the raccoons live. Mom is in a full-blown panic."

"Oh," Mike exhaled, the air rushing out of him in a dizzying whoosh that left him lightheaded. He slumped slightly on the stool, the tension draining from his spine so fast it nearly gave him whiplash. *Phew.* Mike thought for a moment it was over- like somehow the news was actually a confrontational breakup conversation. It was just Joyce Byers and her chaotic, magnetic field that attracted household disasters. "That's... yeah. That's classic Joyce."

"Tell me about it. She was practically hyperventilating about 'innocent little *ceecee*' over the phone at seven in the morning." Will took a sip of his coffee, hiding a fond smile behind the rim of the mug. "So, she asked if I could come out for the weekend. Help Hopper wrangle the washing machine before the basement turns into an indoor pool. And El is apparently trying to domesticate the kittens, so I need to go make sure she doesn't accidentally adopt five raccoons instead."

He shrugged, the flannel shifting loosely over his shoulders—a movement that drew Mike's eyes like a magnet. "I figured I'd go. Get out of the city for a bit. See the family.

Smell some actual air that doesn't smell like garbage, exhaust, and overpriced lattes."

Mike paused, his fork halfway to his mouth, a drop of syrup falling in slow motion onto the plate. "You're going to Montauk? Today?"

"Yeah. The train leaves at noon." Will bit his lip, a flash of guilt crossing his face. "I know we didn't really hang out last night because of the movie and stuff, and I feel bad bailing, but... is that okay? I mean, you're working tonight anyway, right?"

Mike stared at him, his brain buffering. The words *Montauk*, *train*, and *noon* swirled around his head before clicking into a formation that made his heart do a complicated gymnastic routine in his chest.

Will was leaving.

Will was voluntarily removing himself from the premises. He was getting on the LIRR and putting a solid three hours of geographical distance between his physical body and his digital footprint.

The apartment would be empty.

Not just "gone to the bodega" empty. Not "in class for an hour" empty. We were talking about a forty-eight-hour, unmonitored, free-range extravaganza.

A thrill shot through Mike's nervous system—dark, shameful, and electric. It wasn't the relief of a good friend happy that his best friend was seeing his family. It was the depraved realization of a man who just realized he had the house to himself. The predatory instinct of a fox realizing the farmer had left the coop unlocked, except instead of stealing chickens, Mike was planning to steal every waking moment to binge-watch Will’s pornographic discography. He didn't have to worry about the floorboards creaking. He could hook the laptop up to the TV. He could make popcorn. He could have a marathon and pretend he’s watching Grey’s Anatomy or something. He could turn the volume up. He could wander the apartment, haunting the spaces Will lived in while watching the secret life Will kept from him.

It was depraved. It was *perfect*.

"Yeah," Mike blurted out, the word tumbling from his lips with the velocity of a confession. It was too fast. Too eager. He practically shoved a forkful of pancake into his mouth to plug the leak, chewing aggressively to buy himself time to recalibrate his tone from *desperate pervert* to *supportive best friend*. "I mean—yeah, of course. Are you kidding? You have to go. Joyce needs you. The washing machine needs you. And the

kittens... kittens are innocent. You can’t trust El with them. God knows what she'd teach them."

Will smiled, a genuine, soft expression that made the tension bleed out of his shoulders. He leaned back against the counter, looking small and relieved in that damning flannel. "Okay, cool. I felt bad leaving you alone, especially since I've been kind of a hermit lately, but honestly? I think the city is getting to me a little. The noise, and everything... I just need to see some trees. And honestly, I miss my mom."

I'll miss you too, Mike thought, the ache of affection blooming in his chest, sharp and sweet. It was the part of him that had loved Will since he first asked to be friends on that swingset, the part that hated being separated from him for even a weekend. But right alongside it, coiling like a snake in the grass, was the lust. The dark, insatiable hunger that was currently vibrating under his skin. *But I really, really need you to leave so I can lock the door, pull the blinds, and rub my dick raw until I forget my own name.*

"Go," Mike insisted, waving his fork with a little too much enthusiasm, syrup threatening to fly off the tines. "Seriously, Will. Don't worry about me. I'll be fine. I'll just... hold down the fort. Catch up on some reading. Do laundry. Maybe clean the bathroom." *Jerk off until I go blind and watch every single second of footage you've ever uploaded until I have your moan memorized better than the national anthem.* "It'll be good for you. You look like you need a break."

"You're the best," Will said, his voice warm with gratitude. He reached out and squeezed Mike’s shoulder.

The touch burned. Mike stiffened, fighting the urge to lean into the warmth of Will’s hand. He could feel the individual fingers through his thin t-shirt. He knew exactly what those fingers looked like wrapped around other things.

"I'm gonna go pack," Will said, withdrawing his hand. He turned and headed for his room.

Mike watched him go. He watched the sway of his hips in the sweatpants.

Sweetbunny22, his brain supplied unhelpfully. *Online Status: Offline. Last seen: In your kitchen, making you pancakes.*

Mike put his head in his hands and groaned.

The next two hours weren't just difficult. They were a specialized form of torture designed specifically for Mike Wheeler.

Mike sat on the couch, holding a random paperback he'd grabbed from the shelf. He wasn't reading it. He wasn't even looking at the words. He was using it as a shield while Will ran around the apartment in a chaotic whirlwind of packing. Usually, watching Will pack was about as exciting as watching paint dry. It was just Will folding t-shirts with excessive neatness and muttering to himself about whether it was going to rain in Montauk.

But today? Today, every move Will made felt like a personal attack.

He watched over the top of the book as Will stood on his tiptoes to grab his duffel bag from the top closet shelf. The hem of that cursed flannel shirt rode up—just a few inches, a tantalizing strip of real estate. It revealed the smooth, pale curve of his hip bone and a sliver of skin that Mike suddenly, violently wanted to bite. Mike's mouth went dry, his tongue feeling like sandpaper. He had to clamp his jaw shut to keep from making a noise that would ruin their friendship forever, or at least make the next ten minutes unbearably awkward.

Then Will sat on the floor to fold his jeans. He sprawled out, legs spread wide in a careless V-shape to flatten the denim. It was innocent. He was just packing. But Mike's brain, which was currently running on zero sleep and a dangerous surplus of porn, immediately superimposed the image from *Thigh High Wednesday*. The pose was identical. The position of his thighs was the same. The only difference was that Will has clothes on and the fact that he was currently complaining about forgetting to do laundry instead of whispering dirty things into a microphone.

"Have you seen my phone charger?" Will asked.

His voice was muffled because he was currently crawling around the living room floor on his hands and knees like he was searching for a contact lens. At some point in the last ten minutes, Will had decided the apartment was "boiling" and had shed the gray sweatpants, leaving him in just the oversized flannel and a pair of loose, faded boxer shorts.

Mike stopped breathing. His lungs simply resigned from their duties.

Will was on all fours. Directly in front of the couch. About three feet away from Mike's knees. As Will bent down to peer under the coffee table, the flannel hiked up, and the thin, soft cotton of his boxers pulled tight across his rear, outlining everything with a clarity that felt illegal. And because by this point we have established that God hated Mike (or loves his so much he keeps giving him these blessings), the loose leg of the shorts gaped open just enough to offer a shadow, a suggestion, a tease of the pale thigh Mike had been obsessing over all night.

It was the best view in New York City. It was better than the skyline. But it was also absolute, unadulterated agony.

Mike gripped the book so hard the cover started to crack. *Don't look,* his brain screamed, the last bastion of his morality trying to hold the line. *Look,* his body countered immediately, traitorous and hungry. *Look at it. It's right there. Memorize it for later.*

"No," Mike squeaked, his voice cracking like a pubescent boy's. He quickly cleared his throat, trying to sound like a functioning adult human and failing miserably. "I mean, no. Haven't seen it."

"Found it!" Will announced, straightening up with a triumphant grin, clutching the white cable like a prize. He dusted off his knees—a motion that drew Mike's eyes helplessly to his bare legs—and trotted back to his room, completely oblivious to the fact that he had just destroyed Mike's sanity.

When Will finally re-emerged ten minutes later, the impromptu peep show had been over. The soft, accessible cotton of the boxers and the oversized flannel were gone, traded in for stiff denim jeans and a navy hoodie that seemed designed to swallow him whole. He looked safe again. So aggressively normal. He looked like a dutiful son heading out to the suburbs to fix an appliance, rather than a sex symbol who commanded a loyal following of thousands just by existing.

"Okay, I think that's everything," Will said, zipping the duffel bag with a decisive *zzzzzt*. He slung it over his shoulder, the weight settling comfortably, and looked down at Mike. His brow furrowed slightly. "You sure you're okay, Mike? You've been staring at the same page for twenty minutes. And... the book is upside down."

Mike looked down. The text was indeed inverted. *Chapter Four* was swimming on the page like a bizarre abstract painting.

"Just... thinking," Mike lied smoothly, flipping the book over with what he hoped was casual nonchalance. "Complex plot twist. Requires... alternative perspectives."

Will laughed, a bright, clear sound that eased the tension in Mike's chest by a fraction. He walked over to the couch, hovering in that awkward space between staying and going. "Alright, weirdo. Well, text me if the apartment burns down. Or if you get lonely."

The word ricocheted around Mike's skull. *Lonely.*

If I get lonely, Mike thought hysterically, a bubble of manic laughter rising in his throat. *If I get lonely, I can just log onto a website, and watch you in twenty different ways. I can summon you like a digital genie to jerk off for me.*

"I'll be fine," Mike said, forcing a smile. "Say hi to Joyce for me. Tell her I hope the kittens aren't, like, rabid."

"Will do." Will hesitated. He shifted his weight from one foot to the other, his eyes searching Mike's face with an intensity that made Mike want to squirm. For a second, he looked like he wanted to say something else. Or do something else. The air between them crackled, heavy with the secrets Mike was keeping and the ones Will was protecting.

Then, Will moved.

He leaned down and wrapped his arms around Mike in a quick, fierce hug.

It caught Mike off guard. He froze, his arms pinned to his sides for a split second before instinct took over. Will smelled intoxicating—a mix of his vanilla shampoo, the rich earthiness of coffee, and that specific, warm scent that was just *Will*. It was overwhelming. It was home.

Mike's arms came up without his permission, a reflex born of a decade of being used to. They wrapped around Will's waist, hauling him in, eliminating the polite distance between them until they were pressed chest-to-chest. It was a desperate, crushing embrace, tighter than was strictly platonic, bordering on frantic. Mike buried his face in the crook of Will's neck, inhaling sharply. He smelled like vanilla and coffee beans and the faint, dusty scent of old paper—the smell of *home*. But underneath that, Mike imagined he could smell the secrets, the silk, the sweat of the performance. He tried to memorize the feel of Will—solid, warm, three-dimensional—against his chest, grounding himself in the reality of the boy before he lost himself in the digital fantasy.

It felt like a silent apology for the violation Mike was about to commit *again* the second the door clicked shut. *I'm sorry,* Mike thought, the words lodging in his throat like a stone. *I'm sorry for what I'm about to do.*

"See ya, Mike," Will whispered, his voice low and vibrating against Mike's ear, the breath ghosting over sensitive skin and sending a shiver rattling down Mike's spine that had no business being there.

Then Will pulled away. The loss of warmth was immediate and violent, like a blanket being ripped off in a blizzard. Will adjusted his bag, flashed one last, soft wave—

giving him a genuine, blindingly sweet smile that made Mike's heart ache—and walked out the door.

Mike sat in the silence for a while. He was alone.

He waited one minute. Two. Just to make sure Will didn't come back for forgotten keys or a sudden desire to confess his secret life as a cam model.

Then, he stood up. He walked to the door and locked the deadbolt and the chain. He reached for the wand to close the blinds, his hand hovering over the plastic rod. The instinct was to seal himself in, to create a cocoon of artificial twilight suitable for the absolute debauchery he was planning.

But he hesitated.

Don't do it, he told himself firmly, his hand dropping to his side. *Leave them open. Let the light of God judge you.*

If he closed the blinds, he was admitting defeat. He was admitting that what he was about to do was shameful, secretive, something that couldn't survive the harsh light of day. But if he left them open—if he let the bright, judgmental Saturday afternoon sun flood the apartment—maybe he could resist. Maybe the Vitamin D would synthesize into morality.

You are not a predator, he reminded himself, the mantra sounding weaker with every repetition. *You are not a creep. You are Will's best friend. He just made you blueberry pancakes. He just hugged you goodbye. To immediately turn around and jack off to his secret porn videos would be a violation of the Geneva Convention of Friendship. It's treason. It's punishable by death or at least extreme social ostracization.*

He needed to be good. He needed to be productive. He needed to earn his keep in this friendship so he didn't feel like a parasitic worm burrowing into Will's privacy.

Mike marched into the kitchen with the grim determination of a soldier heading to the front lines, except his enemy was his own libido. He scrubbed the pancake pan with the ferocity of a man trying to scrub away his sins, nearly taking the Teflon coating off with it. *Will can buy a new one with his porn money,* he reasoned, almost bashing the pan against his head as soon as the thought crossed his mind.

He wiped down the counters until they squeaked. He reorganized the spice rack alphabetically, moving the Cumin next to the Curry Powder and realizing with a pang of

despair that Will preferred it by frequency of use, which meant Mike was now just an annoying roommate on top of being a pervert. *Well, fuck.*

He gathered the laundry, moving through the apartment like a hazmat team. He picked up socks with two fingers, folded throw blankets, he reached for Will's discarded gray sweatpants on the bathroom floor and then froze.

They were *the* sweatpants. The ones that had been pulled tight across the ass of his dreams just hours ago.

Mike stared at them. If he touched them, he knew, with terrifying certainty, that he would bury his face in them. He would inhale deeply like a drug addict hitting a fresh supply, and he wasn't strong enough for that level of pathetic right now.

He nudged them into the hamper with his foot, feeling a small, sad victory.

He lasted exactly forty-five minutes.

Forty-five minutes of manic cleaning while his brain replayed every video he watched on a loop like a screensaver he couldn't turn off. Forty-five minutes of trying to drown out the memory of Will's moan with the aggressive *swish-swish* of the washing machine.

It was useless. The apartment smelled like Will—vanilla, coffee, and that specific, clean scent of expensive art supplies. The silence wasn't empty; it was heavy with the potential of what Mike *could* be seeing. The hunger wasn't just a physical need anymore; it was a psychological itch, a curiosity that demanded satisfaction, a monster that fed on "what ifs."

"I'm weak," Mike whispered to the hum of the refrigerator, leaning his forehead against the cool stainless steel. "I am a weak, pathetic man with the impulse control of a golden retriever in a tennis ball factory."

He pushed off the fridge. The battle was lost. War was over.

He walked back to his bedroom, grabbed his laptop and charger, marched straight into the living room and set up camp on the couch, building a nest of pillows and blankets like he was preparing for a hibernation, or perhaps a very shameful siege. He wasn't working tonight. He had lied about the shift. He had forty-eight hours of freedom. Forty-eight hours of an empty apartment.

He opened his laptop and logged into *Velvetcam*.

User: _bunnylover **Status:** Online.

He went to Sweetbunny22's profile and clicked on the **videos** tab.

There were forty-two videos. A library of secrets. A curated museum of filth.

Mike scrolled past the *Thigh High* series. He needed something else. Something fresh. Something he hadn't already seen snippets of in his fever dreams. His cursor hovered over a thumbnail that looked softer, almost playful, but promised a ruin that Mike was desperate to witness.

Video Title: New Gift from Carltoon - Skirt Try-On & Ruin Views: 12k Duration: 18:00

Carltoon. The third top fan. The one who called Will *baby* in the comments with a familiarity that made Mike want to commit arson.

Jealousy, hot and acidic, flared in Mike's chest like heartburn. *Carltoon* bought him clothes? Excuse me? Mike bought him clothes. Mike bought him that vintage oversized sweater for his birthday that he practically lived in. Mike bought him the Bowie tee he slept in. Buying Will clothes was *Mike's* thing before this even became *Will's* thing. It was their thing.

"Who the hell is Carltoon?" Mike muttered to the empty room, his voice dripping with disdain. "I hate him."

He clicked play with aggressive force.

The video opened. The camera angle was lower this time, set up on the floor, looking up—a devotee's perspective. Will was standing in the center of the frame, bathed in the soft, golden light of his fairy lights. But he wasn't wearing pants.

He was wearing a skirt.

It was a short, pleated black tennis skirt, the kind that swished when he moved, high-waisted and flirty. Above it, he wore a delicate, lacy black bralette that did absolutely nothing to hide the flat plane of his chest but somehow, inexplicably, made him look devastatingly soft.

"Hi guys," Will's voice chirped, breathless and excited. "Look what *my boyfriend* sent me!"

Boyfriend?

The word hit Mike like a sniper shot. His hand froze on his waistband. His heart stuttered a frantic rhythm against his ribs. *Boyfriend?* Since when did Will have a boyfriend? Since when did Will call anyone "boyfriend" except in Mike's darkest, most jealous nightmares? Was Carltoon real? Was he some perfectly sculpted, financially stable asshole Will actually knew?

"My sweet, caring Carlton really knows my size, doesn't he? He said he wanted his baby boy to look pretty for our date night."

Oh. Right. It was a roleplay. A specific, requested scenario that probably cost Carlton a small fortune. The Boyfriend Experience tag. It was a script. A goddamn production.

Sick bastard, Mike thought, sneering at the screen with a moral superiority he absolutely did not possess. He was such a judgmental prick, judging Carlton's preferences when his own hand was now desperately fumbling with the drawstring of his grey sweatpants.

The hypocrisy of the judgment didn't even register, even as Mike's hand, which had paused only for a panicked second, began to move again. He gripped himself, his dick twitching eagerly against his palm, traitorously delighted by the mere image of Will in that fucking skirt. He was calling Carlton a pervert while he sat in the dark, prepping to jerk off to his best friend for the fourth time in twelve hours. Pot, meet kettle, then grab a lube bottle and get to work.

Will did a little twirl, and the black pleated skirt flared out, revealing the delightful, plump curve of his ass clad in matching sheer black panties. He giggled—a sound Mike recognized instantly. It was the same slightly-too-loud giggle Will let out when he was drunk on cheap wine and Mike tickled him on the rug. It was a *real* giggle. A genuine, bubbling sound of delight. And he was giving it to *Carltoon*.

"It fits perfectly," Will purred, running his hands down his sides, smoothing the pleats over his hips and drawing attention to the swell of his thighs. "I feel so... pretty."

"You look so fucking pretty," Mike whispered, the words catching in his throat. He hated himself, hated Carltoon, and absolutely hated the skirt for looking so good it was actively destroying his life. He finally managed to pull his dick free from the confines of his sweats and briefs, the sudden rush of air making him gasp. It sprang to attention, hot and thick in his fist. His resolve to be 'good' had been incinerated by the image of that black pleated fabric swirling around Will's thighs.

On screen, Will began to move. It wasn't a professional striptease; it was better. It was clumsy and eager, fueled by a raw, unscripted heat that was pure Will. He hooked his thumbs under the straps of the delicate bralette, snapping them against his skin with a sharp *thwack*. He ran his hands up his own torso, tracing the line of his ribs, before dipping down to toy with the hem of the skirt.

"Carlton said he wanted to see what's underneath," Will teased, lifting the skirt just an inch. Then two. Enough to show a teasing hint of the dark patch of hair beneath the lace. "But he also said he wanted it back... wet."

Will sank down onto the rug—the same beige rug Mike helped him vacuum every Sunday, the mundane reality of which made this whole scene even more surreal—spreading his legs wide. The skirt rode up, bunching at his waist, giving a full, glorious view of his ass pressed against the soft carpet.

"He said he wanted it... customized," Will whispered, leaning into the camera, his headless torso filling the frame. His breathing was getting ragged now.

Mike paused in his own furious ministrations, his hand hovering. *Customized?*

Then it clicked. Oh. *Oh.*

"That's gross," Mike said aloud, the word a pathetic, strangled sound of denial, even as his hips bucked involuntarily against the couch cushions. He adjusted his grip, his thumb rubbing against the velvet-soft tip of his cock.

But he didn't look away. He watched, breath caught in a painful hitch, as Will reached down. He didn't use a toy this time. He used his hand, a slow, deliberate movement.

He slipped his fingers under the elastic of the panties, pushing the delicate fabric aside and off to one hip. He began to stroke himself, slowly at first, his hand moving over his hard, jutting dick. But then, to Mike's complete undoing, he slipped two fingers inside the wet heat of his ass. Will's breathing picked up, hitching in that way that drove Mike insane, his hips lifting slightly, adjusting to the intimate intrusion. Mike matched the

rhythm, his hand moving in tandem with Will's on the screen, his dick sliding slickly in his fist, a perverse, synchronized act of self-love and self-destruction.

"God," Will gasped, voice cracking, his eyes wide and unfocused with pleasure. "I'm gonna... I'm gonna ruin it for you, *baby*. I'm gonna make it so messy for you."

"*Fuck*," Mike hissed, his hand moving faster, fueled by a toxic mix of lust and rage and disbelief. Will was whimpering to a stranger, hips snapping forward to fuck the air and Mike's mind simultaneously, his back arching into the sweet, humiliating pleasure.

Mike watched the familiar tremble in Will's thighs—the same tension from subway sprints and deadline stress—and felt the images bleed together. It was the ghost of the boy he lived with, his best friend, distorted through a lens of performance, undeniably, painfully Will.

"I'm close," Will panted, the sound wet and desperate. "Baby, I'm close. Do you want to watch me come for you?"

Mike didn't answer. He was past words. He was right there on the precipice, teetering on the edge of sanity, his vision swimming, the heat in his groin a volcanic eruption waiting to happen. The final, agonizing pump of his hips was all that stood between him and oblivion.

On screen, Will arched his back, a cry tearing from his throat—

BAM. BAM. BAM.

Three thunderous knocks rattled the apartment door, vibrating through the floorboards and straight into Mike's nervous system like a tactical flashbang.

"Mike! Open up! Emergency!"

Lucas. Of course it was Lucas.

The effect was instantaneous and devastating. Mike didn't just freeze; his body staged a violent, biological protest. The orgasm, which had been hurtling toward him like a runaway freight train carrying a cargo of pure dopamine, didn't just stop. It derailed. It

jackknifed. It slammed on the emergency brakes with a screeching mental halt that sent shockwaves of frustration rippling through his entire being.

His dick flagged to softness immediately but the pleasure didn't fade away gently; it recoiled, leaving behind a sharp, cramping ache in his groin that felt less like unsatisfied desire and more like he'd been kicked by a mule wearing steel-toed boots.

"Mike!" Max's voice joined the chorus, muffled but distinct through the wood. "We know you're home! You didn't answer your phone! If you're dead, stomp once!"

"Jesus *Christ*," Mike wheezed, curling in on himself like a dying shrimp. The pain of acute, severe, medically-concerning blue balls radiated through his lower body, settling deep in his stomach. He scrambled backward on the couch, his limbs flailing, tangling his legs in the intricate blanket nest he had so carefully constructed for his shame-cave.

He grabbed the laptop—where Will was currently frozen in the pixelated throes of ecstasy, mouth open, eyes rolled back—and slammed the lid shut with a violence that definitely voided the warranty and possibly cracked the screen.

"I'm coming!" Mike yelled, his voice cracking violently, jumping three octaves into a register only dogs could appreciate.

He tried to stand up, forgetting entirely that gravity existed and that his sweatpants were currently serving as ankle shackles. He tripped immediately, pitching forward with the grace of a newborn giraffe. He hit the floor with a heavy, meat-slapping thud, his elbow connecting with the coffee table in a way that made his entire arm go numb.

"Mike?" Lucas sounded genuinely concerned now, the banging stopping. "Did you just... fall? Did you die?"

"No!" Mike groaned, hauling himself up from the carpet. He frantically yanked his pants up over his aching hips, hopping on one foot and nearly wiping out again. He looked around wildly. The living room was a crime scene of depravity.

Tissues scattered like confetti. The laptop shoved haphazardly under a cushion. And the lube bottle.

Oh god, the lube bottle.

It had fallen to the floor and was currently rolling across the hardwood with a slow, accusatory rattle, heading straight for the entryway like it wanted to greet their guests.

Mike lunged for it, diving like a goalie, and batted it under the couch just as the doorknob jiggled. He wiped his hands frantically on his t-shirt, realized that was gross, wiped them on the blanket, realized that was also gross, and finally just settled for shoving them in his pockets.

"I'm... I was sleeping!" he shouted, wincing at how breathless he sounded.

He stood there for a second, breathing hard, his hair a mess that looked less 'bedhead' and more 'electrocuted', his body aching with unfulfilled need, and his best friends banging on the door while the ghost of Will's moan still echoed in his ears like a taunt.

He wasn't going to hell. He was already there. It was a 2BR apartment in NYC, and Lucas and Max were the demons sent to torture him with friendship and bad timing.

He limped toward the door, scowling, walking with the wide-legged gait of a cowboy who had ridden a horse for three days straight.

"If this isn't a literal fire," he muttered to himself, clutching his stomach, "I am going to kill them. I am going to kill them and bury them in the planter box."

He yanked the door open with the force of a man ready to commit a felony, but the sight that greeted him stalled the obscenity in his throat.

Max and Lucas stood there, flanked by the hallway's flickering fluorescent light like slightly judgmental, very disappointed angels of mercy. Max was holding a venti iced coffee that was sweating onto the welcome mat, and Lucas looked like he was bracing for a physical fight or a heavy emotional breakdown.

"You look disgusting," Max said instantly, not even waiting for a hello. She took a long, loud, aggressive sip of her iced coffee, her blue eyes scanning him from his wild, static-charged hair to his sweatpants, which were pulled up to his ribs like an old man. "Like a wet rat that fell into a deep fryer and then rolled around in lint."

"I was sleeping," Mike lied, gripping the doorframe with white-knuckled intensity. He wasn't leaning just to be casual; he was leaning because standing up completely straight was currently sending shockwaves of dull, cramping agony through his groin, and not the good kind.

"You look like you fought the mattress," Max corrected, arching a skeptical eyebrow. "And lost. Badly."

"We know you're moping," Lucas said, stepping forward to stick his foot in the door before Mike could slam it in their faces. He had the calm, practiced tone of a hostage negotiator dealing with a particularly unreasonable suspect. "It's Saturday. Usually, by 2:00 PM, you guys are halfway through a movie while disgustingly cuddled on the couch or screaming at each other about where to eat lunch. Will's gone, the sacred routine is broken, and you're going through withdrawal. We get it. It's pathetic, codependent, and slightly worrying, but we get it."

Mike blinked, his brain buffering. *Right.* The routine.

Saturdays were sacred. For the last three years, Saturday afternoons were strictly Mike-and-Will territory. No girlfriends, no other friends, just them wasting money on things they didn't need, eating carbs, and existing in each other's pockets. The fact that he had completely, utterly forgotten about it in favor of locking himself in the dark to jerk off to his roommate's digital footprint was a testament to how far he had fallen. He had traded the real Will—warm, solid, annoying Will—for a pixelated fantasy, and he hadn't even noticed the trade-off until now.

"I'm not moping," Mike said, though his voice sounded thin and unconvincing even to his own ears. "I'm just... tired. Existence is exhausting."

"You're always moping," Max corrected, unimpressed by his nihilism. She shoved the iced coffee into his hand, the condensation cold against his damp palm. "Drink this. Put on jeans. We're going to get food. You are not spending the day staring at his room and sighing like a war widow."

If only you knew what I was actually planning to do while staring at his room, Mike thought hysterically. *It involved a lot less sighing and a lot more shame.*

"I can't," Mike tried, desperate to salvage his afternoon of debauchery. "I have... laundry. And homework. *The Great Gatsby* isn't going to analyze itself. I have thoughts on the green light."

"Gatsby can wait," Lucas said, grabbing Mike's arm and pulling him physically out of the doorway. "Get dressed. We're going to the diner. If you don't come out in five minutes, we're coming in, and I don't think you want us to see whatever depression nest you've built in there. I can smell the stench from here."

Mike looked at the living room behind him—the laptop hidden under a cushion, the lube bottle rolled under the couch, the general scent of shame.

"Five minutes," Mike croaked. "Don't come in. Seriously."

The diner was its own circle of hell—a fluorescent-lit purgatory on 3rd Avenue that smelled of burnt coffee and despair. Mike sat sandwiched in the vinyl booth, his body humming with a dull, throbbing ache of unfinished business that made it hard to sit still. He felt like a wire pulled too tight, vibrating under the scrutiny of his two best friends.

"So," Max started, dipping a fry into her milkshake and swirling it around with the precision of a surgeon dissecting a frog. "Did you ask him?"

Mike choked on his water, hacking into his napkin. "Ask who what?"

"Will," she said, fixing him with a piercing, no-nonsense stare that made Mike feel like he was twelve years old and caught stealing candy. "About what he does Saturday nights. Or what the hell he was doing last night behind that locked door. Were you able to squeeze some answer out of him before he dipped to Montauk?"

Mike felt a cold sweat break out on the back of his neck, prickling at his hairline. He thought about the browser tab currently open on his laptop back at the apartment, glowing in the dark like a radioactive core.

Does he know?

He wanted to laugh and then vomit because he does. Mike knew. *Oh god*, he knew too much. He knew exactly where Will went and what he does. He went to the internet into a world of tokens and tips and private shows.

"No," Mike said, his voice steady despite the absolute chaos reigning in his brain. He gripped a french fry like a talisman against the truth. "I didn't ask. It didn't come up. We were... busy."

"Uh-huh," Lucas muttered with a raised eyebrow, taking a slow, deliberate bite of his burger. He didn't look convinced. He looked like he was watching a bad magic trick where he could see the rabbit stuffed up the sleeve.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Mike snapped, the defensive anger rising too quickly, too hot.

Lucas chewed, swallowed, and took a sip of his soda before answering. "Like what?"

"Like you don’t believe me," Mike accused, his voice rising an octave, cracking on the last syllable.

"I didn’t say that," Lucas said calmly, wiping a speck of ketchup from his lip with maddening slowness. "I just said 'uh-huh'. It's a neutral sound. It's open to interpretation."

"Fuck you," Mike hissed, stabbing his own burger with a fry so hard it broke. "Stop psychoanalyzing me. I'm eating."

"I thought he had a gallery opening?" Lucas pressed, ignoring Mike's outburst and dropping the trap with the precision of a seasoned hunter. "The 'avant-garde' performance art in a Bushwick basement you mentioned yesterday? The one that goes until 4 AM?"

Mike froze.

He had forgotten about that panic-lie. He was losing track of his own cover stories. He had told Lucas yesterday that Will was busy tonight with a gallery opening to explain Will’s supposed absence later while he goes to his nine to five.

"He... cancelled," Mike improvised, the lie tasting like ash on his tongue. He felt the weight of the deception pressing down on him, a physical heavy thing. He was lying to his best friends to protect a secret that was eating him alive. "Because of the emergency. With the washing machine. Family first. You know Will."

"We do know Will," Max said softly, her eyes narrowing into slits that could cut glass. "That's the problem. We know he's a terrible liar. He sweats when he lies. He stutters. But you? You're usually better at this, Wheeler. And lately, you're looking like a terrible liar too."

Mike’s heart hammered a frantic rhythm against his ribs, like a bird trapped in a cage. He shoved a handful of fries into his mouth to plug the hole where the truth might leak out, chewing aggressively to avoid answering. He felt like an impostor in his own life, an alien wearing a Mike Wheeler skin suit that was itching everywhere.

They spent the next two hours dragging him around the city to "cheer him up," unaware that every minute spent away from his laptop felt like physical torture. They went to a comic book store where Mike stared blankly at the new releases, the colorful covers blurring into a mess of shapes. He picked up an issue of *X-Men*, but instead of seeing mutants, his mind replayed the image of Will in that black pleated skirt, the way it flared when he spun.

He looked so pretty, his brain whispered, a manic, intrusive thought that made his hands shake. *He looked so pretty and I'm here looking at Wolverine while thinking of him.*

What the fuck is wrong with me.

They looked at sneakers. They forced him to drink a green juice that tasted like lawn clippings and moral superiority. It was a perfectly nice Saturday afternoon with friends, and Mike hated every single, agonizing second of it.

He was vibrating with impatience, a tuning fork struck by the hammer of obsession. His skin felt too tight for his body. Every time he saw a flash of yellow in a shop window—a scarf, a taxi, a sign—his stomach flipped violently. Every time he saw someone wearing plaid, he had to look away before he started hyperventilating.

He missed Will. He missed him with an ache that was physical, a hunger that was confusingly intertwined with the knowledge of exactly what Will looked like when he came. He missed the friend he could talk to about anything, and he missed the *Sweetbunny22* he wanted to watch do unspeakable things. The duality was tearing him apart.

"Alright," Lucas said finally, checking his watch around 5:00 PM. "Max and I have a date night. We're gonna head out. You gonna be okay, man? You sure you don't want to come over?"

"No," Mike said, stepping back, already angling his body toward the subway entrance like a sprinter in the starting blocks. "I have to... feed Will's beta fish."

Lucas frowned. "Will doesn't have a beta fish."

"He got one," Mike lied, desperate. "Yesterday. It's... invisible. Very rare. Gotta go."

Max looked at him with profound pity. "Get some sleep, Mike. You look crazy. Like, manifesto-writing crazy."

"Yeah, yeah. Bye," Mike muttered, waving a hand dismissively. He didn't wait for them to turn the corner. He turned and sprinted toward the train, fueled by shame and a desperate need to return to his marathon.

He didn't stop running until he hit the fourth-floor landing of their apartment building, his lungs burning and his keys jingling in his hand like the bells of a leper warning of his approach. He fumbled with the lock, cursing when he dropped the keys, snatching them up with a feral growl before finally jamming the right one home.

Once inside, he didn't just lock the door; he fortified it. Deadbolt. Chain. He briefly considered wedging a chair under the handle like they did in movies, just in case Max

and Lucas decided to stage a second intervention, but settled for double-checking the deadbolt instead.

The apartment was silent, dark, and blessedly empty. It was a vacuum waiting to be filled with his bad decisions.

He didn't bother with the lights. The fading evening sun cast long, bruised shadows across the living room floor, perfect for the kind of shady business he was about to conduct. He marched into the living room and shed his jeans with the urgency of a man escaping a burning building. They landed in a heap on the floor, abandoned and unloved.

Clad only in his boxers and t-shirt, Mike dove for the couch. He reached under the cushion where he'd stashed his laptop hours ago, his fingers brushing the cool metal casing. It felt like unearthing buried treasure. Or a bomb. Whichever is more fitting.

He pulled it out and flipped the lid open. The screen flared to life, illuminating his face in a ghostly, blue light.

And there it was. The freeze-frame that had been burned into his retinas for the last four hours. Will, arched back in ecstasy, mouth open in a silent cry, the black pleated skirt stained and ruined.

"Hello again," Mike whispered to the pixels, a dark, manic grin tugging at the corners of his mouth. "Did you miss me?"

He clicked play.

He tried to finish what Lucas had interrupted. He really did. He gripped himself, trying to coax the interrupted orgasm back to the surface as Will came down from the high on screen, breathless and trembling. But then Will looked into the camera, his voice wrecked and sweet, and whispered, *"I'll pack this up for you right now, Carlton. I'll make sure you can still smell me when you get it."*

The cum-stained skirt. Mailed to *Carltoon*.

The image of Will folding up his own bodily fluids to mail to some guy who is still probably living in his mother's basement acted like a bucket of ice water. Mike's hand faltered. The rage was too potent, too distracting. He hated *Carltoon*. He hated the gratitude directed at a faceless username. He hated the idea of that skirt leaving the apartment.

He couldn't come to this. It was too much. He released his hold with a frustrated groan, leaving himself aching, throbbing, and unfulfilled.

"Keep the skirt," Mike spat at the screen, closing the video window with aggressive force. "I hope it gets lost in the mail."

He went back to the profile. He needed something else. Something different. He scrolled through the archives, his eyes scanning the thumbnails like a connoisseur of filth, until he stopped at a video from four months ago.

Video Title: Gaming with Friends (Secretly Edging!) 🎮 Uploaded: 4 months ago Tags: #exhibitionism #risk #gaming #lelo #anal #edgeplay

Mike's blood ran cold. *Gaming with Friends.*

Four months ago. They had gone through a phase of playing *Valorant* every other night for three weeks straight. It was their ritual. Just the boys—and sometimes Max and El—on Discord, yelling callouts and eating stale pizza.

Mike didn't even hesitate. He was already hard—painfully, achingly hard from the interrupted skirt video—and his boxers were already pooled on the floor, kicked away in a fit of impatience. He gripped his cock, the skin hot and sensitive, and clicked play with a trembling finger.

The video opened with Will sitting in his desk chair, wearing his headset around his neck. He was wearing a fluffy white hoodie that was two sizes too big, the soft fabric hiked up and bunched around his waist to reveal that he was completely, wantonly naked underneath.

"Hi bunnies," Will whispered, his voice pitching up into that sweet, breathy register that made Mike's teeth ache. The camera remained fixed on his torso, cutting him off strictly at the chin, anonymous and tantalizing. "So... I'm about to hop on a call with my friends to play some Valorant. They have *no* idea what I'm doing."

He giggled, a soft, mischievous sound. "But you do, right?"

Will spread his legs wide, the camera angle leaving nothing to the imagination. "I'm feeling... bratty tonight. So I set up a little challenge."

He held up a sleek, black and grey device that Mike recognized with a jolt of horror-mixed-with-awe as a Lelo F1s V3—a high-tech sonic masturbator that looked more like an engine part than a sex toy.

"I set the Lelo to 'Stamina Training' mode," Will explained. He paused, wrapping his long fingers around his semi-hard length. He stroked himself with a slow, deliberate rhythm, staring right into the lens as he coaxed himself to full, throbbing hardness. He grabbed a bottle of lube from the desk, squeezing a generous, glistening amount into his palm. He coated himself thoroughly, slicking his shaft until it shone under the monitor's glow, making sure he was dripping wet. Only then did he slide the device over his shaft, the silicone sealing around him with a wet, sloppy suction sound that made Mike's breath hitch.

"It's going to edge me automatically. And..." He reached behind him, revealing the flared base of a black silicone plug already nestled deep between his cheeks. "The plug is synced to the game audio. Every gunshot... every explosion... it vibrates."

Mike groaned, his hand tightening around his own shaft. Will wasn't being controlled by a stranger. He was doing this to himself. He was torturing himself while talking to his best friends about spike plants.

The video cut to the gameplay view. The main screen was *Valorant*, Will playing Sage. The bottom corner was the webcam view—a dedicated crotch cam illuminated by the eerie glow of the monitor.

Through the speakers, the Discord call crackled to life. *[I'll edit this later but somebody pointed it out, please just imagine Will's voice is blipped out.]*

"He's mid! He's mid! Watch the flank!" Lucas.

"I'm watching it! Chill out!" Dustin.

And then...

"~~Will~~, heal me! I'm at ten HP, man, what are you doing?"

That was Mike.

It was Mike’s voice. Tinny and distorted through the Discord call, but unmistakably him. He sounded annoyed. Bossy. He sounded like a middle-aged dad yelling at the TV because his team fumbled the ball.

On screen, inside the webcam window, Will’s hips bucked.

It wasn't a subtle movement. It was a sharp, involuntary jerk into the mouth of the machine, seemingly happening the exact split-second Mike’s voice cut through the

audio.

Mike pumped his hand, a ragged gasp tearing from his throat. He was projecting his own desperate need onto a prerecorded video. He was seeing connections where there were only pixels because he wanted to be the reason Will moved like that.

In the webcam view, Will's hand was gripping his own thigh, knuckles white, digging into the pale skin to ground himself. The machine whirred, a mechanical milking sound that seemed deafening in Mike's silent apartment.

"~~Will~~!" Mike-on-the-recording yelled again. *"Heal! Now!"*

Will let out a broken, high-pitched whimper that didn't make it to the Discord chat because he had muted himself just in time. His hips snapped forward again, grinding hard against the Lelo, his thighs trembling violently. The motion was sharper this time, more desperate.

"I can't," Will whispered to the camera, his voice wrecked, sweat beading on his lower stomach. "I can't... focus. It's too much."

On screen, Will managed to move his mouse, throwing a healing orb that missed Mike entirely and hit a wall.

"Dude, you're throwing," Lucas groaned.

"My mouse slipped," Will said into the Discord call. His voice was tight, strained, sounding strangled.

"Are you okay?" Mike's voice asked, the annoyance instantly replaced by concern. The shift in tone was palpable. *"You sound weird. Are you sick?"*

Will laughed—a wet, broken sound. He leaned back in the chair, abandoning the game entirely. His hips pumped into the toy in a frantic, desperate rhythm, trying to chase the release that the machine was denying him.

"No," he whispered to the camera, Mike can almost imagine the tears standing in his eyes. "Not sick. Just... being tortured. My roommate thinks I'm sick."

"~~Will~~?" Mike asked again on the recording, soft and worried. *"You there?"*

Will shuddered, a full-body convulsion that made the Lelo whine audibly as it clamped down on him. "God," he panted, his abdominal muscles seizing as he arched his back,

the camera capturing the deep flush spreading across his chest and the sharp jut of his ribs. "*Fuck*..." He trailed off into a moan, his knuckles turning white as he gripped his thigh to ground himself. "Listening to them bicker... having to act normal while this thing is milking me... it's torture. It's actual torture."

He shifted in his chair, trying to find a position that didn't overstimulate him, but the plug and the Lelo were relentless. On the main screen, his character ran into a wall.

Mike watched, his breath hitching. He remembered that night. He remembered thinking Will was just tired or distracted. He hadn't known that three feet away from the microphone, Will was unraveling.

I was right there, Mike thought, the realization fueling the fire in his veins. *I was in his ear. If I had known...*

His hand moved faster, slick and desperate. The fantasy bloomed in his mind, overlaying the memory. If he had known, he wouldn't have been yelling about healing orbs. He would have walked into Will's room. He would have crawled under that desk. He imagined himself kneeling between Will's spread thighs, watching the machine work, or better yet—taking it off. Taking over.

I could have helped you, Mike thought, his hips bucking up to meet his hand. *I could have made it stop. Or I could have made it worse.*

The image of himself holding Will down in that squeaky chair, whispering the same instructions into his ear that he was currently barking over Discord, sent a jolt of pleasure straight to his groin that nearly blinded him.

Mike watched as the round ended.

"I need a minute," Will gasped on the call. *"Water."*

Will muted his mic on Discord with a shaking hand.

In the video, the facade crumbled instantly. Will let out a sob that had clearly been clawing at his throat for the last ten minutes. He shoved his hand down to the base of the Lelo, his hips snapping forward in a blur of desperate, seeking motion that blurred on the screen. "Please," he begged the machine, or maybe the cruel algorithm controlling it. "Let me finish. Or stop it. Please."

The machine didn't stop. It just hummed, a low, sadistic purr that kept Will hovering right on the precipice of ruin without letting him fall.

Mike watched, his own breath sawing in and out of his lungs, his hand moving in a frantic, slick rhythm that matched Will's desperation beat for beat. He wanted to let go. His body was screaming for release, the pressure in his groin a physical agony that demanded resolution.

But he looked at the time stamp on the video. *18:46 / 45:49.*

Forty-six minutes.

Will had endured this for forty-six minutes.

"Jesus Christ, Will," Mike whispered to the empty room, a mix of horror and genuine athletic admiration in his voice.

It was insane. It was Olympic-level edging. If Mike had that thing on him, he would have tapped out at fifteen minutes max.

But Will? Sweet, soft Will was taking it. He was enduring it.

A sick, competitive urge curled in Mike's gut, warring with a sudden, overwhelming wave of protective tenderness. It was a test. If Will could take it—if Will could sit there, stripped bare and tormented while talking strategy with Dustin—then Mike could take it too. He wouldn't come. Not until Will did. It was a perverse solidarity, a way to suffer *with* him since he hadn't been able to help him.

Mike gritted his teeth and forced his hand to stop, freezing just as the wave threatened to crest. He held himself there, trembling, sweat beading on his forehead.

The video dragged on. It was an endurance sport. It was torture.

Mike watched as the rounds ticked by. He watched Will's knuckles turn white as he gripped his thighs. He watched the muscles in Will's stomach spasm and contract. Every time the machine revved up, edging Will closer, Mike pumped himself in sympathy, chasing the same high, only to stop abruptly when the machine wound down, leaving them both gasping and empty.

Twenty minutes. Thirty. Forty.

It was too much. It was cruel.

I wouldn't do this to you, Mike thought, the thought blooming in his chest, warm and sappy and completely at odds with the filth on the screen. *If you were mine... if I had*

you like this... I wouldn't make you wait.

He imagined it. He imagined kneeling between Will's legs, not with a machine, but with his mouth. He imagined Will begging, "Please," and Mike just saying, "Yes."

I'd let you come whenever you wanted, Mike promised the pixelated torso on the screen. *I'd worship you. I'd ruin you with kindness. I wouldn't make you earn it. I'd just give it to you because you're Will and you deserve to feel good.*

It was the most pathetic, love-sick thought he'd ever had while holding his own dick, but it was true. He didn't want to torture Will. He wanted to serve him.

Finally, the words **VICTORY** flashed across the game screen.

"Game over," Will gasped, tearing the headset off his neck and throwing it onto the desk. The camera caught the violent rise and fall of his chest, the sheen of sweat coating his skin. "Game over. Daddy said... Daddy said I can finish when the game is over."

He reached down, his hands trembling as he peeled the Lelo off his slick length, discarding the expensive toy onto the desk with a careless clatter.

He gripped himself, his hand moving with a frantic, blurring speed that spoke of absolute, starving need. But he wasn't done. With a feral desperation, he grabbed the flared base of the vibrating plug still buried deep inside him and began to fuck himself on it—sharp, rhythmic thrusts that matched the desperate stroke of his hand. It was a chaotic, beautiful ruin.

Mike didn't wait either.

The moment Will's hand started moving, Mike matched him. The denial had built the pressure to a dangerous, volcanic level. There was no slow build-up, no teasing. It was a sprint to the finish line.

On screen, Will arched his back so hard his ribs popped into sharp relief. His head fell back, disappearing out of the frame entirely, leaving just the straining column of his throat and his heaving torso. A silent, open-mouthed cry tore from his throat as his hips bucked violently off the chair, grinding down on the plug one last time. He came hard, coating his stomach and his hand, shuddering through the aftershocks like a man surviving a car crash.

In the dark of the living room, Mike mirrored him perfectly. He arched off the couch, his vision whitening out as the orgasm hit him like a physical blow—a wave of relief and

pleasure so intense it felt like dying. He didn't shout. He didn't say a word. He just gasped, a ragged, broken sound, spending himself messy and hot over his own stomach, shaking with the force of a release that had been forty-five minutes (and longer if we count his interrupted one from earlier today) in the making.

He slumped back, gasping for air like a fish stranded on a dock, his heart rattling against his ribs.

The silence of the apartment rushed back in, filling the space where Will's digital moans had been just seconds ago. Mike lay there for a moment, staring at the ceiling, feeling the sweat cool on his skin and the shame settle in his gut like lead.

It was 9PM.

He checked the time on his phone and groaned. He felt like he had lived a thousand lifetimes since he escaped the hell that was Lucas and Max's company, but it had only been a few hours. He was sticky, exhausted, and emotionally compromised. His stomach gave a loud, demanding growl, reminding him that he had survived on nothing but a diner burger and spite for the last six hours.

"Okay," Mike whispered to the empty room, his voice cracking. "Halftime."

He hauled himself off the couch, his legs wobbling like a newborn deer's. He grabbed the box of tissues—his new best friend—and cleaned himself up with a grim, practiced efficiency that made him feel incredibly bleak. He tossed the evidence into the bin with unnecessary force.

He didn't bother putting pants back on. What was the point? He was alone. The door was triple-locked. He was the king of this castle, and the king wanted leftovers.

He shuffled into the kitchen, Donald Ducking it in just his t-shirt, the cool air hitting his bare thighs. It was a bizarrely liberating feeling, walking around the shared space with his junk swinging free, standing in the light of the open fridge like a cryptid caught on a trail cam.

He found a cold slice of pepperoni pizza from two days ago. Deciding he wasn't a complete savage, he tossed it into the microwave for thirty seconds, watching it spin. He ate it right there, leaning against the counter and blowing on the hot cheese, crumbs falling onto his bare feet.

He chewed thoughtfully, staring at the Breville toaster. He felt... weirdly calm. The post-nut clarity had hit, stripping away the frantic edge of the arousal and leaving

behind a dull, thumping obsession.

It's Saturday night, Mike realized mid-chew.

Saturday night. Prime time.

Will—*Sweetbunny22*—usually went live on Saturday nights. That was the schedule.

Panic flared, hot and sudden. Had he missed it? While he was busy getting off to archived footage of *Valorant*, had Will gone live from Montauk? No, that was impossible, right? *RIGHT?*

Mike abandoned his pizza crust on a napkin and sprinted back to the living room, his bare feet slapping against the hardwood. He dove onto the couch, waking the laptop from sleep mode with a frantic tap of the spacebar.

He refreshed the page.

There was a new notification on the sidebar. A post on Lee’s wall, timestamped two hours ago.

Mike clicked it, his breath hitching.

Sweetbunny22 ✓
Saturday at 6:45 PM • Public

Hey bunnies... (｡•́‿•̀｡)

I am so, so sorry to do this last minute, but I have to cancel tonight's stream. I ended up having to visit my parents for the weekend, and... well, I really can't be a naughty boy under their roof. It feels wrong (and the walls are way too thin (/>/▽/</)).

I feel terrible leaving you hanging, so here are a few pics from my day here!! My sister let me borrow her pink booty shorts so I took some photos on her bed (please don't tell her!!). I hope they make up for it a little bit?

I'll be back online as soon as I can. Don't be mad at me? (.. > < ..)

Love,
Lee (U・x・U) ♡

♡ 1.2k 48 ➦ Share $ SEND TIP

jock_88 SUB — 2h ago
Damn, those legs... 😈 forgiveness granted immediately.
Reply ♡ 24

dad_issuez — 1h ago
pink looks so good on you bby. wish i could be there to keep you quiet 🤫
Reply ♡ 15

MuscleTop FAN — 45m ago
Sad about the stream but this view helps. Be safe sweetie.
Reply ♡ 8

_takeachance TOP FAN — Just now
Good call. Don't get caught. We'll be waiting.
Reply ♡ 2

Mike stared at the caption.

My sister.

El. Will was wearing El's shorts.

Mike scrolled down to the attached images, and his brain simply short-circuited.

There were four photos. To the thousands of thirsty followers viewing the post, the setting was just a cute, domestic backdrop—a messy bed scattered with plushies. But Mike recognized it instantly. He knew the pattern on that quilt. He knew the specific way the mattress dipped in the middle. It wasn't El's bed like Will, *Lee's*, post suggested but it wasn't Will's bed either. It was the guest bedroom in the Hopper-Byers house—the room usually reserved for Nancy and Jonathan whenever they visited.

A dark, possessive thrill shot through him, a secret victory amidst the jealousy. *They don't know,* he thought, a smug, twisted satisfaction curling in his chest. *None of these people know where he is. I know exactly where he is. I know what that room smells like. I know the view from that window.* It was a secret piece of context that belonged only to him, a layer of intimacy that *Carltoon* and *_takeachance* couldn't buy with all the tokens in the world.

In the first photo, Will was lying on his stomach, the camera angled down to capture the curve of his ass. He was wearing a pair of tiny, soft pink dolphin shorts—definitely El's, definitely too small for him. The fabric strained against his glutes, riding up the crack to reveal a tantalizing amount of pale skin.

In the second, he was on his back, legs spread, the pink shorts tented slightly at the crotch, teasing the outline of his semi-hard cock. His hand—that elegant, charcoal-smudged hand—rested on his inner thigh, pulling the hem up higher to expose the hip bone.

Mike felt a hysterical giggle bubble up in his throat.

Will was in Montauk. He was probably listening to Joyce complain about the raccoons or helping Hopper move the dryer. And in between family bonding moments, he had snuck into the guest room, raided his sister's drawer, put on her sleep shorts, and taken thirst traps for the internet.

It was depraved. It was resourceful. It was the hottest thing Mike had ever seen.

He looked at the comments.

_*takeachance*. Of course. Acting like the benevolent owner. *Don't get caught.* As if he cared about Will's safety and not just his own supply.

"He's not waiting for you," Mike muttered to the screen, a fresh wave of possessiveness crashing over him. "*Fuck off.*"

Mike looked back at the photo of Will in the pink shorts. The way the soft fabric hugged the curve of his hips, digging slightly into the plush flesh of his thighs. The way the elastic waistband dipped below his navel, exposing a strip of pale skin that Mike suddenly wanted to put his mouth on.

"God," Mike whispered, rubbing a hand over his face, his eyes glued to the screen. He was thinking about how Will looked like a piece of candy—sweet, soft, and meant to be unwrapped.

He shouldn't look anymore. He really shouldn't. He was tired. He definitely should give his dick a few more minutes to recover. He should close the laptop, distract himself for an hour— maybe thirty minutes, and then go back to watching Will's other videos like he planned.

But his body had other ideas. Despite the exhaustion, despite the soreness, he felt a familiar, heavy twitch against his naked thigh. He was getting hard again. It was involuntary, a biological response to the sheer overload of Will that was currently frying his synapses.

"One more," Mike negotiated with the empty room. "Just to... settle down."

He clicked back to the video archive, scrolling past the *Valorant* video he had just defiled. He needed something different. He scanned the thumbnails until his eyes landed on one titled *Spinning Around*. The thumbnail showed Will standing in the center of his room, wearing a different skirt—this one a short, pastel pink number with layers of soft frills that looked devastatingly cute, like something a magical girl would wear on her day off.

Mike's hand hovered over the trackpad. He was about to click. He was ready to lose himself in the pixels again.

RING-RING-RING.

A loud, jarring chime blasted from the laptop speakers, shattering the silence, alongside a FaceTime popup window that exploded onto the screen, obscuring the thumbnail of Will's thighs.

Incoming FaceTime: Will 🤍🤍

Mike screamed.

It was a short, strangled sound, like a dying cat. He scrambled backward on the couch, his heart slamming against his ribs so hard it hurt.

He stared at the screen in horror. Had he summoned him? Had he jerked off so hard he had conjured Will out of the ether? Or did Will know? Did he have a tracker on Mike’s IP address?

The ringing continued, relentless and cheerful.

Mike didn't move. He couldn't move. He just stared at Will’s name pulsing on the screen, his breath coming in shallow, terrified gasps. He waited, praying for the wifi to fail, for the earth to open up and swallow him whole.

The ringing stopped.

Silence rushed back into the room.

"Okay," Mike breathed, clutching his chest. "Okay. He hung up. It's fine. I'm fine."

RING-RING-RING.

It started again immediately.

Panic, cold and sharp, flooded Mike's veins. He couldn't ignore it twice. That was suspicious. That was a 'something is wrong' signal.

He lunged forward. He frantically clicked the 'x' on the *Sweetbunny22* tab, closing it so fast he almost knocked the laptop off his knees. He felt a hysterical, irrational fear that if he answered while the tab was open, Will would somehow be able to see it, like a reflection in his eyes or a ghost in the machine.

He grabbed the comforter from the back of the couch and yanked it over his naked lap, tucking it under his armpits like a toga. He ran a hand through his hair, trying to tame the 'sex-hair' look into 'nap-hair', and hit accept.

The screen filled with Will's face.

"Mike!" Will beamed, the connection crisp and clear. "Finally! I thought you died. I've been texting you all day!"

Mike blinked, his brain grinding gears as it tried to shift from *porn-Will*—the one in the frilly pink skirt currently frozen on a tab behind this window—to *best-friend-Will*. The transition was violent. It felt like being woken up by a bucket of ice water.

"Uh," Mike croaked, clearing his throat which felt tight with guilt. "No. Not dead. Just... napping. My phone is on DND. I passed out."

"Still?" Will laughed. He was holding the phone close to his face, the angle unflattering for anyone else—chin tucked, lighting bad—but somehow just endearing on him. He looked soft. Happy. Safe. "You really are a sloth. But wait..."

Will pulled the phone back slightly, his brow furrowing as he looked at the sliver of Mike's background visible in the frame. "Wait, aren't you supposed to be at work? That's why I felt okay leaving you."

Mike's heart stopped. He *had* said that. That was the whole reason Will had felt comfortable leaving. That was the foundation of his entire empty-apartment scheme.

"I..." Mike scrambled for a lie, his mind racing faster than it had all day. "I called out. I felt... weird. Like I was coming down with something. They were overstaffed anyway."

"Oh," Will's face softened instantly into concern.

"Kittens!" A voice squealed.

It was El. Will flipped his camera to show her. She was sitting cross-legged on the weathered wooden slats of the back porch, surrounded by four tiny, wriggling balls of

fur that looked more like hamsters than cats. She looked up at the camera and waved, a kitten clutched gently in one hand against her chest. "Hi Mike!"

"Oh," Mike said, feeling the guilt crash over him like a wave. "Hi El! Wow. They're... small."

"They're only a week old," Will said, flipping the camera back to himself. He was sitting next to El, leaning back against the porch railing with the darkening yard behind him. "I sent you like ten pictures. And a video of Hopper trying to hold one. It was comedy gold, Mike. You missed out."

Mike swallowed hard. He hadn't checked his phone since he left the diner. He had been too busy watching Will edge himself to check his actual messages from Will. He was a terrible friend. He was the worst friend in history.

"Sorry," Mike mumbled, rubbing the back of his neck, which felt clammy and gross under his hand. He felt exposed, even through the screen. "I'll check them now. I just... really crashed. Hard."

El leaned into the frame, her face taking up half the screen. She narrowed her eyes, scrutinizing him not with the innocent curiosity of a teenager, but with the terrifying intensity of a forensic analyst scanning a crime scene for blood spatter.

"Why is your face red?" she asked bluntly.

Mike froze. His heart, which had just started to slow down, kickstarted into a frantic gallop again. "What?"

"Your face," El repeated, pointing a finger at the lens. "It’s red. Blotchy. And you look... sweaty." She tilted her head, her suspicion growing like a storm cloud. "Is the AC broken?"

"Yes," Mike lied immediately, the falsehood springing to his lips before his brain could vet it. "Broken. Completely bust. The compressor exploded. It's a sauna in here. I'm practically steaming."

"It's seventy degrees in the city, Mike," Will pointed out from the background. He looked amused, but there was a flicker of something else in his eyes—a watchfulness that made Mike want to hide under the couch.

"Global warming," Mike shot back, desperation making him incoherent. "Micro-climates. It's very complex. It’s the heat island effect. The bricks retain the solar

radiation. You wouldn't understand the meteorology of it."

El didn't look convinced by his sudden degree in atmospheric science. Her eyes widened with a sudden, suspicious delight. "Or maybe... is there a girl there?"

The air left the room.

On the screen, Will's smile went rigid. The corners tightened. His eyes flicked away from the camera for a split second, scanning the invisible space around Mike, before snapping back to the lens, sharper and darker than before.

"Yeah, Mike," Will said. His voice was light, airy even, but it carried a strange, brittle weight that Mike felt in his bones. "Is there a *guest* you're hiding under that blanket? Is that why you didn't answer all day? Were you... occupied?"

The jealousy was subtle—a ripple in still water—but Mike saw it. He knew Will's face better than his own. He saw the tension in Will's jaw, the way his fingers tightened around the phone case.

And god help him, it made his dick twitch under the comforter. Will was jealous. Will didn't like the idea of Mike hiding a girl.

"No!" Mike shouted, the word exploding out of him with enough force to startle the kittens on the other end of the line. "God, no. There is no girl. There is no guest. I'm alone. Aggressively alone. I am a monk. I have taken a vow of solitude."

"You seem defensive," El noted, unbothered by his outburst.

"I'm not defensive, I'm dying!" Mike corrected quickly, grasping for straws to explain the flush, the sweat, the panic. "I have a fever. I'm sick. It's the plague. A new strain. Highly contagious. Don't come home, you'll catch it."

Will studied him for a long, agonizing moment. Mike held his breath, praying that Will would buy the lie or at least ignore it for his sake.

Slowly, the tension drained out of Will's shoulders. He seemingly decided that Mike was just being his usual weird self rather than harboring a secret lover. The brittle edge left his smile, replaced by a relieved, fond exasperation.

"You're weird," El decided, turning back to the kittens, dismissing him as a non-threat.

"Anyway," Will said, adjusting the phone so he was center frame again, the movement casual and devastatingly domestic. "I just wanted to show you since you were ignoring me all day. We're gonna go watch a movie with Mom. You should go back to sleep if you're 'dying'." He made air quotes around the word dying, a playful smirk tugging at his lips.

He shifted his position on the floor, stretching his legs out to get comfortable. The phone slipped slightly in his hand, the camera angle dipping lower.

And then Mike saw it.

Because the universe wasn't just cruel—it was a vindictive playwright with a twisted, perverse sense of humor—the screen revealed what Will was wearing from the waist down.

He was wearing the pink dolphin shorts.

The exact same tiny, tight, pastel pink shorts from the photos Mike had been drooling over ten minutes ago. The ones he had just been contemplating committing sins to. In the harsh light of the FaceTime call, without the soft filters or the carefully curated angles, they looked even smaller. They were riding up Will's thighs, exposing miles of pale, smooth skin and hugging his hips with an intimacy that felt illegal to witness while El was sitting right there holding a kitten.

Mike's brain short-circuited. It sputtered and died. It was one thing to see them in a stylized, anonymous photo on a porn site where he could pretend it was a fantasy. It was another thing entirely to see them here, in the grainy slightly blurry but very real face time call, while Will was sitting next to his sister discussing family movie night.

"Uh," Mike choked out, the sound strangled. He felt like he'd been punched in the throat. His eyes were glued to the screen, unable to look away from the expanse of thigh. "What... what are you wearing?"

Will froze. He followed Mike's gaze, looking down at his own lap.

The realization hit him in real-time. His face instantly flamed a brilliant, sunset red, the blush traveling all the way down his neck to his chest. He scrambled to cover himself, his hand flying down to tug at the hem, but there simply wasn't enough fabric to tug. They were booty shorts. They were designed to reveal, not conceal.

"Oh," Will stammered, his voice jumping an octave. "These. Um."

"He got soaked," El chimed in helpfully, her attention entirely focused on the tiny creature she was cradling against her chest. "He tried to disconnect the hose on the washer and it exploded on him. It was very dramatic. Dad told him to change."

"So El let me borrow hers," Will finished quickly, his face burning so hot Mike could almost feel the heat radiating through the screen. He tugged uselessly at the hem again, trying to pull the fabric down, but physics was against him. "It's... temporary. Just until my jeans dry."

Mike stared at the screen, his brain working through the logistics while trying desperately not to focus on the expanse of thigh on display. "But you packed," he blurted out, the words leaving his mouth before he could filter them. "I watched you pack for two hours. You took a whole duffel bag. You definitely packed pants."

Will flushed darker, if that was possible. "I packed *jeans* and *sweatpants*," he hissed, defensive. "It's eighty degrees in this house, Mike! And we were moving a dryer! God forbid I didn't want to wear heavy denim or fleece in a basement that already feels like a sauna. I wanted shorts."

"So you chose... those?" Mike asked, unable to stop himself.

"They were the only ones available!" Will squeaked.

"I think they're cute," El interrupted matter-of-factly, lifting the kitten to inspect its paws. "They make your butt look good."

Will made a noise like a dying kettle, burying his face in his hands. "El! Oh my god."

Mike couldn't breathe. He was hard. He was painfully hard under the comforter, staring at his best friend blushing furiously while wearing his sister's booty shorts.

"Yeah," Mike croaked, a hysterical laugh bubbling in his chest. "Very... cute. Great color on you, Will."

Will glared at him, but there was no heat in it, just embarrassment. "Shut up. Go to sleep, Mike. Goodbye."

"Bye," Mike squeaked.

The FaceTime call ended, the window vanishing from his laptop screen to reveal the desktop wallpaper again. Mike sat in the silence of the living room, haunted by the echo of Will’s voice and the seared, retinal afterimage of pink fabric clinging to pale thighs.

"I'm going to die," he whispered again, just to test if saying it aloud made it less true. It didn't.

He waited five minutes. Ten. Just to make sure Will wasn't going to call back with a surprise encore featuring a matching crop top. When the laptop remained silent, Mike sighed, running a hand down his face.

He remembered Will's comment about the texts.

Guilt, sharp and familiar, pricked at him. He reached for his phone, which he had discarded on the coffee table hours ago. He swiped it open, the screen bright in the dim room.

There they were. A string of messages from *Will* 🤍🤍 starting from noon.

Mike scrolled through them, a soft, involuntary smile touching his lips. He watched the video of Hopper wincing as a kitten climbed his pant leg. He zoomed in on the selfie of Will, tracing the smile lines around his eyes with his thumb. It was so wholesome. So pure.

He spent the next few minutes replying to every single one, overcompensating for his silence.

"Hopper looks like he's defusing a bomb lol." "That one looks like you." "Cute."

He hit send on the last one, watching the 'Delivered' status appear with the grim satisfaction of a soldier completing a mission. There. He had validated the wholesomeness. He had performed the sacred rites of the Best Friend.

Which meant he was officially off the clock.

Now, he could be the bad one. The worst one. The one who deserved jail time.

Mike tossed the phone onto the cushion next to him with zero regard for its screen integrity. He threw the comforter off his legs like he was unveiling a statue, grabbed the laptop, and dove back into the digital abyss like a man seeking asylum in a sewer.

The next six hours or so were a blur of pixels, friction, and a profound, life-altering shift in how Mike viewed the universe, friendship, and the durability of the human body.

He didn't just watch; he went feral. He tore through Will's digital archive with the unhinged intensity of a conspiracy theorist analyzing footage for signs of aliens, only

instead of UFOs, he was counting every moles and watching the specific way the ring light reflected off sweat-slicked skin. He clicked through playlists and tags like a lab rat hitting a lever for cocaine, absorbing every frame of content until his brain felt like it was melting out of his ears.

He came six times. six. A number that should have been medically concerning. The last one wasn't even a proper orgasm; it was a pathetic, shuddering spurt that wracked his exhausted body while his brain fired serotonin like a dying star.

But he couldn't stop. His body was a wreck—sore, sticky, his arm cramping—but his mind was wired, electric with discovery. Every video was a new piece of the puzzle, a new secret unlocked.

He watched *Bunny's Day Out*, where Will wore a pristine white silk dress that pooled around him on the floor. It was innocent at first, until he turned around to reveal a fluffy white bunny tail butt plug peeking out from the hem, twitching every time Will clenched. Mike had groaned, his hand moving automatically, entranced by the contrast of the elegant silk and the dirty little secret underneath.

He watched *Ride for Me*, a fifteen-minute endurance test where Will sat on the edge of the bed, back to the camera, hands gripping the mattress for support. A dildo—thick, pink, and unrelenting—was tucked securely between his feet on the floor. Will rode it with a rhythmic, mesmerizing precision, his back muscles rippling, his head thrown back, fucking the inanimate object with a passion that made Mike bite his own knuckles to keep from screaming.

Then there was *Sweet Tooth*.

That one didn't just break him; it pulverized him. It started innocently enough, or as innocent as a video titled *Sweet Tooth* could be, with Will naked on a clear plastic tarp *(practical king, always thinking about the security deposit)*. He was holding a can of sweetened condensed milk, the label peeled off.

He didn't rush. He tilted the can, letting the thick, viscous liquid ribbon out in a slow, agonizing drizzle. Mike watched, his mouth watering in a Pavlovian response that had nothing to do with food, as the milk hit Will’s skin. It trailed down his ribs, catching in the fine hairs of his chest, pooling in the deep dip of his navel like a sweet little lake, before continuing its slow, sticky descent to coat his hardening cock. Will smeared it over his thighs, his ass, rubbing it into his skin until he was glistening, glazed like a pastry, looking sticky and sweet and edible.

I want to lick it off, Mike thought, the desire sharpening into a physical hunger that made his stomach cramp and his jaw ache. It wasn't just about sex anymore; it was about consumption. He wanted to kneel on that tarp. He wanted to start at Will's ankles and work his way up, using his tongue to clean every sticky inch of him- to taste the sugar mixed with the salt of Will's skin. He wanted to be the one to clean him up, to swallow the mess, to devour him whole until there was nothing left but Will, clean and shaking, and Mike, full of him.

But it wasn't just the explicit, hardcore stuff. The archive was a kaleidoscope of Will's personality refracted through a lens of kink.

There was *Art Class*, a video where Will didn't touch himself at all. Instead, he used his own body as a canvas, dipping his fingers into pots of non-toxic neon paint and dragging them across his chest and thighs in abstract, glowing patterns. It was messy and vibrant and strangely mesmerizing to watch the colors mix on his pale skin.

There was *ASMR Study Buddy*, a thirty-minute roleplay where Will just sat at his desk in his underwear, whispering encouragement to the camera while turning pages of a textbook, occasionally letting out a soft, breathy sigh that made the hair on Mike's arms stand up.

But the one that took the top spot, the one that Mike found himself replaying not for friction but for the sheer, aching beauty of it, was *The Dancer*.

In this one, Will was dressed as a girl. He wore a delicate, champagne-colored slip dress that hugged his frame like water, and a long, high-quality wig that cascaded over his shoulders in soft waves. The camera frame was cropped strictly at the throat, hiding his jawline but highlighting the long, elegant line of his neck.

He didn't touch himself. He didn't speak. He just danced.

Set to a slow, moody track that thumped with a heavy bassline, Will moved with a fluid, hypnotic grace that Mike recognized from nights out dancing, but refined. It wasn't sexual in the way the other videos were. It was performative. It was art. He spun and swayed, the silk catching the light, before slowly, agonizingly peeling the dress off, letting it pool around his ankles. He stood there, bare and beautiful and trembling slightly, not for a client, but for the music.

It made Mike's heart ache in a way that had nothing to do with his dick. It made him want to wrap Will in a blanket and protect him from the world that only wanted to consume him.

However, the archive had a dark side as well, a shadow cast by the glowing ring light.

There were videos tagged *#denial*, *#ruined*, and *#control*, almost all of them dedicated to or requested by the user *_takeachance*.

Mike hated them. He hated them with a visceral, violent intensity that killed his arousal dead.

In one video, Will was bound to the bedframe, a vibrating ring buzzing angrily at the base of his cock, denying him any relief. He was slick with sweat, his chest heaving, his face crumpled in genuine distress.

"Please, Daddy," Will whimpered on screen, his hips bucking uselessly against the mattress, trying to find friction where there was none. *"Please let me cum. It hurts."*

The text overlay on the video, appearing in cold, sans-serif font, read: *Not yet. Ten more minutes.*

Mike felt his erection flag, wilting under the weight of a sudden, resonant anger. It wasn't hot. It was cruel. Seeing Will in pain, seeing him desperate and denied by some faceless prick with a platinum credit card who got off on power rather than pleasure, made Mike want to reach through the screen and punch something.

"Let him finish, you asshole," Mike hissed at the laptop, his protective instinct overriding his lust. He closed those videos quickly, unable to stomach the sight of Will suffering, even if it was technically consensual.

But the anger was layered with something else—a dark, possessive arrogance that curled in his gut like smoke. The truth was, the situation would have been *right* had it been him. Mike knew, with an unshakable certainty, that he wouldn't make Will suffer like that—not pointlessly, not coldly.

He would know exactly where the line was. He would know the difference between 'good hurt' and 'bad hurt.' If Mike were the one in control, the denial wouldn't be a punishment; it would be a form of worship. He would be right there, whispering praises into Will's ear, kissing the tears away, holding him through the trembling. He would make sure that the eventual reward was so much better, so much sweeter than the process, that the pain would just be a necessary stepping stone to paradise.

He won’t hurt him for the powerplay. Mike would be breaking him apart just to put him back together.

Eventually, the anger and the fantasy faded into a bone-deep exhaustion. The digital clock on the stove blinked 3:55 AM in the darkness. The apartment was quiet, the city outside finally asleep.

Mike lay on the couch, staring at the ceiling fan. His body was done. He was tapped out. His dick was raw, refusing to harden no matter how much his brain screamed for one last hit. He was physically incapable of arousal.

But his mind... his mind was still hungry.

He sat up, groaning as his joints popped. "One more," he lied to himself. "Just to see."

He scrolled to the very bottom of the 'Most Popular' list. There was one video he had been avoiding, mostly because the title seemed physically impossible.

Video Title: The Challenge - 14 Inch Monster Prep & Ride Uploaded: 1 month ago Views: 45k

Fourteen inches.

Mike stared at the title. *Fourteen inches.* Then, he looked down at his own lap.

Now, Mike Wheeler was a humble man. He was lanky, awkward, and possessed the limb coordination of a newborn giraffe on roller skates. But he was also the beneficiary—or perhaps the victim—of that cruel cosmic joke where God gives the skinniest, most awkward guys the most alarming equipment. It was like putting a V8 engine in a Prius; structurally, it made no sense.

Mike was packing. There was no polite way to say it. He was carrying around what could legally be classified as a blunt force weapon. Seven inches when soft—a fact that made wearing gray sweatpants in public a strategic operation involving too-tight briefs and prayer—unfolding to a terrifying, nearly eleven-inch monster when hard. It was thick. It was heavy. It had veins that looked like a roadmap of the Los Angeles highway system.

It was a running joke among his friends, a legend whispered in hushed tones, mostly because of the sheer physics-defying nature of it. They had seen him in locker rooms or

that one time they skinny-dipped in lovers lake; flaccid, it was impressive but polite. It kept to itself and didn't look like a threat to national security.

Then came the Spring Break Incident of '23.

Lucas had walked into Mike's room without knocking, only to find Mike fully, gloriously erect in the middle of wanking himself. Lucas had dropped his phone. He hadn't screamed, but he had made a noise like a stepped-on squeaky toy—a high, terrified *eep*.

"Jesus, Mike!" Lucas had wheezed, covering his eyes but not fast enough. *"Is that a limb? Do you have a third leg? I feel like I just looked directly at the Ark of the Covenant. My eyes are melting."*

Since then, it had been a thing. Lucas playfully refused to stand too close to him if Mike was wearing loose shorts. Dustin had jokingly offered to buy him a wheelbarrow for his birthday. El saying she was glad they broke up before Mike learned to use it or Max teasingly asking the logistic of it all. And Will? Will usually just turned a violent shade of crimson, choked on his drink, and aggressively avoided making eye contact for the next hour every time it's brought up—a reaction Mike had always interpreted as pure, unadulterated second-hand embarrassment for his freakish anatomy. It was funny to them, a biological quirk to be roasted over drinks.

But historically, romantically, it had been a disaster.

He remembered Julian, the drama major from freshman year—the only guy he'd ever actually tried to top. The only guy he hooked up with technically. The hookup had been going great, lots of making out, heavy petting, until the pants came off. Julian had taken one look, literally gasped, scrambled backward against the headboard, and asked if Mike had a permit for that thing. *"I'm a bottom, Mike, not a sword swallower,"* he'd said, looking genuinely fearful for his internal organs. *"I'd need a running start and a waiver of liability."*

Then there was the girl from sophomore year who had stared at it for a solid ten seconds of silence before laughing nervously and suggesting they just watch a movie instead because she "didn't sign up for spelunking."

He had always assumed it was too big. Too much. A curse rather than a blessing. A logistical nightmare that would hurt anyone he actually cared about.

Fourteen inches, he thought, skepticism warring with curiosity. *No way.*

He clicked play.

The video opened with Will on the hard wood floor. The carpet was gone, leaving only the polished floorboards beneath. He was naked, wearing knee-pads *(Mike let out a dry, delirious chuckle at the practicality)* and the friendship bracelet. His face was kept carefully out of the frame; the camera focused entirely on his hips and torso.

Next to him lay the Monster.

It was a massive, silicone beast. Thick. Veiny. Ridiculously long. It looked less like a sex toy and more like a blunt force weapon designed to end civilizations. It had a wide, sturdy base, a powerful suction cup adhering it to the floorboards, that looked impossibly wide compared to Will's frame.

Will had already worked up a sweat just setting the camera and the toy. He was glistening, his skin slick and pink. He reached for a massive bottle of thick, clear lube, squeezing a generous, almost obscene amount into his palm.

"Okay," Will's voice whispered, a little breathless, looking at the toy with wide, fearful eyes visible only in the edge of the frame. *"The goal is... to take it all. Down to the base."*

Mike sat up straighter. *He's actually going to try.*

Will started with prep. He didn't reach for the toy immediately. He knew better. He coated his fingers—those long, elegant fingers that Mike usually saw covered in charcoal or paint—until they shone under the harsh studio lights.

Slowly, deliberately, he slid one finger inside himself. Mike let out a ragged breath, his hips twitching involuntarily on the couch. Watching Will touch himself like that was infinitely more intimate than any toy. Will worked a second finger in, scissoring them slowly, a wet, slick sound echoing through Mike's speakers.

"Just stretching," Will whispered. *"Gotta make room."*

Then, he produced a set of anal beads. They started innocent enough—small, marble-sized spheres—but graduated quickly into terrifying territory, ending with a pair of dense, heavy orbs the size of regulation golf balls.

He didn't just dip them; he drowned them. He poured a puddle of thick, clear lube directly onto the hardwood floor—*RIP security deposit*—and dragged the beads through it until they were dripping, glistening like a necklace dredged from a swamp.

Mike watched, transfixed. Will positioned the smallest bead against his entrance. He didn't just shove it in; he breathed it in. Then the second. The third.

"Jesus," Mike whispered. He didn't reach for himself—he was running on fumes, his body physically incapable of another erection—so he just watched, consuming the image for the pure, unadulterated visual pleasure of it.

Then came the golf balls.

Mike flinched instinctively as Will pressed the first large sphere against his entrance. Will didn't hesitate. He exhaled, a long, low, guttural sound that started in his chest and ended as a sharp whine in his throat. He pushed.

Pop.

The sound was wet, distinct, and incredibly lewd. The bead slipped past the tight ring of muscle, swallowed whole.

On screen, Will shuddered violently, his head falling back against his shoulders. *"Fuck,"* he gasped, his voice trembling. *"That's... that's big."* He didn't stop, though. He reached back, his fingers slick and clumsy, and grabbed the string to guide the next one.

"Fuck," Mike groaned in the darkness of his living room, his hand tightening around his grip on the comforter. He felt a phantom pressure, a ghost sensation of being stretched, or maybe stretching someone else.

Will didn't stop there. He took the second large bead, forcing it in with a wet squelch that made his toes curl. Then he began to use the string like a piston. He slid them in and out, a rhythmic, purposeful tug-of-war that elicited a broken, continuous whimper from his lips. *Pop-pop. Pop-pop.* The friction was visible, the lube frothing slightly around the invasion. Will was crying out now, soft, desperate sounds of overstimulation.

"It's so full," he sobbed, the sound raw and wrecked, stripped of any performative gloss. His chest heaved violently with the effort, his ribs expanding and contracting in jagged gasps. He didn't address the lens directly—the frame cut him off at the throat anyway—but his body broadcasted his unraveling; his abdominal muscles rippled and clenched, trying to reject and accept the intrusion simultaneously, while his free hand clawed uselessly at the slick floorboards. *"I feel so full."*

The prep seemed endless. It was a marathon of sensation. By the time Will was done, withdrawing the long, thick string of beads with a final, wet *schlock* sound that made

Mike shiver, he was wrecked. He was flushed pink from chest to thighs, his back arched like a bow, and his entire lower half—and a significant portion of the hardwood floor—was coated in a thick, glistening sheen of lube. It was a mess. It was a disaster. It was a masterpiece.

Then, he positioned himself above the Monster.

The massive dildo stood rigid on the floor, a towering monument to his ambition.

Will straddled it, hovering above the tip. He lowered one knee to the floor, steadying himself on the hard wood, his breath hitching. *"It's so big,"* Will whimpered.

"It's huge," Mike whispered, entranced.

Will lowered himself. It was a struggle from the first inch. He winced, a visible tension running through his body. He pressed down, his hands flat on the floor on either side of the base, his knuckles white. The tip disappeared, followed by the first few inches. He gasped. He cried out, a strangled sound that was half pain, half arousal. He stopped, sweat beading on his forehead, his body shaking with the effort of holding himself aloft.

His cock was rock hard, completely neglected but throbbing violently against his stomach. A bead of pre-cum leaked from the slit, mixing with the sweat on his skin, sliding down his side. It twitched with every inch he took of the toy, a desperate, pulsing metronome of his pleasure that he refused to touch.

"You can do it," Will whispered to himself, his voice raw. *"Come on, Lee. Good boy."*

He started to sink lower, grinding his hips against the solid, unyielding length of the silicone. Every centimeter was a battle. He was fighting it, but he was also desperate for it. Mike could see the sheer, torturous effort in the tremors of his arms and legs.

Mike watched, his mouth hanging open, absolutely fascinated. He watched Will take five inches, the sheer width of it forcing a pained grunt from his lips. Seven. Ten.

"One month ago," Mike whispered to the empty room, his eyes flicking to the upload date.

He tried to do the math through the fog of his exhaustion. Where had he been one month ago? Had he been in the living room, watching TV with the volume up? Had he been out with Lucas? Or had he been sleeping in his room, just ten feet away, while Will was on the floor of his bedroom, moaning like *that*?

I could have heard him, Mike thought, a chill running down his spine.

On screen, Will was lost. He wasn't performing anymore. His head was thrown back, the camera capturing the straining cords of his neck and the heavy rise and fall of his chest, but keeping his face frustratingly, tantalizingly out of frame. He was making noises Mike had never heard before—wet, guttural sounds of absolute surrender, of a body being pushed past its limits.

It was grotesque. It was beautiful. It was the most incredibly impressive and difficult thing Mike had ever seen. Will's body stretched and accommodated the impossible size, his mouth hanging open in a silent scream of pleasure-pain, a desperate, feral sound that the microphone barely picked up. His grip on the floorboards was desperate.

And then, with a final, shuddering push, he bottomed out.

The sound was a wet, heavy *thwack* as Will's body slammed down onto the flared base. He collapsed forward, sobbing, taking the entire fourteen-inch length right down to the floor. The suction cup held firm, the massive toy completely filling him.

Mike watched the screen, his eyes drawn to Will's lower stomach. There, just above his pubic bone, the skin bulged slightly, the shape of the toy pressing outward from the inside, a terrifyingly clear outline.

He took it, Mike thought, his brain short-circuiting. *He took the whole thing.*

A strange, phantom sensation washed over Mike. He looked at the massive toy disappearing inside his best friend, and then he looked down at his own lap.

I could fit, the thought arrived, unbidden and overwhelming. *I would fit. And he would take me just like that.*

For years, Mike had terrified himself with the idea that he would hurt Will. That he was too big, too rough, too much. But watching Will ride that silicone monster, bouncing weakly on it now with a feral, desperate need, eyes rolling back in his head and a messy river of lube running down his thighs...

Mike's dick gave a pathetic, hopeful twitch, but his body had nothing left to give.

On screen, Will didn't even need to touch himself. The fullness was enough. He threw his head back, a long, broken wail tearing from his throat that would have definitely woken the neighbors if Mike hadn't been oblivious in the next room. He came—a messy,

violent release that coated his stomach, pulsing out of him in spurts that matched the spasms of his hips.

In the living room, Mike's hips bucked. He let out a ragged gasp, his body seizing in a dry orgasm—a wave of pure, intense sensation with no release, just the muscles contracting in a pleasurable, painful spasm that left him seeing spots.

"Will," he choked out, the name tearing from his throat.

He slumped back against the cushions, the world going gray at the edges. His brain, finally flooded with enough dopamine to kill a small horse, simply shut down.

The video ended, leaving a frozen image of Will's triumph on the screen, but Mike didn't see it. He had passed out cold, his hand still resting protectively on his stomach, a smile of absolute, depraved contentment on his face.

He drifted into a dreamless void where monsters were soft, pancakes were infinite, and he was the best boy in the world.

Bang. Bang. Bang.

The sound penetrated the fog of Mike's coma like a dull axe.

Bang. Bang. Bang.

"Mike? Mike, are you in there? The deadbolt is on!"

Mike's eyes flew open. He gasped, sucking in a lungful of air that tasted like stale sweat and shame. He sat up, disoriented, his heart hammering a frantic rhythm against his ribs.

Sunlight. Bright, accusing Sunday afternoon sunlight was peaking through the gaps in the closed blinds.

The room was a disaster zone.

There were tissues everywhere—wadded up, scattered like snowdrifts around the couch. The bottle of lube was on its side, a slow, viscous puddle leaking onto the coffee table next to an uneaten pretzel. His laptop was open, screen black but battery light blinking ominously. His jeans were in a heap by the door. His boxers were... somewhere.

Bang. Bang.

"Mike! Open up! Are you dead? Did the plague get you?"

Will.

Will was home. Will was on the other side of the door. And the door was deadbolted, chained, and locked because Mike had turned the apartment into a *masturbatorium*.

"I'm coming!" Mike screamed, his voice cracking violently. "I'm alive! Wait. *Fuck.*"

He scrambled off the couch, his legs tangling in the sheets. He hit the floor with a thud, gathered an armful of used tissues in a panic, grabbed the lube bottle—wiping the puddle on the table with his forearm *(gross, but necessary)*—snatched his laptop and the comforter. He sprinted to his bedroom door, kicking it open and hurling the entire bundle of depravity onto his unmade bed.

"Mike?" Will sounded genuinely scared now. "I can hear crashing. Are you having a seizure?"

"No! Just... cleaning!" Mike yelled, diving into his laundry hamper. He fished out a pair of basketball shorts—wrinkled, but functional—and yanked them up his legs, hopping on one foot and nearly wiping out again.

He scanned the living room. Clear. Mostly. He wiped a stray smudge from the coffee table with his socked foot.

He sprinted to the door, wrestled with the chain *(which jammed, naturally)*, fought the deadbolt, and finally yanked it open.

Will was standing there, keys in hand, looking disheveled from the train ride and wide-eyed with panic. He took one look at Mike—hair standing up in every direction,

shirtless in gym shorts, sweating profusely—and his face crumbled.

"Oh my god," Will breathed, stepping inside and dropping his heavy duffel bag with a thud that shook the floorboards. He didn't even bother to close the door properly before he was reaching out, placing the back of his cool hand against Mike's sweaty, flushed forehead. "You're burning up. You look... Mike, you look wrecked."

Mike froze. The touch was electric, grounding him instantly. Will's hand was cool from the outside air, calloused from his charcoal pencils, and impossibly gentle.

"I..." Mike stammered, his eyes fluttering shut as he leaned shamelessly into the touch, chasing the contact like a cat. "Yeah. The fever. It broke. I think."

"I knew I shouldn't have listened to you," Will murmured, his voice tight with guilt. He moved his hand to cup Mike's cheek, his thumb brushing over the dark, purple bruise-like circles under Mike's eyes. "I left as soon as I could. I couldn't just stay there while you're sick here alone."

Mike's eyes snapped open. He stared at Will.

Will had come back early. He had left the kittens, left his mom, left the fresh air of Montauk, all because he thought Mike was sick. He had cut his trip short because he was worried about Mike.

Guilt, sharp and heavy, pierced through the fog of Mike's post-coital exhaustion. He was a liar. He wasn't sick; he was just a pervert who had spent twelve hours abusing his own body to videos of his best friend.

But beneath the guilt, there was something else—something warm and golden and terrifyingly vast.

Here was Will, standing in the entryway of their shared apartment, in his travel hoodie, hair messy from the train, looking at Mike with nothing but pure, unadulterated concern. He didn't see the mess Mike had just shoved into the bedroom. He didn't smell the sex and shame. He just saw his best friend in distress, and he had come running.

It wasn't the hot, sticky, consuming lust Mike had felt watching the videos. It was the heavy, grounding gravity of *this*. Of being cared for. Of being the priority. Of being loved, even if Will didn't mean it in the way Mike desperately wanted him to.

"You came back for me?" Mike whispered, his voice cracking.

"Ideally, I'd prefer not to come home to a corpse," Will joked weakly, but his eyes were serious. "So yeah. I came back."

"I missed you," Mike blurted out, the truth slipping past his defenses, raw and honest and far too vulnerable for a Sunday afternoon hallway conversation.

Will softened, his expression melting into something fond and exasperated. The worry lines between his brows smoothed out. "I was gone for twenty-four hours, you big baby."

"It was a long twenty-four hours," Mike whispered, thinking of the fourteen inches, the pink shorts, the tears, the *Valorant* game, the absolute ruin of his sanity. "You have no idea."

Will smiled, a soft, crooked thing that made Mike's knees weak. He dropped his hand from Mike's face and stepped back to toe off his shoes. "Well, I'm back. And I brought Mom's lasagna. It's frozen, but I can heat it up. Go put on some underwear, weirdo. I can see your dick swinging freely under those shorts. And maybe drink some water."

Mike watched him walk into the kitchen—*their* kitchen—switching on the lights and reclaiming the space Mike had defiled with his absence. He felt his heart settle back into his chest, heavy and full.

"Yeah," Mike breathed, holding a hand out on the front of his short to hide his bulge as he backed away toward his bedroom, tripping slightly over his own feet. "Underwear. Good idea. Love lasagna."

He turned and fled into his room, closing the door on the best friend he didn't deserve, and the secret that was going to eat him alive.

Chapter End Notes

Comments and Kudos are still welcome <333 Let me know your thoughts and suggestions (if you have any) ;-))))

Additional note: it might take 2 days or longer for my next chapter if only because I know it will be tough to write because it will be Mike watching Will on his livestream (yey).

I'm also planning to read sundollop's Brand me with your hands so everyone can see and I promised to live tweet my reaction but TRUST I will finish this as soon as I can.

Chapter 3: You wouldn't know the cost of doing business until it hits you in the face

Chapter Notes

HEADS UP: This chapter is about 27k words long, yep.
FAIR WARNING: This chapter will definitely include some dick pics but it will be censored/minimize so you'll have the option whether to view it or not!! IF YOU WANT IT BLURRED PLEASE CLICK ON **SHOW CREATORS STYLE**

Thank you all for your patience while I drafted this. I had to revise soooooooo many times because every time I proof-read something just doesn't feel right.
ANYWAYS, I want to thank **shouales** for constantly giving me reassurance when it comes to what I'm mapping out (girl is still so scared to be too unhinged in this fandom). This one is a bit of mind fuckery because I wanted to incorporate and tie up some topics so it wouldn't be a problem later.

WE'RE ALMOST AT THE END GUYS OMG. Please bear with me if some parts are boring as hell :<<<. Trust I wanted to break the fourth wall so many times.

My trigger warning on this chapter is the fact that Mike can't fucking stand up. Like stand up, bro. Also he is sappy as fuck.
The tags for this story keeps getting longer. LMAO. Marking those kink list like it's a grocery list. Here are our list for this chapter my loves:

▶ SPOILERS

Also, my writing style is kind of inconsistent in this compared to the first two. My usual tone bleeding out but it's also because I wrote this in parts and I needed the ground work for the actual plot! I'll get my bearings eventually!! Still, so sorry for that :<<<

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The lasagna was good. It was Joyce Byers' recipe, which meant it was fifty percent cheese, forty percent love, and ten percent burnt, but Mike ate it like it was manna from heaven.

Mostly because Will was sitting across from him.

Real, three-dimensional, fully-clothed Will. He was wearing a soft, worn-out t-shirt that said *Hawkins Middle School AV Club*—a relic that barely fit across his shoulders anymore—and he was laughing at something Mike had said about a customer who tried to order a "decaf espresso with extra caffeine."

It was perfect. It was aggressively normal. It was the domestic equivalent of white noise, exactly what Mike's fried circuitry needed to keep from shorting out and replaying the "14-Inch Monster" video on the back of his eyelids. Just two bros, eating pasta, definitely not thinking about anal beads and monster-sized dildos.

They spent the afternoon doing absolutely nothing of consequence, which was Mike's favorite genre of activity.

Will unpacked his duffel bag while Mike sprawled on his bed, trying remarkably hard to ignore the nagging voice in his head that wanted to cross-reference the room's details with the multiple videos he'd watched filmed in that exact spot. *Oh look, that's the rug where he ruined the skirt. Oh look, that's the bedpost he tied himself to.*

Nope. Mike shut that thought down with the efficiency of a firewall. He wasn't going to fall for that trap. Instead, he listened to Will recount the saga of the washing machine repair with the dramatic flair of a war correspondent. They argued about what music to play while Will sketched. They fought over the last bag of chips. It was so easy, so effortless, that for stretches of ten or twenty minutes, Mike almost forgot that he had spent the previous night watching this same boy ride a silicone cock.

Almost.

By the time dinner rolled around, Mike felt almost human again.

The Thai food was greasy, spicy, and exactly what Mike needed to cauterize his soul. Will had insisted on treating—claiming he felt bad for abandoning Mike all by himself while he's sick—so the coffee table was currently groaning under the weight of white takeout cartons.

Mike attacked his *Pad See Ew* like it was the only thing tethering him to sanity.

Will seemed fine. He was relaxed, slouching comfortably against the sofa, digging around in his carton for the last piece of chicken with the ease of someone who knew Mike wouldn't stop him. There was no sign of the depravity Mike had witnessed on his screen just hours before. No limp. No wince. Just Will, complaining about the train ride and talking about how El named one of the kittens "Bandit" because it stole a sock.

It was jarring, how seamlessly Will existed in these two worlds. The sweet, domestic best friend who let Mike have the extra spring roll, and the wanton, desperate creature who begged for degradation online. Mike looked at him, searching for cracks in the facade, but there were none. Will was just... Will.

"So," Mike said, tossing his empty carton into the trash bag they were using as a communal bin. "I gotta head out soon. I swapped shifts with Sarah, so I'm doing graveyard tonight instead."

"On a Sunday?" Will frowned, pausing with his chopsticks halfway to his mouth, a noodle dangling precariously. "You hate Sunday nights. You said it's just 'angry people realizing the weekend is over'."

"Yeah, well," Mike shrugged, walking over to the fridge to grab a water bottle. He twisted the cap with unnecessary force, avoiding Will's gaze by focusing intently on the expiration date of the milk. "I took yesterday off and Sarah had to cover for me at the last minute—so I owe her my soul and my Sunday night. It's the law of the service industry. Equivalent exchange. But I requested next Friday off so that'll be okay."

"Fair enough," Will said. He leaned back, stretching his arms over his head in a long, languid movement that was completely unnecessary for digestion but excellent for ruining Mike's life.

The hem of his soft t-shirt rode up, exposing a strip of pale, smooth stomach and the faint line of hair leading down into his waistband.

Mike's eyes snapped to the ceiling with the discipline of a saint undergoing an exorcism. *Not today, Satan.*

"I'll probably just crash early then," Will said through a yawn, completely oblivious to the fact that his roommate was having a stroke three feet away. "The commute wiped me out. And dealing with Hopper's plumbing skills is emotionally exhausting. He tries to fix pipes with pure intimidation."

"Okay," Mike said, snatching his sneakers from their shoe rack. He lingered by the door for a fraction of a second, watching Will pick at the leftovers, looking soft and safe and dangerous. "Don't... wait up. I'll be late. Graveyard shifts are a nightmare."

"I won't. Have a good shift, Mike. Try not to fight anyone over the espresso machine."

Mike grabbed his bag and headed out the door, the lock clicking shut with a sound of finality. He left the apartment warm and quiet behind him. As he walked down the hall,

he felt a pang of guilt for leaving Will alone again, but it was drowned out by a wave of relief.

He desperately needed a distraction—a place where the air carried the scent of burnt coffee and regret instead of vanilla shampoo and secrets. He had to focus on anything but Will Byers' body for the next eight hours, or he was going to lose his mind.

But distraction, it turned out, was just a lie the rich told us so we wouldn't notice we were all secretly horny and miserable. The Sunday night graveyard shift at *The Daily Grind* wasn't a break; it was a mental battle in a torture room that smelled like burnt hazelnut and sadness.

Mike spent eight hours operating with the brain function of a lobotomized goldfish. He moved on autopilot, a zombie in an apron, flinching violently every time the espresso machine hissed because his traitorous brain immediately tried to provide a *context* for the sound that involved latex, heavy breathing, or the word "Daddy." He served lattes to cops, drunks, and students with the thousand-yard stare of a man who has seen too much, largely because he *had* seen too much, specifically in 4K resolution on his own laptop. By the time he finally clocked out, he felt less like a human being and more like a raw nerve ending wrapped in a coffee-stained t-shirt.

He trudged home through the grey dawn, fighting a losing war against the rising sun and the birds that were chirping with a cheerfulness that felt personally offensive. Monday was supposed to be his sanctuary. It was his designated safe zone for falling into a coma until noon, finally doing the laundry that had been fermenting in his hamper for two weeks, and *(this one's newly added on the list)* gaslighting himself into believing he didn't have a double life as an obsessive voyeur. But as he climbed the stairs to the fourth floor, his legs feeling like they were made of lead and regret, the sanctuary felt more like a trap waiting to spring.

He wrestled his key into the lock at 7:00 AM, exhausted, wired, and smelling like he'd been dipped in a vat of stale espresso.

"Honey, I'm home!" Mike called out, his voice cracking on the last syllable. He toe-kicked his shoes off with a little more force than necessary, nearly tripping over his own feet in the process. He felt like a reanimated corpse, held together by caffeine and spite.

He shuffled into the kitchen, fully prepared to collapse face-first onto the cool laminate counter and maybe sleep there for twenty minutes, but stopped dead in the doorway.

Will was there– standing by the counter, watching the electric kettle with the intensity of a bomb squad technician. But it wasn't just his presence that gave Mike pause; it was his

attire. Will was wearing a loose, oversized flannel button-down over a white ribbed tank top.

Mike blinked, his tired brain trying to process the data. *Monday morning uniform:* usually a hoodie two sizes too big or that one vintage t-shirt with the holes in the collar.

"Hey," Will said, turning to face him. He offered a smile, but it didn't reach his eyes. It was tight, strained around the edges, like the skin on his face was pulled too taunt.

"Hey," Mike yawned, the jaw-cracking kind that made his eyes water. He walked over to the cabinet to grab two mugs, his movements automatic. "Coffee? Or are we doing tea to cleanse our souls?"

"Coffee, please," Will said, his voice quiet. "Black."

"Coming right up." Mike reached for the sugar bowl on the top shelf, stretching his arm up high. "You want the—"

He stopped.

In his peripheral vision, he saw Will move to grab his own favorite mug from the drying rack. But the movement was... wrong. It was disjointed.

Will lifted his arm, and then froze mid-air. A sharp, wet intake of breath hissed through his teeth—*sst*. His hand flew up to his chest. It hovered protectively over his pecs, fingers curled into a claw, shielding the area from the air itself without actually making contact. His face contorted, eyes squeezing shut in a grimace of sharp, sudden, stinging pain.

The mug in Mike’s hand clattered onto the counter, fortunately not breaking. His sleep-deprived brain snapped from 'zombie mode' to 'high alert' in a nanosecond.

"You okay?" Mike asked, stepping closer, his eyes locked on Will’s hovering hand.

Will’s eyes snapped open. He flinched, his hand retreating quickly to his side as if he’d been burned, though his posture remained hunched, shoulders rolled forward in a protective curl. "Yeah. Yeah, fine. Just... moved wrong."

"What happened?" Mike stepped closer. "Did you hurt your shoulder moving the washer?"

"Yeah," Will said quickly. Too quickly. "Yeah, exactly. The washer. It was heavy. Pulled a muscle."

Mike narrowed his eyes. He watched as Will tried to pour the water from the kettle. The heavy ceramic pot required arm strength, and as Will lifted it, he hissed again, his hand flying to his chest a second time.

"That's not your shoulder, Will," Mike said slowly, "You're clutching your chest."

"Pectoral muscle," Will corrected instantly, though his voice was tight and breathy. "It connects to the shoulder. It's a whole system. Everything is connected. Anatomy, Mike. Look it up."

"I don't need to look it up to know you're hurting," Mike countered. The sarcasm bled out of his voice, replaced by that gooey, unbidden tenderness that always surfaced whenever Will was in distress. He abandoned the safety of his side of the kitchen, rounding the island to invade Will's personal space—a territory he usually occupied with squatters' rights. "Let me see. Seriously. I have that muscle cream in the bathroom —the one that smells like a nursing home but actually works. I can help."

He reached out, his hand hovering near Will's arm, intending to gently pull the shirt aside. It was a reflex. A decade of skinned knees and bike crashes had programmed Mike to be the one who checked the damage.

"No!" Will scrambled back, practically throwing himself against the refrigerator to put distance between them. His eyes were wide, blown with a panic that seemed disproportionate to a pulled muscle. "It's fine! I don't need the geriatric cream. It's just... sensitive. It’s not even the muscle anymore. It’s a... bug bite. A really bad bug bite."

Mike froze, his hand still outstretched in the empty air.

"A bug bite?" he repeated flatly, staring at his best friend who was currently cowering against a Whirlpool appliance. "So, let me get this straight. You pulled a muscle moving a dryer, *and* you simultaneously got a bug bite in the exact same spot? On your chest? Under your shirt?"

"Mosquitoes in Montauk are mutants," Will insisted, his voice rising an octave. He clutched the lapels of his flannel closed at the collar, looking for all the world like a scandalized librarian protecting forbidden texts. "They have teeth, Mike. They can bite through cotton. They're basically small, vindictive birds. I think I was targeted."

"Will..."

"I have to go!" Will yelped, eyes darting to the hallway as if freedom lay just beyond the horizon. "I have to... study."

He fled the kitchen with the speed and grace of a startled gazelle, abandoning his steaming coffee on the counter—a tragedy in itself, because Will loved his morning caffeine more than he loved most people.

Mike stood there, staring at the empty hallway, the silence settling around him like dust. Will was a terrible liar. He looked guilty, but beneath the panic, he looked... tender. Fragile.

And he had been fine last night. Perfectly fine. Whatever had happened—mutant mosquitoes or otherwise—it had happened while Mike was at work. It had happened here, in the sanctity of their apartment, while Mike was serving coffee to ungrateful strangers.

The thought gnawed at him, making it impossible to go back to sleep. He spent the next few hours in a state of restless agitation, pacing the living room, reorganizing the bookshelf, and jumping every time he heard a floorboard creak in the hallway. By the time noon rolled around, his casual concern had metastasized into a full-blown, hawk-eyed obsession.

When Will finally emerged from his room, blinking against the midday sun and still wearing that loose button-down shirt like a shield, Mike was ready. Or at least, he thought he was. But seeing Will move—stiff, careful, treating his own torso like it was made of spun glass—sent a fresh spike of alarm through Mike's system.

Mike sat on the couch with his laptop, pretending to work on his thesis, but his eyes followed Will everywhere.

He watched Will reach for a book on the shelf and freeze mid-reach, biting his lip as his hand flew to his chest. He watched Will sitting at his easel, painting with small, constrained movements, avoiding any broad strokes that would pull at his pectorals. He watched Will accidentally brush against the doorframe and let out a small, high-pitched *yip* of pain that he tried to turn into a cough.

It's a hickey, Mike's brain whispered, the traitorous thought taking root and blooming into a full-blown conspiracy theory. *He invited someone over last night. While I was at work. Some guy came over and mauled him.*

It had to be. Why else would he be so secretive? Why else would he be guarding his chest like it held the nuclear codes?

But hickeys don't hurt like that, Mike reasoned, frowning at his blank Word document. *Do they?* He tried to remember the one hickey he'd ever received (Last year, Megan, very awkward). It had just felt like a bruise. It didn't make you hiss in pain when your shirt moved against your skin.

Unless... unless it wasn't a normal hickey. Unless it was a bite?

Did someone bite him? Mike thought, a surge of indignant, irrational fury rising in his chest. The idea of someone else leaving a mark on Will—a mark so painful he couldn't even touch it—made Mike want to set something on fire. It was jealousy, pure and ugly. It was the thought of Will wincing because someone *else* had been too rough, too eager, too consuming in *Mike's* apartment.

"Are you sure you're okay?" Mike asked for the tenth time that day as Will flinched while folding a towel.

"I'm fine, Mike," Will snapped, his patience fraying like the hem of his old shirt. "Drop it. Please."

"Fine," Mike snapped back, the hurt spiking sharp and hot in his chest. "Be in pain. See if I care."

He stormed off, the sharp spike of guilt for snapping at a wounded Will warring with his own petty anger. *Whatever,* he told himself, slamming his bedroom door shut. He grabbed his laptop, fully intending to lose himself in *Velvetcam* until his brain went quiet, but he froze before he even opened the lid.

He couldn't do it. He was too busy stewing in a toxic mix of possessiveness and paranoia, pacing the small confines of his room like a caged animal. He was convinced that the answer to Will's mystery injury wasn't hidden in pixels; it was out there in the real world. It lay in a secret hookup he had missed, a phantom lover who had been too rough, too careless with the thing Mike treasured most, all while Mike was out.

That resentment carried him through a restless night and straight into the buzzsaw of Tuesday. It was his long haul—a full shift at *The Daily Grind* from 9:00 am to 5:00 pm, followed immediately by a tutoring session for extra cash until 7:00.

The day blurred into a montage of burnt milk, rude hipsters, and trying to explain semi-colons to a high schooler who clearly wanted to be anywhere else. By the time he finally trudged up the stairs and unlocked the door to 4B, his feet were throbbing, he smelled like stale espresso beans, and his brain felt like it had been run through a blender on the 'puree' setting.

He expected—or maybe just hoped—to find Will home, ready to apologize or at least explain. Instead, the apartment was dark and quiet. A yellow post-it note sat on the counter in Will's neat handwriting:

Library with study group. Leftover chili in the fridge. Don't wait up! - W

Mike crumpled the note, a fresh wave of irritation washing over him. *Study group.* Right. Probably studying anatomy with the guy who bit him.

He ate the chili cold, standing over the sink like a rat. He needed a shower. He needed sleep.

But mostly, he needed a distraction.

He retreated to his bedroom, closing the door with a click that felt heavy with intention. He collapsed onto his mattress, the springs groaning under his weight, and pulled his laptop onto his lap. He hadn't checked the site since Sunday morning. He had been too busy worrying about Will's mysterious injury in the real world to worry about his digital one.

But now, alone in the dark room, the itch returned.

He opened a private tab.

Velvetcam.

He logged in.

User: _bunnylover **Status:** Online.

He went to *Sweetbunny22*'s profile, expecting nothing. Will had been in pain the past few days. He surely hadn't uploaded.

But there it was. A new thumbnail, sitting right at the top of the feed.

Video Title: Sunday Challenge - Nipple Torture & Suction (Dry Orgasm) Uploaded: 2 days ago (Sunday Night) Tags: #painplay #nipples #suction #dryorgasm #endurance

Mike stopped breathing. The air left his lungs as if he'd been punched.

Sunday Night.

He stared at the timestamp, the numbers glaring back at him like an accusation. *11:42 PM*. It was late Sunday night. It was while Mike was at work, serving decaf to insomniacs and feeling sorry for himself.

Nipple torture.

The words floated on the screen, clinical and horrific. Suddenly, the last thirty-eight hours or so snapped into focus with a blinding, painful clarity. The wince at breakfast when Will reached for the coffee. The way Will had hunched his shoulders, creating a protective cage around his chest. The guarded way he reached for the sponge, the flinch when he brushed against the doorframe, the loose, billowing shirts designed to hover rather than touch.

It wasn't a pulled muscle from a dryer. It wasn't a mutant mosquito with a vendetta. And god, it wasn't a hickey from some secret lover or a mark of ownership from a stranger.

It was *this*.

It was Will, hurting himself for an audience, enduring pain for rent money while Mike had been stewing in a toxic brew of jealousy and possessiveness, accusing him—silently and loudly—of betraying their *friendship* with a secret hookup.

Mike stared at the thumbnail. It was Will—headless, anonymous, but undeniably him—lying flat on his back. And Mike felt like an absolute, irredeemable asshole. He had been angry at Will for *cheating* on him *(in a relationship that didn't exist, by the way)*, when Will had actually been here, alone, putting his body through the wringer.

He was lying on his own bed, on the familiar gray sheets of their apartment. The lighting was the warm, golden glow of his ring light.

His chest was bare, pale and smooth, but clamped onto his nipples were two small, clear plastic cylinders attached to a hand pump. The skin inside the cylinders was pulled taut, swollen and red, distorted by the vacuum.

Mike felt a wave of nausea roll through him, hot and violent. Not disgust—never disgust with Will—but a visceral, sympathetic pain that curled his toes inside his socks. But right alongside the nausea, tangling with it like vines, was a sharp, undeniable spike of arousal.

He clicked play. He couldn't not watch.

The video started without a preamble. Will was sitting on the edge of his bed, holding the suction kit. He looked nervous. He looked beautiful.

"Hi bunnies," Will whispered, his voice trembling slightly. *"So... Daddy— Chance really liked the clamps last time. But he said I had it too easy. He wants to see how much I can take."*

Daddy _takeachance. The name grated on Mike's nerves like a rusty knife. He hated him. He hated the entitlement. He hated the way he made Will hurt.

Will held up the pump. "*So today... while my roommate is at work... we're going for tests. I'm going to leave these on until I can't take it anymore. And daddy said I'm not allowed to touch myself until they come off."*

Mike watched, his hand gripping the edge of the laptop so hard the casing creaked.

Will applied the first cylinder. He placed it over his left nipple, centered it, and squeezed the pump handle.

Hiss.

Will gasped, his back arching, his neck straining as he threw his head back. The skin was sucked up into the plastic, turning pink, then red.

"Fuck," Will whispered, his voice thick. He pumped it again. And again.

Mike watched the flesh distort. He watched Will's chest heave… watched Will apply the second one.

Ten minutes. The video was twenty minutes long, an eternity of high-definition endurance. For ten minutes, Mike sat frozen in the dark, watching his best friend lying on the familiar gray sheets—just ten feet away from where Mike was currently sweating through his t-shirt—and systematically torture himself.

He watched Will breathe through the pain, short, sharp hitches of air that expanded his ribs, his abdominal muscles rippling with tension. The plastic cylinders were fogged with condensation, but beneath them, Mike could see the flesh pulled taut, swollen to twice its normal size, dark red and angry inside the vacuum prisons. Will whimpered—a low, broken sound that scraped against Mike's nerves like sandpaper. He threw his head back, cords in his neck straining as he bit down on his own lip to stifle a cry, his body broadcasting a distress that was raw and visible without ever showing his face.

"It burns," Will sobbed softly to the camera, his hips bucking involuntarily against the mattress, grinding down into the sheets as if seeking friction to distract from the agony. *"It burns so much."*

It should have been repulsive. It should have made Mike close the laptop and throw it out the window. But Mike's body, traitorous and wired wrong, didn't recoil. It responded with a violence that terrified him.

He felt the blood rushing south, pooling heavy and hot in his groin. He was getting hard. He was getting incredibly, painfully hard watching his best friend cry in pain. The guilt hit him a split second later, a wave of cold nausea that warred with the white-hot lust, but it didn't stop the physical reaction.

His hand drifted to his waistband, fingers twitching, caught in a paralysis between needing to touch himself and wanting to punch the screen. He felt like a monster. He felt like he was violating something sacred, feeding on Will's pain like a parasite, but he couldn't look away from the way Will's chest heaved, or the way his sweat-slicked skin caught the golden light of the ring lamp.

Mike wanted to scream. He wanted to throw the laptop across the room. *Take them off,* he begged silently. *Will, please, take them off. Why are you doing this?*

But Will didn't take them off. He endured it. He let the pressure build until his entire chest was flushed. And the whole time, his dick—neglected, hard, leaking—throbbed against his stomach.

"I could fix it," Mike whispered to the screen, his hand wrapping around himself, matching the desperate, jerky rhythm of Will's hips. "I wouldn't use plastic. I'd use my mouth."

He imagined it vividly—kneeling between Will's legs, pushing the cruel pumps away. He imagined taking that swollen, abused flesh into his mouth, not to hurt, but to soothe. He would suck gently, using his tongue to chase away the burn, replacing the sharp sting of the vacuum with the wet, hot warmth of his mouth. He would kiss the tears off Will's face. He would hold him until the shaking stopped.

I would be so good to you, Mike thought, stroking himself faster, the fantasy bleeding into the reality on the screen. *I would take the pain away and give you this instead.*

Finally, at the fifteen-minute mark, Will's hand—trembling violently—reached for the release valves.

Hiss.

The sound was sharp, piercing. The air rushed back in. The cylinders popped off.

Will screamed.

It wasn't a sexy, staged moan for the camera. It was a raw, broken cry of pure, rushing blood returning to sensitive tissue. He curled in on himself instantly, clutching his knees to his chest, twisting his body away from the lens so that all the camera caught was the shaking curve of his spine and the violent heave of his shoulders. His hands hovered over his chest, terrified to make contact with the purple, engorged flesh, his head tucked down into the pillow to muffle the sound.

"God," Will panted, rocking back and forth, keeping his head tucked low and well out of the frame. *"God, fuck."*

The sound of Will's pain wasn't a deterrent; it was the trigger. Seeing him wrecked, curling in on himself to protect the raw nerve endings of his chest, shattered whatever moral high ground Mike had left. It was perverse. It was sick. It was one of the hottest things he had ever witnessed.

Mike's hips stuttered mid-thrust, his vision whitening out at the edges. He groaned, a low, guttural sound that harmonized with the whimpers coming from the speakers. He pumped his hand faster, rougher, needing to match the violence of what he was seeing. It felt less like pleasure and more like an exorcism—a desperate need to expel the tension that had been building in him since he saw Will clutch his chest in the kitchen.

And then, on screen, without touching himself, without even a phantom stroke, Will's hips bucked violently off the mattress. His body, overwhelmed by the sudden, rushing transition from agonizing suction to the ghost of relief, simply short-circuited.

He came. Hands-free. It was a dry, shuddering orgasm that looked more like a seizure than a release. His abdominal muscles rippled, contracting in waves as his body tried to wring pleasure out of nothing. Nothing came out—but the convulsions wracked his frame, leaving him gasping, trembling, and utterly ruined on the gray sheets.

The sight of it—Will, broken open and spilling over from sensation alone—pushed Mike over the edge. He followed him down a second later, his own hips snapping forward with a desperate cry. He spilled hot and messy onto his own stomach, his hand slick, groaning Will's name into the silence of the apartment like a prayer or a curse.

The video ended, freezing on the image of Will lying in the fetal position, waiting for the aftershocks to fade, looking small and fragile in the golden light.

Mike closed the laptop with a shaking hand, the sudden darkness of the room pressing in on him. His chest was heaving, his skin damp with sweat that cooled rapidly in the air-conditioned air. He sat there in the darkness of his room, trapped in the silence that was suddenly deafening, the heavy, distinct smell of sex filling the air—evidence of a crime only he knew he had committed.

He thought about Monday morning– Will reaching for his mug. He thought about Will flinching when he brushed against the doorframe.

He sat there, the silence pressing in on his ears, deafening after the sounds of Will's unraveling.

It wasn't a bug bite, his mind unhelpfully supplied, *It wasn't even a pulled muscle from moving the was*her.

It was a bruise. A deep, lingering tenderness Will had inflicted upon himself because a stranger on the internet asked him to. And—crucially, devastatingly—because Will *liked* it. He had liked the pain. He had liked the endurance. He had called it a *constant reminder* with a heart emoji on the fucking video description.

And Mike... Mike had been stewing in jealousy over a non-existent hickey. He had invented an entire romantic rival just to have something to aim his anger at. Worried that Will was giving his heart to someone else.

Mike put his head in his hands, digging his fingers into his scalp until it hurt. He felt the sticky, drying evidence of his own hypocrisy cooling on his stomach—proof that he was no better than the men in the comments section. He was just another consumer, getting off on Will's vulnerability while pretending to be his protector.

"You idiot," he whispered to the empty room, the words a toxic cocktail of self-loathing and devastating, unmanageable want. "You absolute, blind idiot."

That realization didn't offer any peace. It just sat on his chest like a goblin, heavy and suffocating. He closed the laptop, cleaned himself up in a daze, and collapsed back onto his bed. He meant to wait up so he would be awake when the front door opened, just to hear the sound of Will returning safe from his *study group*. But the emotional exhaustion was a physical weight, dragging his eyelids down against his will. Mike fell asleep staring at the ceiling, listening to the silence of the empty apartment, drifting off before Will even made it home.

When the sun finally started to bleed through the blinds, turning the room a depressing shade of gray, the guilt hadn't left him. Instead, it had calcified. It had changed shape, morphing from a sharp, stabbing panic into a heavy, suffocating need to *atone*.

He couldn't undo what he had seen. He couldn't un-know the source of Will's bruises or the sound of his whimpers. But he could try to balance the cosmic scales, however pathetically. He could be useful. He could be the best damn roommate and best friend in the history of the Lower East Side, offering silent apologies in the form of domestic labor.

He rolled out of bed at 6:00 AM, a full three hours before his shift at *The Daily Grind*, driven by a manic, vibrating energy to fix things he couldn't talk about.

When Will shuffled out of his bedroom at 7:30, looking sleepy and rumpled in his pajamas, the apartment had been transformed.

The kitchen was spotless. The window was cracked open just enough to let in the fresh spring air but not the street noise. And on the counter, sitting next to Will’s favorite mug, was a steaming cup of tea—Earl Grey with honey and a splash of oat milk, exactly how he liked it when he was feeling fragile—and a bowl of oatmeal with sliced bananas arranged in a smiley face.

"Mike?" Will blinked, rubbing sleep from his eyes. "What is this? Did we get robbed by Martha Stewart?"

"I woke up early," Mike said, leaning against the counter, already dressed in his work uniform (black t-shirt, apron in hand). He was trying for 'casual roommate,' but he suspected he was landing closer to 'overbearing mother hen with a guilty conscience.' "Thought I'd make breakfast before my shift. You looked... tired yesterday."

Will softened instantly. "Oh. Thanks, Mike. That's... really sweet."

He reached for the mug. Mike watched him like a hawk. He saw the way Will’s shoulder tensed as he lifted his arm, the way he guarded his movement to avoid stretching his chest. Every wince was a renewed accusation.

"Let me," Mike said, moving before he could stop himself. He grabbed the mug and the bowl, carrying them over to the small kitchen table. "Sit. I'll bring it to you."

Will frowned, confused. "My arms aren't broken, Mike. I can carry oatmeal. I'm not an invalid."

"I'm already up," Mike insisted, pulling out a chair with a scrape of wood against linoleum. He gestured to it with a flourish. "Just sit. Humor me. I'm having a domestic crisis and I need to feel useful before I go deal with caffeine-deprived zombies who think a macchiato is a personality trait."

Will laughed—a soft, grateful sound that eased the knot in Mike's chest—and sat down. "Okay. If it helps your crisis."

Mike placed the food in front of him, arranging the spoon just so. Then, he went to the freezer. He dug past the bag of frozen peas and the half-empty tub of ice cream until he found the gel ice pack—the flexible blue kind they usually reserved for hangovers or sprained ankles from clumsy bar antics. He wrapped it in a soft, clean dish towel, folding the corners neatly.

He walked back to the table and placed it gently next to Will’s hand. The gesture felt heavy, loaded with meaning Will couldn't possibly understand. *I'm sorry,* Mike thought, the apology echoing in his skull. *I'm sorry I watched. I'm sorry I liked it. I'm sorry you're hurting and I'm sorry I'm the reason you feel like you have to hide it.*

"For the... bug bite," Mike said, his voice dropping, looking at the floor because looking at Will felt like looking at the sun. "Or the muscle strain. Whatever it is. Ice helps inflammation. It'll numb it."

Will went still. He looked at the ice pack, sitting innocent and blue on the table, and then up at Mike. His hazel eyes were wide, searching, a flicker of panic warring with confusion. For a terrifying second, Mike thought he knew. He thought Will could see the browser history stamped on his forehead.

Then Will softened. The tension drained out of his frame, replaced by a devastating, open affection. He smiled. It was a small, fragile thing, but it lit up the dim kitchen. "Thanks, Mike. You're... you're really good to me. Even when I'm being difficult."

He picked up the ice pack and pressed it gingerly against his chest, right over his heart, right where the suction marks were hidden beneath the cotton. He let out a long, shuddering exhale, his eyes fluttering shut as the cold seeped through his shirt, soothing the abused nerves underneath. His shoulders dropped an inch.

"Better?" Mike asked, his voice rough with emotion he couldn't name.

"Yeah," Will whispered, opening his eyes to look at Mike with a gratitude that felt unearned. "Much better."

Mike sat across from him for a moment, watching him eat. It was a strange, twisted loop of cause and effect. Will hurt himself for the camera; Mike watched it happen in secret; Mike took care of the aftermath in the daylight. They were trapped in a dance, and only one of them knew the steps, but the rhythm—this fierce, unspoken care—felt ancient. It felt like *them*.

"Do you have class today?" Mike asked, checking his watch. He had to leave in twenty minutes to make his shift, but the idea of separating from Will right now felt physically painful. He wanted to wrap him in bubble wrap and then carry him around in his pocket.

"Yeah," Will said around a mouthful of oatmeal. "Art History at ten. Then studio time until four."

"I'll walk you," Mike decided, standing up to clear the bowls. It wasn't an offer; it was a statement of intent.

"Mike, *The Daily Grind* is three blocks from the main quad, but the Art Building is all the way on the other side," Will pointed out, gesturing with his spoon like a conductor. "You'll be late. Sarah will kill you, and then who will pay the rent?"

Who will pay the rent?

Mike choked back a hysterical laugh. *You,* he thought, the irony tasting metallic on his tongue. *You could pay the rent. You could put a down payment on a house and pay off the mortgage with a single 'endurance challenge.' You have a stable following that basically acts as a trust fund.*

"I need the exercise," Mike lied, grabbing his keys. "Cardio. It's important. My heart rate has been... erratic lately. Plus, if I leave early enough, I can speed-walk back.You’re the one always pushing me to exercise more."

Will rolled his eyes, a fond, exasperated smile tugging at his lips. "Okay. If you want to sweat through your uniform before you even clock in, be my guest."

"I want."

Mike walked him to class. Well, 'walked' was a weak verb. He *escorted* him like he provided a security detail. Going so far as insisting on carrying Will’s heavy tote bag, snatching it from Will's shoulder with the kind of aggressive chivalry usually reserved for 1950s rom-coms. It was heavy—filled with sketchbooks, thick textbooks, and jars of heavy paints—and Mike knew that lifting it would strain Will's bruised chest. He slung it over his own shoulder, ignoring the way the strap dug in, welcoming the weight. It felt

like penance. It also made him look like a miserable goth pack mule, but he was willing to make that sacrifice.

He walked on the street side of the sidewalk, adhering to the unspoken rule of 'men protecting their... bros... from traffic' with a religious fervor. He subtly boxed Will in against the buildings, shielding him from the chaos of the morning commute like Will was a visiting dignitary or a witness in a high-profile mob trial. He glared at a guy on a skateboard who got too close, projecting a telepathic threat so violent that the kid actually swerved into a trash can.

"Watch it," Mike muttered, steering Will around a puddle by the elbow.

Every step was a silent *I'm sorry*. Every time their arms brushed, Mike's brain short-circuited with a mix of guilt and overwhelming, dizzying love. He looked at Will's profile—the soft curve of his nose, the way his hair fell into his eyes—and felt like he was looking at the only thing in the world that mattered.

This is normal, Mike told himself, adjusting the heavy bag that was cutting off circulation to his arm. *Just two guys. Two platonic roommates. One of whom is sweating through his work uniform to carry the other's art supplies across the East Village because he physically cannot bear to be separated. Classic bro behavior. I'm just a really good ally.*

It was pathetic. It was consuming. He was heads-over-heels, dragging a bag of paints he didn't understand through the city just to spend twenty more minutes in Will's orbit, pretending he wasn't imagining holding Will's hand the entire way.

When they reached the Art Building, Mike lingered at the bottom of the concrete steps like a lost dog. He didn't want to let go of the bag. He didn't want to let go of Will.

"Text me when you're done," Mike said, handing the tote back with reluctance. "I get off at five. We can get dinner. Or takeout. I can pick up Thai again. I'll get the extra spicy curry you like, the one that makes you cry."

"Mike," Will laughed, adjusting the strap on his shoulder—the right one, the one that didn't hurt that much. He paused, looking at Mike with a furrowed brow. "You're acting weird. Is something wrong? You've been... hovering."

Mike felt the heat rise in his neck. "No," he said quickly. "Just...I miss spending time with you. We've been busy. And I've been a dick to you the past few days."

Will’s expression softened instantly, melting into that sweet, open look that always made Mike’s knees feel like jelly. He reached out and squeezed Mike’s forearm, his fingers warm through the fabric. "I missed you too. Thai sounds great."

"Okay," Mike breathed, staring at where Will's hand touched his arm. "Go. Learn about... old paintings. Don't fall asleep."

Will grinned—a bright, blinding thing—and turned to walk up the steps.

Mike watched him go. He didn't move until Will disappeared through the double doors. He watched the way the morning sun caught in Will’s hair, turning the brown strands to gold. He watched the sway of his walk, the way his jeans fit, the way he existed in the world with a quiet, devastating grace.

God, Mike thought, the realization hitting him with the force of a physical blow. *I am so stupidly in love with you.*

He turned and walked toward the coffee shop to start his shift, but his mind wasn't racing ahead to the next video upload or the next revelation of *Sweetbunny22*. The arousal and the morbid curiosity that had fueled him since Saturday had been replaced by something heavier, stickier, and infinitely more terrifying.

Love. Just plain, agonizing, stupid love.

He clocked in at *The Daily Grind*, tied his apron, and stationed himself behind the espresso machine, but he was operating on a dangerous autopilot. He was physically making lattes, but mentally, he was curating a museum of Will Byers moments. The way Will had looked at him over oatmeal this morning. The weight of Will’s bag on his shoulder. The ease of it. He handed a customer a chai tea latte that was actually just hot milk and cinnamon because he was too busy thinking about how their domesticity felt like a puzzle piece clicking into place.

It felt like they were already *there*, living inside the relationship Mike dreamed of, just without the label. Without the sex. Without the truth. Without the fun parts.

He thought about the times over the years he had almost said something. That night in the dorms freshman year when the power went out. The time Will got the flu and Mike spent three days sleeping right beside him to make sure his fever broke. The words had been right there, sitting on his tongue like a communion wafer, waiting to be swallowed.

"I don't want you like a best friend," Taylor Swift had sung with that breathless, ethereal conviction. It was a beautiful sentiment in a stadium full of screaming fans, but

as Mike aggressively wiped down the counter for the fiftieth time, he decided it was the most logistically nightmare-inducing advice ever recorded.

Taylor Swift clearly never had a best friend who made him blueberry pancakes while secretly filming themselves with suction cups in the next room. She didn't have a roommate who cut a family trip short because he thought Mike had been sick.

She made it sound so easy. Like jumping off a cliff was just a matter of bending your knees and letting the wind take you. But Mike disagreed. It wasn't easy. It was the hardest thing in the world to risk.

If he crossed the line, it wouldn't be a sexy slow-motion montage; it would be a one-way ticket to an awkward conversation in a U-Haul. The mere thought that he might lose whatever this was—this codependent, tactile, safe orbit they had built, where Will let him carry his art bags like a Victorian suitor—to awkwardness or rejection made him want to curl up under the espresso machine and die.

And it didn't help to think that Mike wasn't really *out* yet.

Will was out. Will had been out since high school. If Mike wanted to be... *something*... he had to actually be an option. He had to put himself on the board. He had to stop hiding behind the *straight best friend* label and actually show up. He needed to upgrade his character class from *Support* to *Love Interest*.

Maybe that's what I ought to do first, Mike thought, staring blindly at the steam wand as it shrieked like a banshee into a pitcher of oat milk. *I have to exist as an actual option.*

"Wheeler! You're gonna melt the pitcher!"

Mike jumped, the steam wand screeching as he fumbled to turn it off. He blinked, the coffee shop rushing back into focus. Standing on the other side of the counter, looking unimpressed and tapping a very bright red fingernail against the granite, was Max.

"Jesus, Max!" Mike gasped, wiping a splash of foam off his hand.

"You look like a man who just had a vision of the apocalypse," Max countered, hitching her bag higher on her shoulder. She peered over the counter, inspecting the ruined milk with a grimace. "Is that supposed to be for a latte or industrial-grade cleaning solvent? It's bubbling, Mike. It's actively *hissing* at me."

"It's... art," Mike muttered, dumping the mess into the sink and grabbing a fresh pitcher. "You wouldn't get it."

"Sure, Michael. Whatever helps you sleep at night," Max said, her voice dripping with enough skepticism to drown a horse. She leaned her elbows on the counter, pinning him with a look that suggested she knew exactly what he'd been thinking about, even if she didn't know the specifics. "So. You look... less like a zombie today. I saw you lugging Will's bag across the quad like a pack mule. Very subtle."

"I was helping!" Mike defended, his voice rising an octave. He focused intently on pouring the milk. "He's... sore. From the train. I'm just being a good roommate."

"Is that right?" Max raised an eyebrow. "Lucas told me you've been acting like a pining widow even before Saturday. It's embarrassing, really."

"No, I'm not. God forbid a guy wants some alone time with himself or with his homie." Mike hissed, leaning over the counter so the nearby customers wouldn't hear his breakdown. "And bills don't pay themselves, Max. I'm busy. Why are you even here?"

"I'm here to remind you that Friday movie night is at your place. El and Dustin are coming over," Max said, taking a napkin and wiping a stray drop of milk from the counter. "Lucas is bringing the 'good' beer, which means we're all going to be miserable on Saturday. Don't flake."

"I know. I took that day off to accommodate you motherfuckers," Mike grumbled, though the mention of El and Dustin made him feel a little more grounded.

"Good. And tell Will to get a day off from his sugar daddy that day," Max added with a wink. "We wouldn't want to interrupt his mysterious projects like we did last time. Or whatever it is he does that makes him so rich and tired."

Mike flinched at the words. "He's not— he doesn't have a sugar daddy, Max."

"Sure, lover boy. See you Friday. Try not to poison anyone with your 'art' before then!" Max turned and headed for the door, tossing a final wave over her shoulder.

Mike watched her leave, feeling the weight of the coming weekend already settling on his shoulders.

The rest of the week passed in a blur of hyper-fixated caretaking that bordered on a full-time occupation. Mike threw himself into the role of Will's personal bodyguard, butler, and life coach with a manic intensity that would have been alarming if it were anyone

else but Mike Wheeler. He was a man possessed by a singular mission: to be so indispensable, so incredibly helpful, that the universe would have no choice but to forgive him for his nightly excursions into Will's digital archive.

He made breakfast every single morning without fail—not just oatmeal, but pancakes, or avocado toast, or those specific breakfast burritos Will liked from the place four blocks away. He timed it so the coffee was always exactly the right temperature when Will emerged from his room. He cleaned the bathroom twice. He did three loads of laundry, though he had to mentally recite the periodic table to keep his heart rate down while handling Will's boxers.

But mostly, he was just *there*. He was the shadow that walked Will to every single class, clutching that heavy art tote like it was a holy relic. He developed a *protection* walk, a subtle, wide-shouldered swagger designed to clear a path through the NYU crowds, glaring at any tourist or delivery biker who dared to get within a three-foot radius of Will.

He was so busy being the perfect best friend that he almost managed to stop thinking about *Sweetbunny22*.

Almost.

It was like trying not to think about a pink elephant; the harder he pushed the digital Will away, the more the real Will triggered the memories.

Whenever Will winced while reaching for a book or adjusted his shirt with that tell-tale wince of lingering soreness, the memory of the suction cups would flare in Mike's mind like a strobe light. He could still hear the *hiss* of the air release in his sleep. But he buried the arousal under a thick layer of protective, frantic guilt.

He didn't check the site again. He just focused on the boy in front of him—the one who smelled like vanilla shampoo and looked genuinely confused, but quietly pleased, by Mike's sudden transformation into a personal concierge.

He was building a bridge, one pancake at a time. He was proving that he could be the one to take care of the real Will, the one who didn't need a screen or a subscription fee.

By Friday afternoon, normalcy had almost fully reasserted itself. The shock of the discovery had faded into a dull, manageable thrum in the back of his mind, replaced by the comfortable, slightly codependent rhythm they'd shared for years.

The group met for a late lunch at a greasy spoon near Washington Square Park. The booth was designed for four people max, which meant that with all six of them—Mike, Will, Dustin, Lucas, Max, and El—crammed into the cracked vinyl seats, it was less of a meal and more of a competitive sport in personal space management. Mike and Will were pressed so closely together that Mike could feel every rise and fall of Will's breathing. He was practically on Mike's lap and best believe Mike is eating up every second of it. Their legs were tangled under the table in a messy jigsaw puzzle of denim, and Mike was ninety percent sure his left foot was currently resting on top of Will's sneaker.

It was a delicious, agonizing friction. Mike sat there, trying to eat a grilled cheese sandwich while his brain cataloged the heat radiating from Will's hip. Every time Will laughed, the vibration traveled through their shared shoulder, a tiny electric shock that made Mike's heart stutter.

Lucas was in high spirits, regaling them with a story about a Bio lab mishap involving a loose frog. Dustin was engaged in a heated debate with El about the plot of a movie they hadn't seen yet, gesturing wildly with a half-eaten burger. Max, as per tradition, was busy stealing fries from everyone's plate with the stealth of a professional thief.

Will sat next to Mike, their shoulders brushing with every laugh. He looked happy—his chest was clearly fine now, his movements fluid and easy as he reached for a napkin. He laughed at Dustin's rant, his eyes bright and clear, the afternoon sun catching the flecks of gold in his irises. The bruises on his chest long forgotten but Mike, who still felt a phantom ache in his own chest every time he looked at the way Will's shirt moved, is still filled with concern.

After lunch, they wandered the Village, popping into thrift stores and record shops. The city was alive with the buzz of a Friday afternoon, the air smelling of pretzels and car exhaust. Mike found himself walking close to Will, his hand occasionally brushing against Will's back or elbow to guide him through the crowds. It felt natural. It felt right. Like they were just two halves of a whole, navigating the chaos of the world together.

For a few hours, Mike allowed himself to forget. He was just Mike, and this was Will, and they were in New York, and everything was okay.

Eventually, they retreated to the apartment and the evening transitioned into the planned chaos of movie night with the space quickly filling with the scent of pepperoni pizza and cheap, room-temperature beer.

They spent the first half of the night watching a gritty indie film Max had picked—something about a guy in the 90s experimenting with his sexuality while road-tripping

through the desert. It was raw, honest, and filled with the kind of longing that made Mike feel like his skin was too tight.

As the night deepens, the atmosphere also shifts. The loud laughter and competitive shouting had settled into a mellow, beer-induced haze. The room was lit only by the flickering blue glow of the TV and the warm, amber light of a few scattered lamps. The pizza boxes were empty, the beer cans were piled on the coffee table, and everyone was sprawled out in varying states of relaxation.

They started with a few rounds of a drinking game Dustin had invented involving shameful secrets. It was a dangerous game for a man whose recent internet history could get him a life sentence in the court of public opinion, but Mike was a seasoned liar when it came to his own dignity.

Instead of the recent truth—he offered up a sacrificial lamb of a different kind: he admitted that in eighth grade, he'd spent three months running a secret Tumblr blog dedicated to analyzing the emotional subtext of *Twilight* from Edward Cullen's perspective. It was humiliating enough to be believable, but harmless enough to keep the spotlight away from the actual fire hazard that was his current life.

El admitted she'd once hidden an entire box of frozen Eggos under her coat to 'liberate' them from a grocery store when Hopper said they were out.

Lucas, still riding the high of the beer, doubled down on his confession of a lifelong, torch-bearing crush on Gadget from *Rescue Rangers*.

Mike sat on the floor, leaning against the couch near Will's legs. He could feel the warmth of Will's shin against his shoulder, a grounding presence in the midst of the alcohol-induced floatiness. He felt the warmth of the beer in his system, the tension of the week finally beginning to melt away into a desperate, reckless honesty.

The game was winding down when Dustin, who had been peering around the living room with the analytical gaze of a detective, suddenly pointed his beer bottle at the kitchen counter.

"Hey, I've been meaning to ask," Dustin said, his voice cut through the low hum of the TV. "When did you guys get a NASA-grade toaster? That Breville is a beast, Mike. It has a 'Lift and Look' feature. My mom would kill for that thing."

Mike's heart did a nervous tap-dance. He tried to laugh it off. "Oh, that? Yeah, Will's... art is paying off. Commissions, you know?"

Dustin's gaze then swept the room, his eyes widening as he spotted a speaker near the TV console. "Commissions? Mike, you guys are practically swinging with money," he noted, crawling closer to inspect the wood finish. "These are Audioengine A2+s. That's like a grand for the set, easy. Since when do D&D character sheets pay in gold bullion?"

Now, Mike didn't even know that. He felt a bead of sweat roll down his temple. "It is? A thousand?"

"Yes! And I peeked into Will's room earlier to find the bathroom and—"

"Dustin, that's enough," Mike tried, his voice cracking. He felt like a man trying to stop a tidal wave with a cocktail umbrella.

"No, seriously! The PC setup in there is insane," Dustin pushed on, his tone purely appreciative and entirely oblivious to the tension. He leaned back against the wall, gesturing toward the hallway leading to the bedrooms. "You've got a dual-monitor setup with what looks like an RTX 4080. You're packing more processing power than the entire NYU computer lab. What are you rendering, the next Pixar movie?"

The room went silent. Lucas raised an eyebrow, trading a glance with Max. Mike felt like he was watching a train wreck in slow-motion—the kind where you want to look away but the carnage is too fascinating.

Will, though, looked like he wasn't even slightly bothered by the sudden questioning. Instead, he reached for a slice of cold pepperoni pizza with a casual, fluid grace that made Mike's breath hitch. He looked... confident. Smug, almost.

"It's... just for my digital painting, Dustin," Will said, his voice steady. He took a bite of pizza, chewing thoughtfully. "The software is heavy. I needed the upgrade. High resolution requires high specs. As Mike said, commissions."

"Must be some commissions," Lucas noted, leaning forward to inspect a new high-end speaker system Mike hadn't even noticed until now. "I saw those Windsor & Newton professional oils on your desk earlier, too. Those tubes are like twenty bucks a pop, Byers. Bet you've been getting a lot of commission lately."

Max, who had been watching Will with the intensity of a hawk, narrowed her eyes. She leaned back, crossing her legs. "A very successful artist indeed," she mused, her voice trailing off into a teasing, playful lilt. "So, Will, are we going to talk about the secret gold mine? Or are you finally going to admit you have a very generous fan in the city who appreciates your... *aesthetic*?"

"He's worked really hard on his portfolio, Max," Mike interjected, his voice rising an octave in a desperate attempt to play the protective guard dog. He reached out and placed a firm, supposedly '*supportive*' hand on Will's thigh. It was meant to be a grounding gesture, a bro-to-bro 'I've got your back' move, but the moment his palm made contact with the denim, Mike's entire nervous system staged a coup.

His brain immediately supplied a high-definition mental overlay of what was directly beneath his hand—the pale skin, the white lace, the phantom heat of a webcam performance. He froze, his fingers twitching against Will's leg as he internally short-circuited, his eyes blowing wide.

"It's just... talent meeting opportunity." Mike squeaked, his voice now several octaves higher. "No need to make it weird."

Lucas laughed, a sharp, sudden sound. "Nobody's making it weird but you, Mike. We're just impressed. Maybe he can buy us all a round next time we're out."

"Yeah, Will," Dustin added, grinning innocently. "If you're making 'NASA-grade equipment' money, I might need to switch majors. Is there an'Art for Dummies class?"

Will laughed—a real, genuine sound that made Mike's knees feel like jelly. He leaned back against the couch cushions, looking perfectly at ease under the scrutiny. "Maybe I'll teach you, Dustin. For a small fee."

Mike watched them, his brain feeling like a browser with too many tabs open. To his friends, this was just playful banter, but to Mike, every question felt like a sniper's laser dot on Will's forehead. He saw the way the light caught the messy waves of Will's hair. It was too much. The beer, the heat, the secret, the hand on the thigh—it was all culminating in a pressure that he couldn't contain anymore.

"Man," Lucas said, sighing as he looked at the TV where the credits were still rolling. "I really feel for that guy in the desert. That whole vibe... the 90s seemed like a wild time to be alive. Everyone was just... trying stuff. It's almost brave, you know? Just hitting the road and figuring it out."

"It's called exploration, Lucas," Max said, her voice soft and slightly buzzed. She kicked his shoulder with her toe. "Sexual fluidity. Being bi-curious is not a big deal. Most people have a 'what if' phase."

"I know, I know," Lucas laughed, raising his hands in a defensive sign. "I'm just saying. I'm secure in my sexuality. I love my girlfriend. But if I were ever going to switch

teams... I mean, look at Will. He’s the biggest test to my loyalty to Max. He’s a pretty dude. I’d tap that."

The group erupted in laughter. Will turned bright red, hiding his face in his hands as he laughed along, but he didn't pull away from Mike's hand. "Shut up, Lucas!"

"I'm serious!" Lucas defended, grinning widely. "You’re very pretty— and you have a nice ass. If I weren't so in love with this redhead, who knows? I’d bend for you dude, or bend you over. Whichever you prefer."

Mike’s hand on Will’s thigh twitched violently. *Bend him over?* His brain, already running on a dangerous cocktail of cheap beer and high-definition memories of Will in a lace thong, immediately generated a four-dimensional, surround-sound mental image of exactly that. He saw the white duvet, the 14-inch monster on the floor. He saw himself in the place of the toy. It was a cognitive overload of the highest order.

"That's... that's enough," Mike croaked, his voice sounding like it had been through a woodchipper. He tried to pull his hand away, but his fingers felt like they were glued to Will's jeans. "Let's talk about something else. Like... sports. Or the weather. Or the impending collapse of late-stage capitalism."

"Relax, Mike," Dustin said, leaning back against El's legs. "We're just discussing the philosophical nature of the 'One Exception.' Like, I'm straight as an arrow, right? But I would let Michael B. Jordan bend me over. No hesitation. Zero. It’s Michael B. Jordan. You have to respect the craft of a man that attractive. I'd do it for the culture. It wouldn't even be gay, it would be an honor."

"See?" Lucas pointed at Dustin. "Everyone has that one person who makes them go, 'Okay, maybe the rules don't apply here.'"

"Why is it always bending over with you guys?" El asked, sounding genuinely perplexed and slightly amused. "And why is it always a specific actor?"

"Because Michael B. Jordan is the pinnacle of the human form, El," Dustin explained with mock gravity. "It's about the aesthetic appreciation of greatness. It's like looking at a solar eclipse. You can't help but stare, even if it changes you forever."

The room dissolved into giggles again. The air was light, the boundaries fluid and safe. They were just kids, really, playing at being adults in a city that didn't care about them, finding comfort in the only family they had left.

Max turned her head, her gaze landing on Mike. She had that sharp, 'I-see-through-your-bullshit' look in her eyes that always made Mike feel like he was made of glass. "What about you, Wheeler? You've been awfully quiet. Ever had a 'Michael B. Jordan' moment? Or maybe just some regular old curiosity?"

Mike felt the world slow down. He could feel the warmth of the beer in his system, the weight of the secret he'd been carrying for years, and the frantic, pulsing need to be *real*. He looked at Will, who was watching him now, his hazel eyes wide and curious, and then back at Max.

He made a decision then and there, a frantic, serotonin-starved leap of faith fueled by three beers and a decade of repressed longing. He was tired of being the only person in the room who didn't know how gorgeous it felt to want Will Byers out loud. He didn't just want to be the 'best friend' who brought tea and carried heavy bags; he wanted to be a legitimate contender. He wanted to throw his name into the hat, even if the hat was currently on fire and he was the one holding the match. He wanted to be an option—a real, viable, 'please-pick-me' option.

He realized that this was his chance. It was being offered to him on a silver platter, gift-wrapped in a conversation about *exceptions* and *exploration*.

"I hooked up with a guy once," Mike said.

And wow—look at that. The world didn’t explode when he said it out loud. Jesus himself didn’t come down from heaven to tell him it’s a sin in Ted Wheeler’s voice. In fact, the only thing that happened was that the air in the room suddenly became very, very heavy—not with judgment, Mike hoped.

The laughter died instantly. It was snuffed out like a candle in a vacuum. The TV continued to mumble in the background—something about a desert sunset—but the apartment went silent. It was the kind of silence that has a ringing sound to it.

Lucas sat up straight, his beer bottle frozen halfway to his lips. Max stopped mid-chew, a half-eaten chip poised between her fingers. Dustin looked like he was trying to solve a particularly difficult differential equation in his head.

Will didn't move at first. He sat perfectly still on the couch above Mike, his eyes fixed on the blue glow of the TV. But slowly, almost tentatively, he turned his head to look down at Mike. He didn't look shocked per se; he looked *concerned*. His brow was furrowed in that soft, empathetic way that always made Mike feel like his heart was being held in warm hands.

Slowly, Will reached down and placed his own palm over the back of Mike's hand—the one still resting awkwardly on his thigh. It was a gentle, grounding weight, a silent, intimate question: *Are you okay? Do you really want to share this?*

The pressure of Will's skin against the back of his hand sent a fresh wave of devotion through Mike's chest. It was a sappy, overwhelming ache that made him realize he was well and truly doomed. He was a goner. Mike fell a little more bit in love with him *(if that's even possible*).

"Freshman year," Mike continued, his voice surprisingly calm, almost detached. "A drama major named Julian. It was... fine. It wasn't a big deal. I just... wanted to see. To know for sure."

"You..." Dustin whispered, his eyes wide, his voice barely a breath. "Mike Wheeler. You hooked up with a guy? An actual, real guy?"

"Yes," Mike said, turning to look at him. He felt a strange sense of relief, like he'd finally set down a heavy bag he'd been carrying since high school. "Is that really the most shocking thing you've ever heard?"

"No," El said softly. She looked from Mike to Will, a sudden, knowing light in her eyes. It was that look she got when she saw the truth of a situation before anyone else, the look that bypassed the bullshit and went straight for the heart. "It makes sense."

"It does?" Mike asked, his heart hammering against his ribs like a trapped bird.

"Yeah," Lucas said, a slow, predatory grin spreading across his face, eyes dancing with a mix of triumph and affection. "It explains a lot. You always refused to date any of the girls I set you up with."

"Because they were women," Dustin concluded, nodding sagely as if he'd finally found the missing variable in his equation.

"I didn't say I was gay," Mike corrected, though the defense felt weak even to him, a tattered flag fluttering in a storm. "I said I hooked up with a guy. Labels are... stupid. They're just too constricting. I hooked up with a guy and it was— it was nice."

"Nice?" Max said, leaning forward. "Booooo. Give us some details, Wheeler. Was it a success?"

"I mean– we both came so, I guess?" Mike said, his face heating up as he felt Will's hand still resting on his. "The kissing was great. Very... enlightening. But the rest of it

was... complicated."

"Complicated?" Lucas grinned, his eyebrows wiggling. "Is that code for 'I didn't know where to put my dick'?"

"No," Mike groaned, burying his face in his free hand. "I know where to put it. It's just — it was a tight fit, okay?"

The room went silent for a beat before Dustin let out a short, sharp bark of laughter. "The Legend of the Third Leg! I knew it would be a problem!"

"It was a disaster!" Mike exploded, the frustration of years finally leaking out. "Julian was this tiny, delicate guy. He looked like he'd snap if the wind blew too hard. We got to the part where things were supposed to happen, and he took one look and almost ran away. I'm not even kidding! He said he wasn't a sword swallower. It was awkward, okay? We prepped! I used like a full bottle of lube! But even then, I couldn't, like, put it all in because he looked so uncomfortable. I felt like a giant trying to fit into a dollhouse. It was humiliating."

Lucas was howling now, clutching his stomach. "Sword swallower! Oh my god, Mike. With your size, I've no fucking doubt he was terrified. You're a walking safety hazard."

"It's not funny!" Mike yelled, though he couldn't help the small, hysterical smile tugging at his lips. God knows he'd seen enough on the dark corners of the internet to know he wasn't a freak of nature—there were plenty of people who would treat his *situation* as a prize rather than a problem. He knew it was a novelty for some. "It's a real struggle! I wanted to explore, I really did, but apparently, my body decided to set the difficulty to *extreme* for everyone involved."

"Don't worry, Mike," El said softly, patting his shoulder with a teasing glint in her eyes. "New York is a big city. You will find someone who can take all of you in."

The whole group burst into fresh peals of laughter. Dustin was literally crying. Max was wheezing. Even Lucas was gasping for air.

But Mike wasn't laughing. He was just smiling to himself, a secret, electric warmth spreading through his chest.

He was staring at the floor, his brain unhelpfully replaying the *14-Inch Monster* video he watched a few days ago. He thought about the way Will had taken every single inch of that massive, terrifying silicone beast. He thought about the bulge in Will's stomach,

the way his body had stretched and accommodated the impossible. He thought about the wet, guttural sounds of surrender Will had made on that hardwood floor.

Trust that he found the perfect person to take him all in—he just didn't know if that person would ever want to.

He looked up at Will, who was still laughing at El's comment, his face bright and beautiful in the flickering light. Mike squeezed Will's hand—the one still resting on his —and Will squeezed back, a small, private moment in the middle of the chaos.

When the laughter stopped, and the quiet came back—softer this time.Will asked, "Did you like it?"

His voice was a whisper, barely audible over the hum of the AC, yet it cut through the room like a scream. He was still looking down at Mike, his hand still warm and steady over Mike's. His hazel eyes were searching, vulnerable, and terrifyingly hopeful. At that moment, whatever mental image built by Will's secret online persona in Mike's mind was nowhere to be found. There was just the boy who had once shared a fort in the woods, asking a question that felt like a lifeline.

Mike looked back at him. In the flickering light of the TV, he saw twelve years of shared secrets, of bike rides in the rain, and of Mike trying to push his feelings down. He had spent over a decade buried under layers of *what-ifs* and *we-can't-s* with the resounding voice of Ted Wheeler-approved stoicism, so convinced he was the poster boy for Suburban Heterosexuality that he'd almost believed his own lies. He'd hidden his heart so well even he couldn't find it half the time, terrified that admitting he wanted a boy—*this* boy—would mean the end of the only world he cared about.

And now, the truth was out there, shimmering in the space between them. It was a messy, awkward, over-engineered truth, but it was real. Mike was finally, *finally*, putting himself on the board as a candidate. He wasn't just the 'safe' platonic npc anymore; he was a legitimate, certified, guy-who-kisses-guys option.

He wasn't ready to pull a 'Michael B. Jordan' and just bend him over yet—he was still Mike Wheeler, after all, and the prospect of actually making a move without an actual plan and a written apology was terrifying—but he was taking it one step at a time. He had entered the race. He was a benchwarmer who had finally been called to the sidelines, heart pounding, just waiting for the coach to put him in.

"Yeah," Mike breathed, staring only at Will, letting the rest of the room fade into a blur of meaningless shapes and sounds. "I liked it."

Will’s thumb brushed over the back of Mike’s knuckles, a slow, deliberate caress that felt more intimate than anything Mike had ever experienced. It was sappy, it was dramatic, and it was everything Mike had ever wanted.

"Good," Will whispered, a small, private smile touching his lips. "I'm glad."

The air between them crackled. He was looking at Will, wanting nothing but to pull him in and kiss him until they’re chasing their breaths.

Eventually the energy in the apartment dissolved in a slow and syrupy way— like honey melting into tea.

After Mike’s confession—the night had settled into a comfortable, hazy rhythm. They ordered another round of drinks. Forced Mike to rewatch Love, Simon as some sort of rite of passage for his coming out. They let the tension bleed out until it was just soft, familiar static.

"We're tapping out," Lucas announced at around 1 AM, stifling a yawn that nearly unhinged his jaw. He pulled Max up from the floor, where she had been dozing against his leg. "If I don't sleep in a bed within the next twenty minutes, I'm going to fall asleep on the subway tomorrow and wake up in Coney Island."

"Cowards," Dustin mumbled from the couch. He was buried under a pile of throw blankets, his eyes closed, clutching a half-empty bag of chips to his chest like a teddy bear. "The night is young."

"The night is over, Henderson," Max drawled, leaning heavily on Lucas. She pointed a finger at Mike. "Good talk, Wheeler. Proud of you. Even if your sex life sounds like a nightmare."

Mike rolled his eyes, but he couldn't stop the small smile tugging at his lips. "Get out of here, Mayfield."

"El?" Lucas asked. "You coming?"

"Yeah," El yawned, unwrapping herself from Will’s spare duvet. She stood up, stretching her arms over her head. She looked down at the lump on the couch. "Dustin?"

"He's gone," Lucas shook his head. "Lost to the void. We'll leave him."

"Bye Mike. Bye Will," El called out, grabbing her coat.

"See ya," Lucas waved. "Lock the door behind us, Mike."

When the door finally clicked shut behind them, the apartment felt suddenly, intimately quiet. The only sounds were the hum of the refrigerator, the distant wail of a siren three blocks over, and the soft, rhythmic snoring emanating from the pile of blankets that was Dustin.

Mike stood in the center of the living room, looking at the wreckage. Pizza boxes stacked like the Tower of Pisa. Empty cans. Crumpled napkins.

"I'll help," Will whispered.

Mike turned. Will was standing there, sleeves pushed up to his elbows, looking soft and sleepy and devastatingly pretty in the dim light of the kitchen.

"You don't have to," Mike whispered back, automatically keeping his voice low so as not to wake the sleeping dragon in the living room. "I can get it."

"Shut up," Will said gently, grabbing a stack of plates. "Grab the cans."

They moved into the kitchen, the small space forcing them into a close, choreographed dance. Mike rinsed, Will loaded the dishwasher. It was a ritual they had perfected over three years of cohabitation—a silent language of elbows brushing and hips bumping as they navigated the narrow galley.

Tonight, though, the silence felt different. It was charged. Heavy with the things Mike had said and the things Will had done (thumb rubbing over knuckles, the *I'm glad*).

Mike scrubbed a stubborn spot of cheese off a plate, his heart hammering a frantic rhythm against his ribs. He watched Will out of the corner of his eye. Will was drying his hands on a dish towel, leaning back against the counter, watching Mike with a soft, unreadable expression.

"So," Mike said, keeping his eyes on the suds. "Dustin is out cold."

"He's drooling," Will smiled, his voice a low rasp that shivered down Mike's spine. "I saw it before I came in here. We should probably put a coaster under his face."

Mike huffed a laugh, finally turning off the tap. He dried his hands, wiping them on his jeans because he couldn't find the other towel. He leaned against the sink, facing Will. The distance between them was negligible—two feet of linoleum and a lifetime of pining.

"Hey," Mike started, his voice pitching slightly too high, sounding less like a suave twenty-one-year-old and more like a pubescent choir boy asking for extra sacramental wine. He cleared his throat violently. "Tomorrow is Saturday."

Will tilted his head, eyes bright with amusement. "It is. Good job, Mikey. You know the days of the week. Gold star for you."

"Asshole," Mike rolled his eyes, smiling despite himself, though internally he was screaming into a void. He looked down at his hands, watching his thumbs wrestle each other, nervous energy fluttering in his chest like a trapped moth. "Actually... I had a whole plan for last Saturday. Before— before you went to Montauk."

Will's eyebrows shot up, genuine surprise replacing the teasing. "You did?"

"Yeah," Mike glanced up through his lashes, feeling vulnerable and exposed, like a clam without its shell. "I requested the night off and everything. I was gonna surprise you. Order from *Giotto's*—you know. And maybe do a marathon of *Ghost Adventures*." He let out a self-deprecating huff of laughter, trying to minimize the fact that he had essentially planned a honeymoon date for his platonic roommate. "I just felt like we hadn't done *us* in a while. I wanted to do something very us, eating carbs and yelling at Zak Bagans."

Will went still. The playful smirk vanished, replaced by an expression so tender it made Mike's chest ache. It was the kind of look usually reserved for injured puppies or very sentimental Hallmark commercials. "Mike... I didn't know. I'm sorry I bailed."

"No, don't be. Kittens are important," Mike said quickly, practically vibrating with the need to erase the guilt from Will's face. He nudged Will's foot with his own—a casual, proprietary touch. "But since we missed out on that... and since Dustin will probably head out early anyways... I was wondering if you wanted to grab lunch tomorrow? Just the two of us? Maybe try that new place near the park? Just... hang out. Reaffirm that, you know, whatever else is changing... this part is solid."

Please say yes, Mike's brain chanted.

The apartment was silent, save for Dustin's soft snore from the other room, which sounded suspiciously like a pug fighting a kazoo.

Will stared at Mike, his hazel eyes wide, reflecting the overhead oven light. For a second, Mike thought he'd been too much. Too intense. Too clingy. He prepared himself to be let down gently, to hear an excuse.

Then, a slow, radiant smile spread across Will’s face. It wasn't the polite smile he gave acquaintances or the shy smile he gave strangers. It was the *Will* smile. The one that cracked Mike open and rearranged his insides like furniture in a hurricane.

"Lunch?" Will asked, his voice thick with affection. "Only if I can pick the dessert place."

"Deal," Mike breathed, relief washing over him like cool water. He would have agreed to let Will pick his burial plot at that moment. "If you want."

"It’s a date, Mike," Will said.

The world stopped spinning for exactly one second.

A date.

Will had said it. He had used the word. The 'D' word. Sure, logically, Mike knew he probably meant 'friend date,' or 'platonic hang out,' or something along those line, but the syllable hung in the warm kitchen air between them, shimmering and gold. It bounced around Mike's empty skull like a DVD screensaver logo waiting to hit the corner.

"Cool," Mike managed to say, his voice sounding like it belonged to a strangled goose. He mentally punched himself in the face. *Cool?* "A date. Lunch. Cool."

"You're a dork," Will grinned, the fondness in his voice doing terrible things to Mike's blood pressure. He pushed off the counter, stepping into Mike’s space. He reached out, his hand hovering for a second—a hesitation that felt electric—before he squeezed Mike’s bicep. It was a warm, solid pressure that Mike felt all the way down to his toes. "I'm gonna head to bed, okay? Go catch some sleep too. You look like you need it."

"Yeah," Mike swallowed, trying not to lean into the touch like a touch-starved cat. "Goodnight, Will."

Will lingered for a second longer, his gaze dropping to Mike’s lips and then snapping back up, quick as a hiccup. Mike’s heart stopped, restarted, and then did a backflip. *Did he just...? No. Impossible. Delusion. Go to bed, Wheeler.* "Night, Mike."

Will turned and disappeared down the hallway. Mike watched him go, listening to the soft click of his bedroom door closing, then the *snick* of the lock turning.

Mike remained in the kitchen for a solid minute, surrounded by the smell of lemon soap and the ghost of Will's presence, grinning like an absolute lunatic.

He had done it. One step at a time, *right?*

He walked quietly through the living room, stepping carefully over Dustin's outstretched arm. He felt cleansed— like a man who was turning over a new leaf.

No more Velvetcam, Mike promised himself as he crept down the hallway to his own room. *I'm done. I don't need it. I have the real thing.*

He closed his bedroom door softly, sealing himself in. He stripped into his boxers shorts, plugged his phone in and then sat down at his desk to check his email one last time before bed—strictly academic business, maybe a quick check of the syllabus or that one email from his advisor he'd been ignoring.

He opened his laptop.

There, buried under a pile of Canvas notifications and pizza coupons, was a subject line that stopped his heart.

Velvetcam Notification: *Sweetbunny22 just uploaded a new video!*

The timestamp read **Wednesday, 8:04 PM.**

Mike froze. His hand hovered over the trackpad like a claw, struck by sudden, rigor mortis-level paralysis.

Abort, his brain screamed, sounding like a frantic air traffic controller realizing two planes were about to collide. *Pull up! Pull up! You literally just promised yourself. You are a Changed Man. You are Mike Wheeler 2.0.*

He is twenty feet away, logic pleaded, sobbing in the corner of his mind. *He is currently unconscious in a bed you helped assemble. Dustin is in the living room, probably dreaming about magnets. If you click this link, you are not just a bad friend; you are a villain.*

Close the laptop. Go to sleep. Dream of burgers. Dream of tax forms. Dream of watching paint dry on a humid day. Anything but this.

But the title. *God*, the title. It stared back at him, glowing in the darkness like a neon sign for a strip club in hell.

Video Title: A Sweet Little Treat - For Daddy _takeachance Length: 35:42

Tags: #daddy #oralfixation

The righteous feeling evaporated instantly, replaced by a cold, acidic wash of jealousy.

Him again?

Mike stared at the screen. It wasn't just a debate; it was a full-blown emergency council meeting inside his head, complete with overturned chairs and screaming delegates.

The Council of Mikes is now in session.

Rational Mike (wearing a cardigan): Order! Order! We are not doing this. We are better than this. It's perverse. It's unethical.

Horny Mike (wearing sunglasses indoors): Objection. Look at the tags. *Oral. Deep.* And it's *dedicated*. It's from Wednesday. We missed it. That is a gap in the archives. That is a plot hole in the narrative. Do you want to be an uninformed viewer?

Rational Mike: It's a violation of privacy! Dustin is right there! You can probably hear his adenoids from here!

Insecure Mike (crying in the corner): But why does he call him Daddy? Why doesn't he call *us* Daddy? We buy him pizza! We carried his art bag! What does Chance have that we don't?

Horny Mike: Money. Look, we just need to verify the content. For... safety purposes. What if _takeachance is weird? What if he asked for something dangerous? We need to vet it. It's basically a security check. We're being good friends.

Rational Mike: That is the most twisted logic I have ever heard. You are literally gaslighting yourself in real-time.

Petty Mike (smoking a cigarette): Are we really going to let *Carltoon* and *Chance* know more about the topography of Will's uvula than we do? Is that the kind of best friend we are? The kind who doesn't know his best friend's gag reflex limits?

Rational Mike: I hate all of you.

Horny Mike: *Click it. You know you're going to. The cursor is already moving. Resistance is futile.*

"I hate myself," Mike whispered to the empty room. "I genuinely, truly hate myself."

But self-hatred, apparently, was not a deterrent to being horny. It was merely the opening act.

He didn't just click the link right there at his desk. That would be amateur hour. That would be disrespectful to the production value. If he was going to commit a moral felony against his best friend, he was going to do it with proper ergonomics.

He stood up, unplugging his laptop with the grim determination of a soldier deploying to the front lines of his own libido— marched to his bed, kicking off his slippers. He reached into his nightstand drawer—the one underneath his socks, the one that rattled slightly—and retrieved his a bottle of high-end, water-based lubricant *(which is now only a quarter full)* and his noise-canceling headphones.

He settled back against the headboard, arranging the pillows into a nest and plugged in the headphones. He placed the lube within easy reach, slightly uncapped, like a surgeon prepping his instruments.

It was a level of preparedness that mocked his earlier internal speech about turning over a new leaf. The leaf hadn't even turned yet before it was shredded, burned, and used as kindling for the dumpster fire that was his current decision-making process.

"Okay," Mike breathed, adjusting the screen brightness.

He clicked the link.

The video player loaded and Mike stopped breathing.

The angle was different. Usually, Will kept the camera wide, showing his body from the neck down, headless and anonymous. But this... this was close. Intimate. The camera was zoomed in tight, framing Will from the nose down to the center of his chest.

Mike's heart slammed against his ribs.

It was the most face Will had ever shown.

He could see the stubborn curve of Will's chin. He could see the soft, pink cupid's bow of his lips. He could see that his jaw was freshly shaved, smooth and pale—proof that this was filmed the same day it was uploaded, probably during that 8-hour window when Mike was stuck in a Modern American Literature lecture or sweating through a lunch shift, leaving the apartment blissfully empty for Will's extracurricular activities.

And there, sitting just to the left of his mouth, a tiny, dark speck against the pale skin.

The mole.

Mike had stared at that mole for years. He had watched it move when Will laughed. He had watched it disappear when Will bit his lip in concentration during midterms. It was a tiny, insignificant detail to the rest of the world, but to Mike, it was a landmark. A coordinate on the map of the boy he loved.

And now, it was in 4K resolution, being broadcast to a stranger named *Chance*.

On screen, Will wore a thin, white satin ribbon tied loosely around his neck in a delicate bow. It sat right at the hollow of his throat, stark against his skin, making him look like a gift.

But as the camera focused, Mike's eyes were drawn lower, past the ribbon to the expanse of pale skin on Will's chest.

There were marks. Faint, fading shadows that marred the smooth canvas of his skin.

Two distinct, perfect circles encompassed his nipples—a mottled mix of sickly yellow and fading violet. They were the ghosts of Sunday— the aftermath of the vacuum pumps Mike had watched him endure just days ago and the very same ones he helped Will soothe with the ice packs. The inflammation was gone, the angry red swelling had subsided, but the deep tissue bruising remained, a stubborn testament to the violence of the act.

Will hadn't even tried to cover them up with concealer. He wore them like medals. Or maybe *Daddy _takeachance* liked seeing the damage he'd paid for. The thought made Mike's stomach turn, a visceral mix of protectiveness and a dark, twisted acknowledgement of Will's dedication.

Will's lips were parted, wet and glistening.

"Hi Daddy," Will whispered.

The audio was terrifyingly crisp. It sounded like he was right there, his lips brushing against the shell of Mike's ear. On God, Mike almost came then and there.

"I got your package," Will purred. He lifted his hand into the frame. He was holding a lollipop—a large, red, swirling sucker that looked comically innocent, a sweet confectionery burst that matched the deceptive innocence of the white ribbon. *"You said you wanted to see what my mouth can do. That I have... pretty lips."*

Will tongued his cheek, pushing the skin out slowly.

"You're right. I do."

Mike gripped the comforter, his knuckles turning white. The arrogance. The confidence. This wasn't the Will who just shyly accepted a lunch date in the kitchen. This was *Lee*, knowing exactly the power he held.

Will brought the lollipop to his lips. He didn't lick it immediately. He teased it, brushed it against his bottom lip, coating the red candy in a thin sheen of saliva. Then, he opened his mouth.

He swirled his tongue around the hard candy, a slow, wet, lapping sound that filled Mike's headphones. *Slurp. Suck.*

Mike felt a heavy, throbbing heat pool in his groin. It was instant and borderline violent.

He watched Will suck on the candy, his cheeks hollowing as he pulled it out with a wet *pop*, a string of saliva connecting the red sugar to his lip.

"It's sweet," Will whispered. *"But not big enough. Is it?"*

He dropped the lollipop. It clattered onto the desk, a discarded prop in a scene that was about to shift from innocent to explicit.

"You sent me something better."

Will reached down, out of frame, and produced it.

Mike flinched violently, his hips bucking off the mattress as if he'd been struck.

It wasn't a neon toy or the *Monster*. It was a realistic dildo—disturbingly, obscenely realistic. Cast in a skin tone a few shades darker than Will's, it was molded with a level of detail that made Mike's stomach drop. He could see the veins pulsing along the shaft, the distinct, asymmetrical wrinkling of the balls at the base, the slight, predatory curve of the head.

The sight of it—held in Will's delicate hand—triggered a feral, primitive surge of jealousy in Mike that was so potent he nearly choked. It felt like an intrusion—like walking in on Will with a lover, except the lover was a piece of silicone mailed by a stranger with too much disposable income.

"You said this is exactly what you look like. Down to the millimeter." Will said, running his thumb over the head of the toy, tracing the ridge with a slow, agonizing reverence.

Mike stared at the toy. He squinted through the haze of his own lust. It was... average. Maybe slightly above average? Six inches? Seven?

A dark, petty, and entirely misplaced sense of superiority curled in Mike's gut. *That's it?* he sneered at the screen. *That's the competition? That's Daddy Chance? I could eat him for breakfast. My soft is bigger than his hard.*

But the smugness vanished the moment Will brought the toy to his face.

Will didn't hesitate. He kissed the head of it. A soft, tender kiss, like he was greeting a lover.

"I wish you were here, Daddy," Will murmured, and the longing in his voice sounded so real it made Mike's heart ache with a confusing mix of jealousy and desire. *"So I can feel you pulse against my lips… feel your weight against my tongue."*

He brought the head of the toy to his lips, brushing it against the seam of his mouth like a secret. He stuck his tongue out—just the tip—and dragged it slowly along the underside, leaving a wet, glistening trail of saliva against the molded veins.

"Wanna taste you, Daddy," Will whispered, the microphone picking up the wet, sticky sound of his tongue against the silicone. *"Get you nice and wet for me."*

He opened his mouth, but only enough to welcome the head. He swirled his tongue around the ridge, lapping at it with a messy, noisy enthusiasm. He pulled back, a thick string of spit connecting his lip to the toy, before leaning in again to kiss the side of it.

Mike stopped breathing. The teasing was agonizing. It was torture.

Then, Will finally allowed himself a taste. He relaxed his jaw, sliding just the head past his teeth, his cheeks hollowing as he sucked hard on the tip. He bobbed his head, taking an inch, then two, swirling his tongue around the width of it, savoring the girth.

Will began to bob his head. Up and down. Slow and rhythmic. He swirled his tongue around the shaft as he pulled back, coating it in spit, before slamming his face back down to the base. His nose brushed against the flared balls of the toy.

The sound was obscene. It was the wettest, deepest sound Mike had ever heard, amplified as Will worked the head of the toy, his lips creating a tight, desperate seal.

Gluck. Gluck. Gluck.

Mike watched the mole. He watched that tiny dark speck moving with the rhythm of the blowjob. He watched the way Will's lips—those lips Mike had just been staring at in the kitchen—stretched and sealed around the fake cock.

He looked so... good at it.

Experienced. Eager. Messy.

Saliva leaked from the corner of Will's mouth, dribbling down his chin. Will didn't wipe it away. He made a low, humming sound in his throat—a vibration of pleasure that Mike felt in his own dick.

"Mmmph," Will moaned around the toy, his eyes rolling back *(Mike assumed from the tilt of his head)*. He took a hand and began to stroke the base, cupping the balls, treating the inanimate object with a reverence that shattered Mike's soul.

Mike was hard. He was painfully, leakingly hard and he hadn't even touched himself yet. He was too focused on this new meal, staring at the screen like a starving man watching a buffet. His hand found its way onto his boxers with a conscious command, gripping himself over the fabric with a desperation that matched Will's rhythm on the screen.

But his mind was screaming.

That should be me.

God, he was weak. He was the weakest soldier in God's army. If the Almighty wanted to test his resolve, He should have sent a plague of locusts or a flood, not his best friend deep-throating a silicone mold while wearing a white satin ribbon. That was just unfair. That was cheating.

That should be my cock. That should be my name he's moaning. That should be my spit on his chin.

He imagined it with a clarity that was terrifying. He imagined sitting on the edge of his bed, Will kneeling between his legs, looking up at him with those big hazel eyes, that ribbon fluttering against his throat. He imagined the feeling of Will’s wet, hot mouth sliding over him.

Could he take me? Mike wondered, stroking himself faster over the cotton, his breath hitching. *Could he take all eleven inches down his throat?*

Probably not. He’d probably choke. He’d probably gag. He’d probably make that wet, desperate sound he was making right now.

But God, Mike wanted to see him try. He wanted to see Will struggle with it, wanted to see slobber running down his chin as he tried to accommodate Mike’s size. He wanted to feel Will’s tongue swirling around the head, apologizing for not being deep enough.

The mere imagery of it tore a moan from Mike’s throat, his hand gripping harder on his clothed cock. He didn't even look down. He couldn't. His eyes were welded to the screen, tracking the rhythmic bob of Will's head, the wet slide of his lips. With a frantic, clumsy hand, he shoved his boxers down, kicking them off his ankles until he was completely bare in the cool air of the bedroom.

He gripped himself, ready to chase the friction, but stopped. It felt wrong. It felt too dry. On screen, Will was a mess of saliva and slick silicone, a wet, glistening spectacle. Mike felt rough in comparison, the friction of his dry hand against his skin an insult to the fantasy.

"Fuck," Mike hissed, reaching blindly for the bottle of lube he’d staged earlier like a dedicated pervert.

He squeezed a cold dollop into his palm—shuddering at the temperature difference, imagining instead the searing heat of Will's throat—and slapped it onto himself. It was messy and desperate and exactly what he needed.

He gripped himself again, his hand moving in a slick, fast rhythm now, matching the pace on the screen. It wasn't gentle. It was possessive. It was a claiming. He stroked himself hard, imagining the friction wasn't his own hand but the wet heat of Will's mouth, the tight suction of his throat.

On screen, Will pulled off the toy with a loud *pop*. He was panting, his lips red and swollen, spit shining on his chin. He looked wrecked. Absolutely *fucking* beautiful.

"You tastes so good daddy," Will whispered, his voice raspy, staring at the glistening silicone with a hunger that made Mike's toes curl. *"But I think... I think I need you in me. Take all of you. I've been such a good boy."*

He didn't reach for a lube bottle. He didn't need to. He simply swiped his fingers over the dildo, gathering the slick mix of saliva he just created, and then brought them to his lips to re-wet them, sucking them into his mouth with a obscene *pop* before reaching down between his legs.

Will shifted. He moved back on the bed, adjusting the camera angle slightly so the frame widened. He lay back, grabbing his knees and pulling them to his chest, exposing himself completely to the lens. It was a position of absolute submission, of total openness.

But he didn't reach for the toy immediately. He wasn't a masochist—well, not entirely. He brought his fingers to his cheeks, pulling them apart to show off for the camera.

Mike stopped breathing. The visual was... a lot. Will's entrance was pink, pretty, and visibly twitching, winking in a way that made Mike's own mouth water. It looked eager — *ready*.

He watched Will slide one finger inside. It glided in with zero resistance. No hesitation, no wince of adjustment. Just a wet, easy slide. Then a second finger joined the first, scissoring slowly, working the saliva deep inside.

Mike watched, his hand tightening around himself, mind racing. *He's using spit. Just spit.*

For a toy that size? For a silicone replica of a human penis? That shouldn't be enough. That should hurt. Unless...

He's already loose, Mike realized, a fresh, dizzying wave of heat crashing over him. *He prepped before he turned the camera on.*

The thought was inexplicably hotter than the video itself. It implied a hidden prologue. It meant that before Will sat down in front of the ring light, before he put on the ribbon, he had been somewhere else—maybe in the bathroom, maybe on that very bed—working himself open. Mike imagined Will quiet and focused, stretching himself out not for an audience, but just to be ready. To be hollowed out.

It made the whole thing feel less like a performance and more like a lifestyle. It meant Will walked around *ready* to take something that big.

The idea of Will's secret, off-camera preparation—the mundane, messy reality of it—hit Mike harder than the high-definition display. It made his erection throb with a violent, demanding pressure. He wanted to have been there for *that* part. He wanted to be the one who got him ready.

Only when Will was satisfied, when he was sufficiently stretched and glistening with nothing but his own spit and the ghost of previous lube, did he reach for the silicone.

He lined the dildo up, didn't even hesitate before he pushed.

Mike watched the blunt head of the toy disappear inside him. Will let out a sharp, broken gasp, his head thrashing against the white sheets, the satin ribbon at his throat fluttering with the violence of his breathing.

"God," Will choked out, his eyes rolling back as he took the first few inches. *"So full."*

He began to move. It wasn't the rhythmic riding of the *Monster* video. This was messier. Will was fucking himself with the handheld dildo, his arm pumping in a steady, piston-like rhythm, driving the toy deep into his own body.

And then, as if that visual wasn't enough to kill Mike instantly, Will brought his free hand up to his mouth. He sucked on two fingers, coating them in fresh saliva, swirling his tongue around them while his other hand ruthlessly fucked his ass.

The duality of it—fingers in his mouth, toy in his ass, the camera capturing only the wet sheen of his lips and the sharp line of his jaw—was sensory overload. It was too much input. Mike felt like his brain was melting out of his ears.

"Stop," Mike pleaded with the screen, his voice a broken whine. His hand was moving furiously now, a blur of motion against his own skin, the cold lube turning hot with friction. "Stop being so good at this. You can't even cook rice without burning it, how are you doing *this*?"

On screen, Will picked up the pace. The wet *slap* of skin against skin echoed through the headset, harmonizing with the lewd, wet sounds coming from his mouth. He pulled his fingers free, glistening and dripping with spit, and reached down.

He wrapped those wet, saliva-slicked fingers around his aching, neglected cock.

That was it. The trifecta. The kill shot.

Will stroked himself in time with the dildo, his hips snapping up to meet each thrust, his hand working his shaft with a desperate, slippery speed. The camera caught the way his throat worked, the way his chin tilted up as he panted, a string of spit swinging from his bottom lip.

"I'm close," Will sobbed, his voice wrecked, the microphone picking up the desperate hitch in his breath. *"Daddy, I'm so close. I'm gonna— I'm gonna make a mess."*

Mike didn't hear the rest. He didn't see the rest. His vision tunneled down to a pinpoint of light.

"God has abandoned me," Mike gasped, his hips bucking off the mattress, driving himself into his hand with a violence that bordered on self-harm until he came.

It wasn't dignified. Certainly not quiet despite Mike trying to bite down a pillow. It was a messy, violent unraveling that coated his hand, his stomach, even reaching so far as his chin, and probably the comforter he was going to have to wash immediately. A physical release so intense it left him seeing spots, his body seizing in waves of pleasure that felt frighteningly close to pain. He slumped back against the pillows, gasping for air like a man who had just drowned, his heart hammering a frantic rhythm against his ribs.

But the video wasn't over.

On screen, Will’s hips gave one last, pathetic twitch. He was wrecked, panting, a string of saliva connecting his lip to his shoulder as he slumped back against the pillows. His hand, the one that had just worked him to a messy completion, was coated in white. It was thick, dripping down his palm, pooling in the lifeline.

He didn't reach for a tissue or a towel.

Will tilted his chin up toward the lens, keeping the rest of his face safely out of frame, focusing the shot entirely on his heaving chest and his mouth. He lifted his hand, the mess glistening under the ring light.

"For you, Daddy," he whispered, his voice broken and sweet.

Then, he opened his mouth and slid his fingers—coated in his own seed—past his lips. He hummed. A low, appreciative sound in his throat as he sucked them clean, swirling his tongue around the digits with the same maddening thoroughness he had used on the dildo.

Mike gasped, his hips bucking off the mattress in a useless, phantom thrust. Despite being completely spent, despite the mess already cooling on his own stomach, his dick gave a violent, painful twitch of renewed interest. Watching Will clean himself up with such wanton, practiced efficiency rewired his biology on the spot.

Will licked his palm, getting every last drop, his throat bobbing as he swallowed.

He pulled his fingers out with a loud *pop*, lips shining with spit and semen.

"All clean," he smiled—just the curve of his lips visible, innocent and devastating.

The video ended. The screen went black, leaving only Mike's reflection staring back at him—flushed, wild-eyed, and pathetic.

Mike wiped himself up with a shaking hand, reaching blindly for the packet of wet wipes he kept in his nightstand drawer for "emergencies" (read: exactly this). He pulled one out—it made a wet, distinct *schluck* sound—and used it. He hissed through his teeth. It was cold and abrasive. It was the wet nap equivalent of a nun slapping his wrist with a ruler. He winced as his oversensitive cock throbbed against the touch, punishing him for his greed.

He peeled the noise-canceling headphones off his ears, the seal breaking with a soft suction sound. The transition was jarring. One second, his ears were filled with the high-definition sounds of Will's wet, desperate whimpers; the next, he was assaulted by the distant aggressive, nasally snoring of Dustin Henderson from the living room.

He closed the laptop with a heavy, final *thud*, staring at his own reflection in the black screen. He looked like a raccoon that had been dragged through a bush backwards. Flushed, wild-eyed, and holding a used wet wipe like a grenade.

Tomorrow.

He had a date with Will tomorrow.

He had to sit across from Will at lunch, watch him eat, watch him wrap his lips around a straw or a fork. He had to watch Will laugh in the daylight and look at that mouth—that same mouth he had just watched deep-throat a replica of another man's cock—and act normal. He had to look at that mole and not think about how it looked when Will was gagging.

"I'm fucked," Mike whispered to the darkness, his voice thick with sleep. "I am so completely, entirely fucked."

He curled onto his side, pulling the comforter up to his chin, staring at the space that separated him from Will—just drywall and a few meters of hallway between his shame and the object of it—until his vision blurred.

He had wanted a day of *them*. A day to reaffirm that they were solid, safe, and platonic. A day to prove that he could be a normal best friend.

His eyes fluttered shut, the darkness reclaiming him before he could spiral further. He was asleep in seconds, drifting into a restless void, unaware that the real challenge—surviving lunch with Will Byers—was only a few hours away.

The void spit him out a few hours later, leaving him blinking in the harsh light of late morning,

The transition from "unconscious in a shame-coma" to "socially functioning adult" had been abrupt and chaotic. It involved prying a groggy Dustin off the couch, who snorted like a chainsaw before shuffling out into the daylight like a confused bear, and a quick, obligatory detour to the train station to see El off before she headed back out of the city.

Now, it was just Mike and Will on their "not-a-date" lunch date that was torture. Mike felt like he was walking on a tightrope over a pit of alligators while trying to solve a math problem in his head.

They went to the new bistro near the park as discussed. The food was good. Will looked... soft. He was wearing that yellow cardigan with sleeves that covers half his palm that Mike liked, the one that made his eyes look gold. He looked cozy— like the kind of boy who pressed flowers in books and drank herbal tea. But today, Mike couldn't stop thinking about how those same hands—looked wrapped around a silicone cock just twelve hours ago.

"You okay?" Will asked, pausing with a forkful of salad. "You've been staring at that bread basket like it said something mean about your mom."

Mike blinked, snapping back to reality. "What? No. Just... admiring the basket. It's a nice basket. Wicker. Very... structural."

Will snorted. "You're weird today, Mike."

"I'm fine," Mike lied, tearing a piece of sourdough with unnecessary violence. "Just tired. Weird dreams."

"Oh? About ghosts?"

That might've been better, Mike thought hysterically.

"Yeah," Mike said. "Ghosts. Scary ones. Very spooky."

The rest of lunch was agonizingly normal. Will talked about his art classes and a weird customer who tried to pay with crystals for a portrait commission. Mike listened and willed himself to be present, to enjoy the *now*. This was Will. This was his best friend.

But every time Will licked dressing off his lip, Mike's brain short-circuited. Every time Will sucked his drink through a straw, Mike had to count prime numbers to keep from flipping the table.

When the check arrived, Mike didn't even give Will a chance before he placed his own card to pay. "I got it."

Will smiled, a soft, genuine expression that made the corner of his eyes crinkle as he thanked Mike.

By the time they stumbled back into the apartment around 4:00 PM, the combination of carb-loading and emotional exhaustion hit them like a tranquilizer dart. The adrenaline of the "not-a-date" lunch date crashed, leaving Mike feeling heavy, pliable, and dangerously comfortable.

"We should probably... do things," Will yawned, toeing off his shoes and eyeing the couch like it was the Promised Land.

"Yeah," Mike agreed, already drifting toward the cushions as if pulled by a magnet. "Productive things. In a minute."

They collapsed. It wasn't intentional—or maybe it was, and they were both just too tired to police the boundaries anymore. One minute they were sitting on opposite ends of the gray sofa; the next, gravity had done its work, bodies sliding down until shoulders brushed and legs tangled.

The last thing Mike saw before his eyes fluttered shut was Will shifting closer, seeking warmth.

Mike woke up hours later to a heavy warmth pressing him into the upholstery and a situation in his pants that could only be described as a felony.

The room was dim, the sun having dipped below the skyline, and the lights from the other buildings casting long, bruised shadows across the floor. But Mike wasn't looking outside. He was looking at the top of Will's head, which was currently tucked securely under his chin.

Will was asleep. Deeply, comatose asleep. He was sprawled on top of Mike, one leg thrown over Mike's thighs, his arm draped across Mike's chest, his face buried in the crook of Mike's neck. Every exhale puffed warm air against Mike's sensitive skin, a rhythmic torture.

It was the exact scenario Mike had constructed in his head a thousand times before falling asleep.

But it was also a nightmare, because Mike Wheeler was currently sporting a rock-hard, painful, and very obvious erection that was pressed directly against Will's hip.

Don't move, his brain screamed, panic flooding his system like ice water. *If you move, he'll feel it. If he feels it, you have to move to Mexico and change your name to Juan.*

He lay there, frozen and trying to will his erection down, sweat beading on his forehead. This wasn't just a morning wood situation– it isn't even morning for goodness sakes! This was a specific, target-locked biological response to having Will Byers draped over him like a weighted blanket.

He checked the time on his phone, moving his arm with the slowness of a tectonic plate so as not to disturb the sleeping boy on his chest.

8:10 PM.

Shit. His shift. He actually had to go to work tonight.

"Will," Mike whispered, his voice sounding like he'd swallowed gravel.

Will stirred. He made a soft, happy noise—a hum that vibrated directly into Mike's chest cavity—and snuggled closer, his knee sliding up Mike's leg, grazing the very problem Mike was trying to hide.

Mike bit his tongue so hard he tasted copper. The friction was excruciating.

"Will," he tried again, a little louder, giving Will's shoulder a gentle shake. "Wake up. It's late."

Will groaned, lifting his head. He blinked, his eyes hazy and unfocused, his cheek creased from the fabric of Mike's shirt. He looked soft and sleepy and so beautiful it made Mike want to scream.

"Mike?" Will mumbled, his voice thick with sleep. He shifted, realizing their position. His eyes widened slightly, a flush rising on his cheeks, but he didn't scramble away. He just pulled back slowly, untangling his limbs with a lazy grace that Mike felt everywhere. "Did we fall asleep?"

"Yeah," Mike croaked, sitting up and immediately grabbing a throw pillow to place strategically on his lap. A classic, desperate maneuver. "Passed out. It's after eight."

"Eight?" Will sat up straight, rubbing his face. He yawned, a jaw-cracking stretch that made his shirt ride up. "We lost the whole afternoon."

"Yeah," Mike supplied unhelpfully while standing up, clutching the pillow like a life raft, shuffling sideways toward his room. "I gotta... get ready. Work. The grind. Coffee waits for no man."

"Right. Work." Will stood up, stretching his arms over his head. He looked relaxed. Happy. "I'm gonna hop in the shower. Wash the nap off."

"Cool. Good plan."

Mike fled to his room. Changing into his uniform in record time, his brain still fuzzy with the memory of Will's weight on his chest. He felt lighter than he had in days.

He grabbed his bag and headed back out. The bathroom door was closed, the sound of the shower running behind it.

"Bye Will! Leaving for work!" Mike shouted over the water noise.

"Bye Mike! Have a good shift!" Will's voice called back, muffled by the tile.

Mike grinned to himself as he left the apartment, locking the door behind him, and bounded down the stairs. He felt good. He felt like a good friend— like a functional member of society.

Let it be put into record that he made it exactly two blocks before the universe decided to test him again.

He was waiting at the crosswalk, humming along to the radio in his head, when his phone buzzed in his pocket.

He pulled it out, expecting a text from his mom or maybe a reel from Dustin instead— it was an email notification.

Velvetcam Support: *Sweetbunny22 is going LIVE in 35 minutes! Don't miss the show!*

Mike froze in the middle of the sidewalk. A pedestrian bumped into his shoulder, muttering a curse, but Mike didn't feel it.

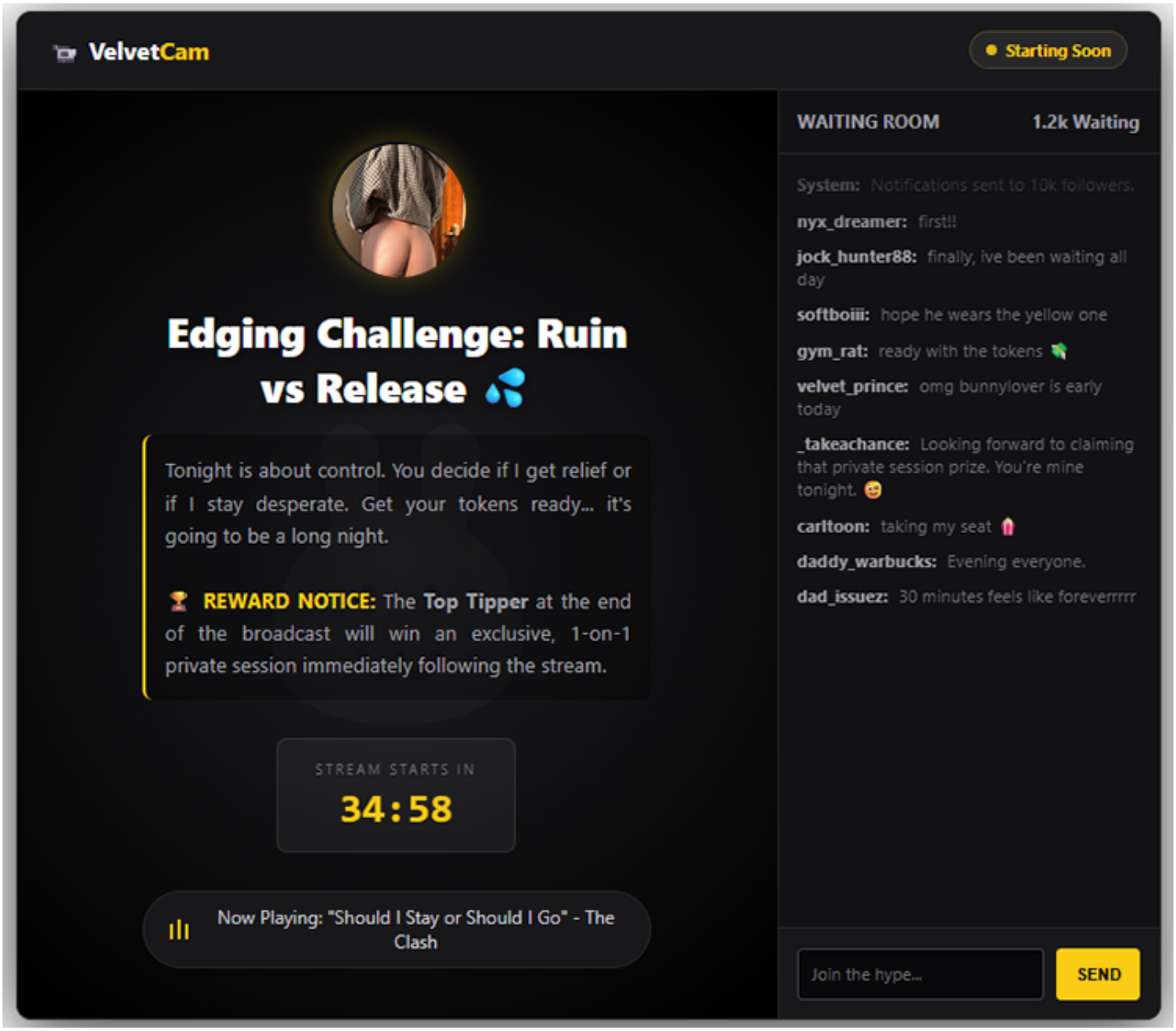
Live?

He stared at the screen, his brain emitting the distinct, screeching sound of a dial-up modem trying to connect. *Saturday.* It was Saturday night. The sacred weekly window Will reserved for the internet while Mike usually reserved for mopping floors. In the post-nap haze—a fog composed entirely of pheromones and panic—Mike had completely wiped his internal calendar. He thought the night was over. He thought Will was just taking a shower to wash off the sleep, not prepping to ruin lives.

His thumb hovered over the link.

Just check, his brain whispered. *Just to see.*

He clicked the email link. It opened the browser on his phone, loading the *Velvetcam* waiting room.


VelvetCam
Starting Soon
Edging Challenge: Ruin vs Release 💦
Tonight is about control. You decide if I get relief or if I stay desperate. Get your tokens ready... it's going to be a long night.
REWARD NOTICE: The Top Tipper at the end of the broadcast will win an exclusive, 1-on-1 private session immediately following the stream.
STREAM STARTS IN
34:58
Now Playing: "Should I Stay or Should I Go" - The Clash
WAITING ROOM
1.2k Waiting
System: Notifications sent to 10k followers.
nyx_dreamer: first!!
jock_hunter88: finally, ive been waiting all day
softboiii: hope he wears the yellow one
gym_rat: ready with the tokens
velvet_prince: omg bunnylover is early today
_takeachance: Looking forward to claiming that private session prize. You're mine tonight.
carltoon: taking my seat
daddy_warbucks: Evening everyone.
dad_issuez: 30 minutes feels like foreverrrrr
Join the hype...
SEND

Mike stared at the screen, absorbing the details—the title promising "Ruin vs Release," the countdown ticking away seconds like a bomb. But it was the text in the yellow box underneath the description that made his stomach drop:

> ***REWARD NOTICE:*** *The Top Tipper at the end of the broadcast will win an exclusive, 1-on-1 private session immediately following the stream.*

His eyes darted to the chat room on the right. It was already active, with 1.2k people waiting. And then he saw it. The comment that made the blood freeze in his veins.

_takeachance: Looking forward to claiming that private session prize. You're mine tonight.

Mike saw red.

The good mood evaporated instantly, replaced by a cold, acidic wash of jealousy so potent it nearly knocked him over.

You're mine tonight. Claiming that prize.

"Over my dead body," Mike snarled at his phone, startling a woman pushing a stroller next to him.

He wasn't going to work. He refuse to. He isn't just going to stand behind a counter and simulate interest in people's dairy preferences while some faceless, platinum-tier creep bought the rights to Will's attention for the evening. That was simply not happening. If anyone was going to be obsessively watching Will tonight, it was going to be *him*, dammit. Because he was there first. He had seniority.

He dialed his manager directly and ripped his phone up to his ear, bypassing the shift lead. This required executive-level lying.

"Hey, Keith?" Mike gasped into the receiver the second it was picked up, pitching his voice to sound like a man on death's door. "It's Mike. Yeah. Listen, I can't make it. It's... it's the sushi. Gas station sushi. I made a terrible mistake, Keith. I'm currently fighting a war on two fronts in my bathroom and I'm losing. Badly. I think I saw a white light earlier."

He paused, listening to Keith's horrified recoil on the other end.

"Yeah, it's a biohazard. I wouldn't wish this on my worst enemy. I might need a priest. Thanks, Keith. You're a saint. Bye."

He hung up, shoving the phone into his pocket with a sense of grim satisfaction. Dignity? *Gone*. Job security? *Questionable*. Priorities? **Sorted**.

He spun around and marched back toward the apartment, moving with the silent, frantic energy of a raccoon that had been caught in a trash can but refused to leave the garbage. The mission required absolute stealth. Will thought he was gone and was likely out of the shower now, prepping for his live.

Mike unlocked the front door with the agonizing slowness of a bomb disposal technician diffusing a nuclear warhead. He turned the key millimeter by millimeter, sweating bullets, praying to every deity he didn't believe in that the tumblers wouldn't click.

When he finally pushed the door open, the apartment was dark and a faint, bass-heavy, rhythmic music was drifting from under Will's bedroom door. It was *The Playlist*. The one with the slow, grinding beats that Mike now recognized from the 'Thigh High' videos. The soundtrack to his own mental ruin.

He swallowed hard, throat dry, slipping inside as quietly as possible and closing the door with a soft *snick* that was thankfully swallowed by the bass. He tiptoed past the kitchen in his socks, holding his breath until his lungs burned, creeping down the hallway like a criminal in his own home.

And just like that he reached his own room and he was in.

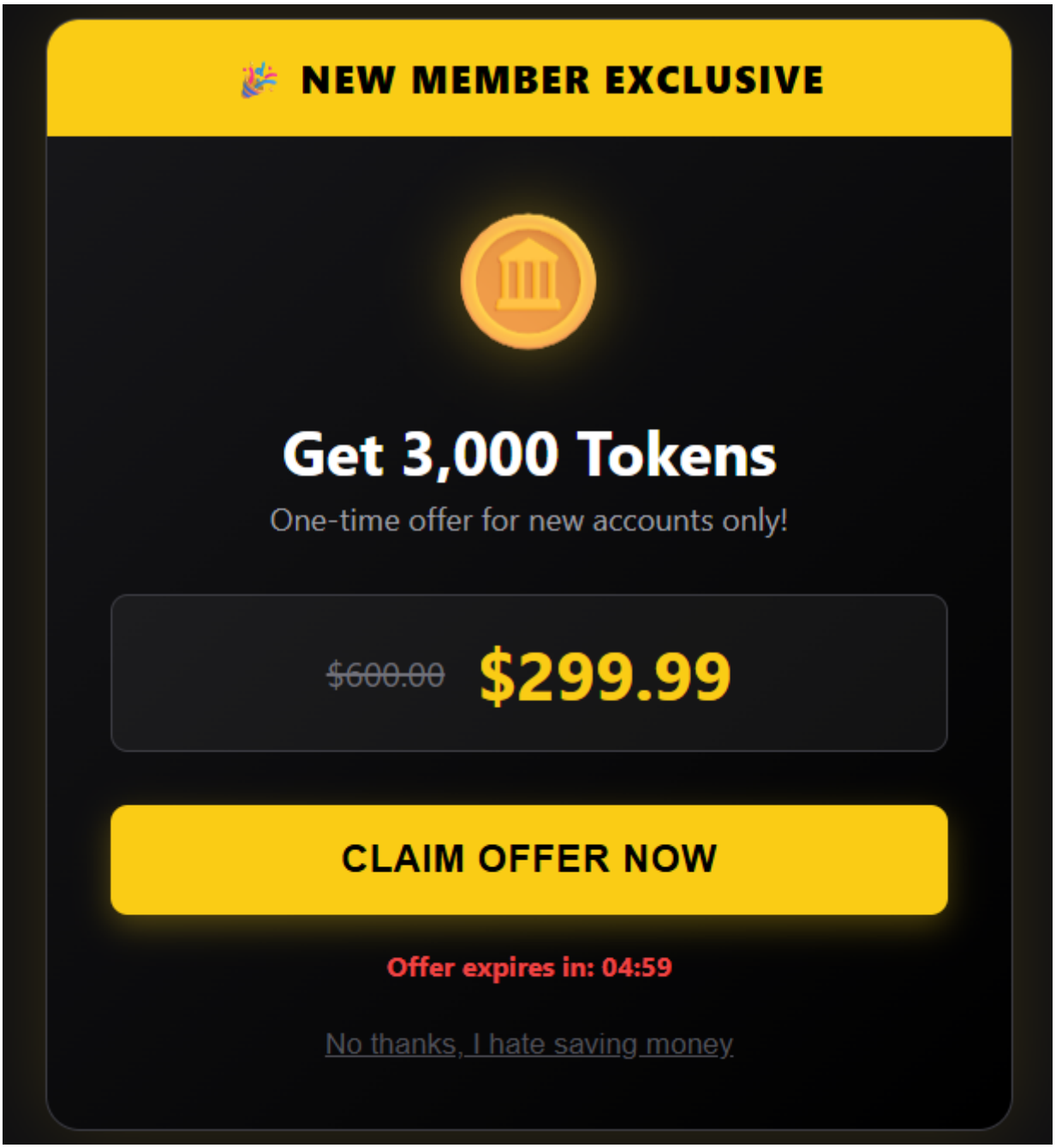
He stripped off his work shirt, tossing it into the corner with disdain, kicked off his socks and pants, climbing into bed in his boxers with a ton of pillows behind his back and the duvet by his feet. He grabbed his old, wired earbuds from the nightstand instead of the heavy noise-canceling headphones. It was a weighted decision; he needed to be immersed, but not deaf. He needed to know if he started making noises that weren't neighbor-friendly, or if Will suddenly decided to leave his room.

He opened his laptop and logged into *Velvetcam*, making sure to check his current balance. **150 Tokens.**

"Pathetic," Mike muttered.

He clicked on the 'Buy Tokens' tab.

A pop-up window appeared, bright and flashy.



"Don't mind if I do," Mike whispered.

He clicked **Purchase**. Since his card was already saved on file from his subscription, the process was terrifyingly frictionless.

Transaction Successful. New Balance: 3150 Tokens.

He stared at the screen. It felt like war funds, like ammunition.

He went back to the waiting room. The countdown was at **00:05:00**.

"Okay," Mike breathed, his heart hammering against his ribs like a trapped bird. "Let's see you try to outbid that, you pervert."

He stared at _takeachance's comment one last time.

You're mine tonight.

"Not on my watch," Mike said to the empty room. "Not tonight."

The countdown hit zero and the screen flickered.

Sweetbunny22 is now LIVE.

The black screen dissolved into the feed.

And Mike's mouth went dry.

The camera was set up on the tripod, angled down at the bed. The lighting was low, warm, bathed in hues of violet and amber from the LED strips Will had installed behind his headboard. The sheets were crisp white, stark against the lighting.

And there was Will—kneeling in the center of the bed, facing the camera. He was wearing... nothing.

Well, almost nothing.

He had the white satin ribbon from the Wednesday video tied around his neck again, the bow perfectly centered. And around the base of his cock—which was already semi-hard, twitching with interest—was a thick, pink rubber cock ring which glinted under the ring light. It squeezed the base of him, making the veins stand out, making the head flush a deep, angry pink.

"Hi everyone," Will purred.

His voice was different when he was *Lee*. It was lower. Smoother. It had a texture like velvet dragged over gravel.

"Thanks for joining me tonight," Will said, leaning forward slightly. The camera cropped him perfectly from the throat down.. *"I missed you guys."*

The chat sidebar exploded. A waterfall of text scrolled by so fast Mike could barely read it.

User778: *OMG HI LEE*

Caitlyn_xx: *THE RIBBON IS BACK YES*

Daddy_Issues_69: *looking so good baby*

_takeachance: *There he is. Ready for us?*

Mike narrowed his eyes at _takeachance's username. It was highlighted in gold, marking him as a high-tier subscriber.

"I'm ready," Will answered, seemingly responding to the chat. He ran his hands down his chest, over his nipples—Mike winced, seeing the faint yellow bruises still there, ghosts of the suction cups—and down to his stomach. *"Tonight is going to be... difficult. For me."*

He laughed, a breathless, airy sound.

"You're holding the decision for me tonight," Will announced. *"I'm going to get close. As close as I can. And then... I'm going to stop. Unless you tell me not to."*

He pointed to a poll that appeared on the screen overlay.

POLL: Ruin vs. Release ***Goal:*** *Cum Permission* ***Current:*** *0 / 10,000*

"But we have a long way to go before we get there," Will teased. He moved his hand lower, his fingers brushing the pink ring. *"So let's get started."*

He grabbed a bottle of lube from the nightstand. He squeezed a generous amount into his palm—the sound was wet and loud in Mike's headphones. He also picked up a sleek, violet vibrator, humming it to life against his thigh.

Will began to stroke himself.

Slowly.

It wasn't a frantic jerk. It was a slow, deliberate milking motion, teasing himself with the vibrator against the head before dragging his hand down. He wrapped his hand around the shaft, sliding up to the head, swirling his thumb over the slit, then sliding back down to the ring.

"Mmm," Will hummed, his head tipping back, his throat exposed. *"The ring is... tight tonight. It feels good. It keeps me... full."*

Mike watched, transfixed. His own hand found its way into his boxers, gripping himself almost reflexively. It was impossible not to. The visual feedback loop was immediate.

Will picked up the pace slightly. The wet sound of his hand against his skin filled the room, punctuated by the angry buzz of the violet toy.

"Who's watching?" Will asked, his breath hitching. *"Who's going to help me stay on the edge?"*

_takeachance tipped 500 Tokens: "I'm watching, baby. Don't cum yet."

A robotic voice read the donation message aloud over the stream.

Will smiled, biting his lip. *"Thanks for the tip, Daddy. Don't worry. I'm not going anywhere yet."*

Mike bristled. 1000 tokens. That was about $100. A solid opening bid.

That bastard, Mike thought. *He thinks he owns the room.*

Mike's fingers hovered over the keyboard. He typed quickly.

_bunnylover tipped 1000 Tokens: "You look incredible, Lee. That ring looks amazing on you."

The robotic voice read Mike's message.

Will paused. His hand stopped moving for a split second. A surprised, appreciative smile touched his lips, different from the performative one he gave Chance. He leaned closer to the screen, squinting at the username of the generous newcomer.

"Bunnylover… Mitch," Will read aloud, his voice dropping into a lower, more intimate register. He tested the name on his tongue like it was something sweet, rolling the syllables around his mouth. *"Wow. That's a... very generous hello. Welcome to the stream, Mitch. I haven't seen you around before, have I?"*

Mike froze. The sound of his pseudonym—his fake name—coming out of Will's mouth in that tone hit him like a physical caress—like a voice of a lover acknowledging a gift and it sent a jolt of electricity straight to Mike's groin, bypassing his brain entirely.

His heart hammered against his throat, a frantic, bird-like rhythm. Will was speaking to him, but in Mike's fevered mind, he was looking right through the wall, right into Mike's dark bedroom.

The friction of his boxers against his erection suddenly felt unbearable. It was too rough, too restricting. With a frantic, clumsy hand, Mike shoved them down, kicking them off his ankles until he was completely bare under the duvet.

He wrapped his hand around himself, his grip tight and possessive. He squeezed, a ragged gasp tearing from his throat as he stared at Will's lips.

He needed to reply. He needed to keep that attention on him.

Typing one-handed, his left hand busy working a slow, desperate rhythm against his shaft, Mike hammered out a reply.

_bunnylover: Long time admirer. First time tipper. This is my first live.

Will saw the message. He laughed—a warm, genuine sound that vibrated through Mike's headphones and settled deep in his chest. He resumed his stroking, pressing the buzzing violet vibrator flat against the sensitive underside of his shaft.

"Well, thank you for not being shy," Will purred, *"I like a bold admirer. Stick around, Mitch. I think you're going to like what happens next."*

He sped up. His hips began to buck upwards, meeting his hand. His breathing grew heavier, ragged gasps tearing from his throat.

"God," Will moaned, the microphone catching the wet sound of his saliva as he licked his lips off-cam. He pressed the vibrator harder against the base of his cock, his knuckles white. *"It feels... so sensitive. The ring makes everything throb. I haven't touched myself since Wednesday. I've been saving it. Just for you guys."*

Liar, Mike thought affectionately, his grip tightening. *You can't because I've been hovering around you like a bodyguard all week.*

The show progressed. It was torture.

Will was a master of his craft. He would build the tension, stroking faster and faster, the *slap-slap-slap* of his hand against his wet skin echoing in Mike's ears. His moans got louder, breathy and desperate, his chest flushing a deep, pretty pink. He would get right to the edge—his toes curling, his whole body tense as he arched off the mattress—and then he would pull his hand away.

He would stop and leave himself twitching and dripping, denying the release, his chest heaving as he leaned back, the camera capturing the sweat slicking his collarbones and the violent pulse at the base of his throat.

"Not yet," Will would gasp, the vibrator still buzzing angrily against his thigh. *"Not yet. I need more."*

The tip bar climbed. 2,000. 3,000.

And then the battle began.

Every time Will got close, _takeachance would drop a tip.

_takeachance tipped 500 Tokens: "Stop."

_takeachance tipped 500 Tokens: "Hands off."

_takeachance tipped 500 Tokens: "Not yet, baby."

He was controlling him, telling Will when to stop, playing puppeteer with Will's orgasm.

Mike hated it. He hated the power dynamic. Hate seeing Will obey and pull his hand away and whimper in frustration because some guy named Chance told him to.

No, Mike thought, his hand moving faster on his own cock, fueled by a dark, possessive heat. *You don't get to control him. Only I...* He stopped that thought before it could finish. *I just want him to feel good.*

Will was getting close again. He was panting, sweat glistening on his collarbone. He was working the vibrator against the head now, teasing the sensitive nerves until his hips were bucking involuntarily.

"Please," Will begged, his hand moving in a blur. *"Please, I'm so close. I need to—"*

_bunnylover tipped 1000 Tokens: "Don't stop. Keep going. You look so good."

The robotic voice read Mike's command, cutting through the heavy sound of Will's breathing.

Will stiffened. His chest heaved as a flush darker than arousal spread across his skin, visible even in the dim light. He didn't stop. He actually sped up, a defiant, needy noise tearing from his throat as he obeyed the new instruction, his hips snapping forward to meet his hand.

"Mitch… ahh," Will gasped, biting his lip, clearly torn but leaning into the permission.

Mike let out a sound that was half-groan, half-whimper. The way Will had said his name —breathless, desperate, right in the middle of unraveling—hit him harder than the visual. It felt like Will was in the room, whispering it against his neck.

Mike's hand tightened around himself, his strokes becoming erratic and fierce. He leaned back against the pillows, eyes squeezed shut for a second as he imagined that voice right next to him.

_takeachance tipped 1000 Tokens: "Stop. Hands behind your back, love."

Will let out a frustrated sob. He pulled his hands away, clasping them behind his back, his chest heaving. His cock twitched violently against the pink ring, leaking pre-cum, desperate for touch.

"You're cruel, Daddy," Will whispered, shaking.

That was it. The thread of Mike's patience, already frayed to the breaking point by days of repressed longing and forty-five minutes of digital edging, finally snapped with an audible *twang* in his brain.

He wasn't going to let this guy torture Will anymore. He wasn't going to let some faceless, username-hiding prick dictate when Will got relief. If anyone was going to make Will cum—or deny him, or ruin him, or hold him down until he begged—it was going to be Mike. It was his right.

Mike checked his balance. **1150 Tokens.**

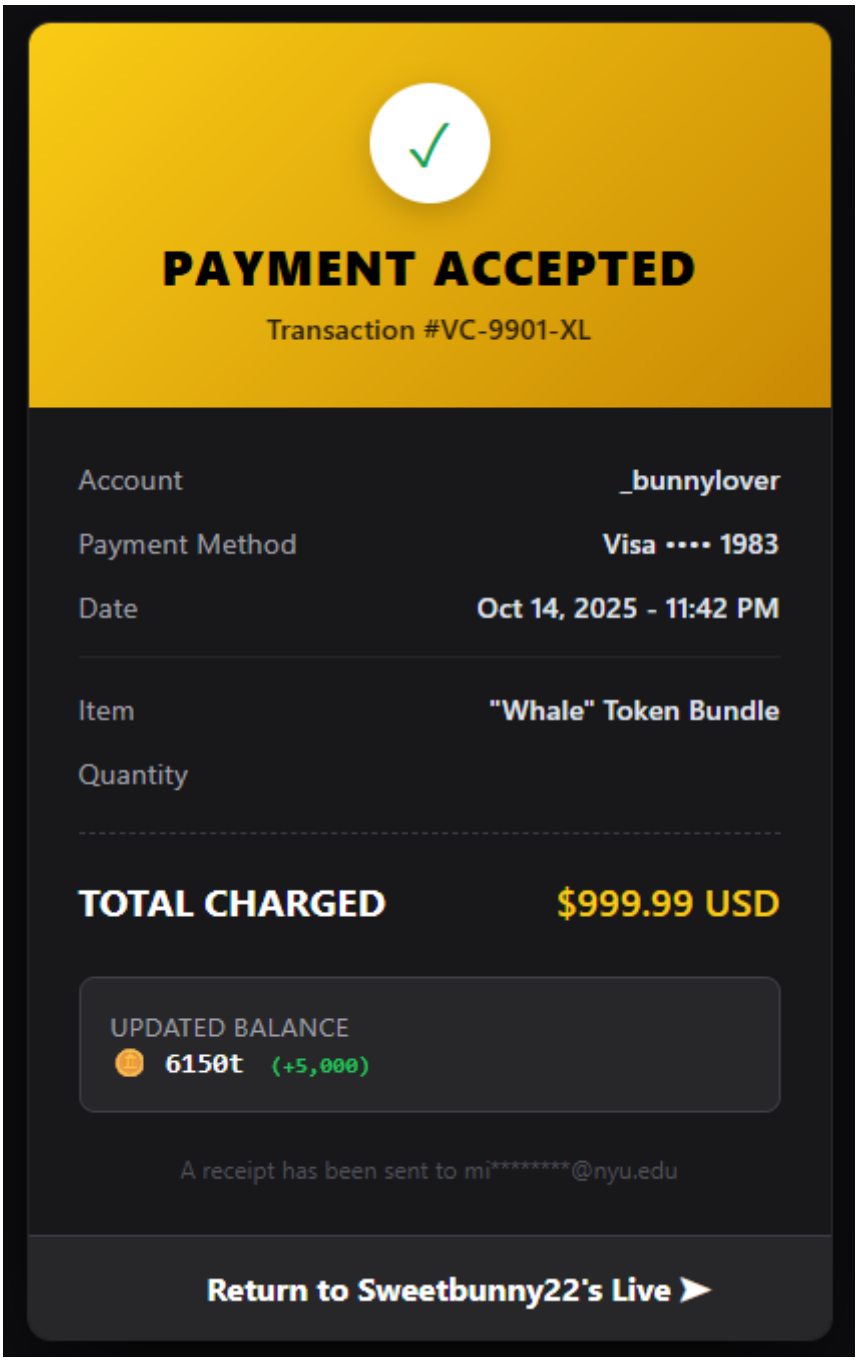
It wasn't enough. It was pocket change in this high-stakes game of sexual chicken. It wouldn't even buy a whimper, let alone the control he craved.

He opened the purchase tab again, his cursor trembling with adrenaline. The numbers stared back at him—$999.99 for 5,000 tokens. That was his half of the rent for an entire month, maybe a round-trip ticket to Europe. But there was definitely enough from the emergency fund his parents had strictly instructed him to use for life-altering events only.

But then he looked at Will’s chest on the other half of the screen—flushed, desperate, and waiting for permission—and the concept of fiscal responsibility evaporated like steam.

He didn't hesitate. He clicked the **5000 Tokens** package again.

"Eat shit, Chance," Mike muttered, stabbing the enter key with a violence that made his laptop wobble on the mattress. "He's not yours."



He switched back to the chat, feeling powerful, reckless, and terrifyingly alive.

_bunnylover tipped 2000 Tokens: "Go ahead, baby. Take whatever you want"

The robotic voice read it out.

Will’s eyes widened. He looked at the camera, then down at himself. Slowly, defiantly, he lowered one hand. He brushed his thumb over the head of his cock, spreading the pre-cum.

"Mitch says I can touch," Will breathed, a challenge in his voice.

_takeachance tipped 1000 Tokens: "Hands off. Not yet."

Mike cracked his knuckles. Oh, it was on.

_bunnylover tipped 2000 Tokens: "It’s okay, baby. Let go."

The chat was going wild.

User88: FIGHT FIGHT FIGHT

Simp4Lee: OMG BUNNYLOVER IS BALLING TONIGHT

Caitlyn_xx: Daddy warbucks over here

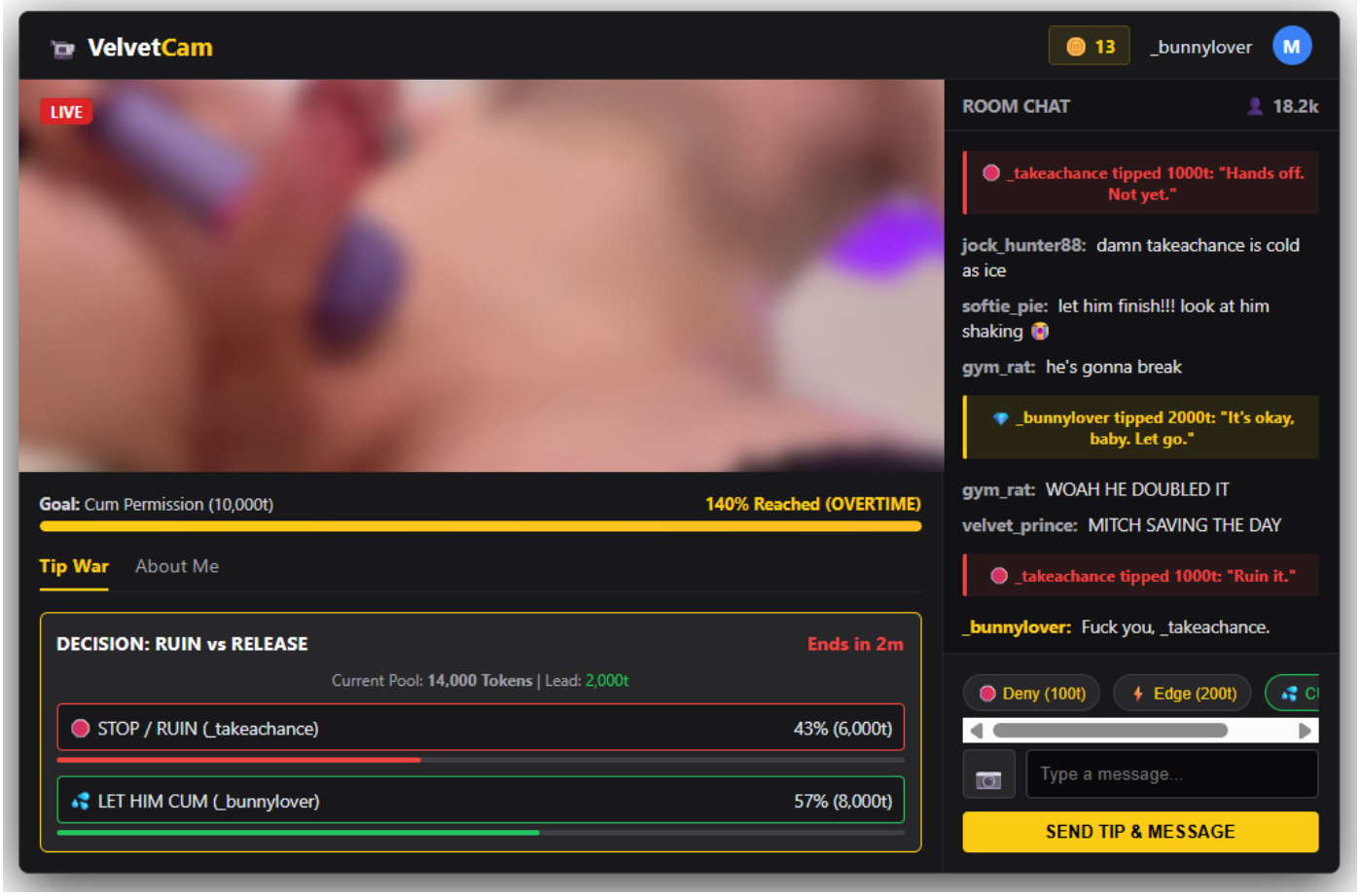
Will was losing it. The conflicting commands, the rapid-fire tips, the sheer amount of money being thrown at his erection—it was overwhelming him. He was stroking faster, his head falling back out of the frame as he chased the friction.

"God," Will cried out. *"I don't know— I don't know who to listen to—"*

"Listen to me," Mike said to the screen, his own breathing ragged, his hand slick and fast on himself.

_takeachance tipped 1000 Tokens: "Ruin it."

_bunnylover tipped 2000 Tokens: "Faster. Show me how much you want it.



The donation triggered the goal.

GOAL REACHED: CUM UNLOCKED.

Confetti exploded on the screen overlay.

Will saw the notification. He saw the golden numbers hit the goal and didn't hesitate. It was like a leash had been snapped.

"Yes," Will screamed, a raw, jagged sound that vibrated through Mike's earbuds. *"Yes, yes, thank you!"*

He abandoned all restraint, all performance, all bratty posturing. He grabbed himself with both hands, his knuckles white, stroking with a frantic, blurring speed that generated a wet, rhythmic *shluck-shluck-shluck* sound. His hips were bucking wildly off the mattress, seeking the friction his body was starving for. He wasn't edging anymore; he was a man possessed, his entire existence narrowed down to the sensation in his hand and the voice in his ear.

"Mitch," Will moaned, his chin tilting back as he leaned closer to the lens, his wet, parted lips almost brushing the microphone. It felt like he was whispering directly into Mike's soul through the digital void. *"Mitch, I'm gonna— fuck— I'm gonna make such a mess for you—"*

Mike gripped his own cock, his hand moving in perfect synchronization with the image on the screen. His heart was pounding in his ears like a war drum. "Come on, Will," he hissed through clenched teeth, his hips snapping forward. "Come on. Show me."

"M— AHH!" Will shouted.

He came.

It was a stunning, violent release that seemed to pull the breath right out of his lungs. Thick ropes of white shot up from his body, painting a messy arc across his flushed chest and slicking the underside of his chin, splashing wetly against the pink rubber ring that had kept him painfully engorged for the last hour.

Will's body looked a riot of sensation, his back arching into a rigid, trembling bow as he spent himself in waves. He let out a long, drawn-out cry—a sound of pure, unbridled relief that vibrated through Mike's headphones—as rolling, helpless spasms seized his abdominal muscles and sent tremors down the entire length of his pale thighs. The violet vibrator was kicked aside, clattering onto the floorboards forgotten, as his nervous system was entirely consumed and dismantled by the fire in his blood.

He collapsed back onto the pillows, chest heaving, covered in his own mess. He looked wrecked. *Divine*.

Mike slumped back in his own bed, panting heavily, his hand sticky and trembling. He hadn't even realized he'd come too, overwhelmed and guided entirely by the image of Will's pleasure. He had synced perfectly with Will, a shared climax driven by the live feed.

The chat was scrolling so fast it was a blur of emojis and congratulations.

Will lay there for a moment, his chest still stuttering as he fought for breath, the exhaustion of the massive orgasm settling over him like a heavy blanket. The camera, still mercifully angled low, caught the violent rise and fall of his ribs and the way his hands twitched against the sheets.

Then, slowly, he sat up on his elbows, a lingering tremor running through his arms. He wiped a smudge of cum from his collarbone with a shake of his head, his chin dipping into the frame but keeping his eyes hidden.

"Wow," Will breathed, his voice a wrecked, happy rasp. *"Okay. That was... intense. Thank you, everyone. Thank you, Mitch. You... you really wanted that, huh?"*

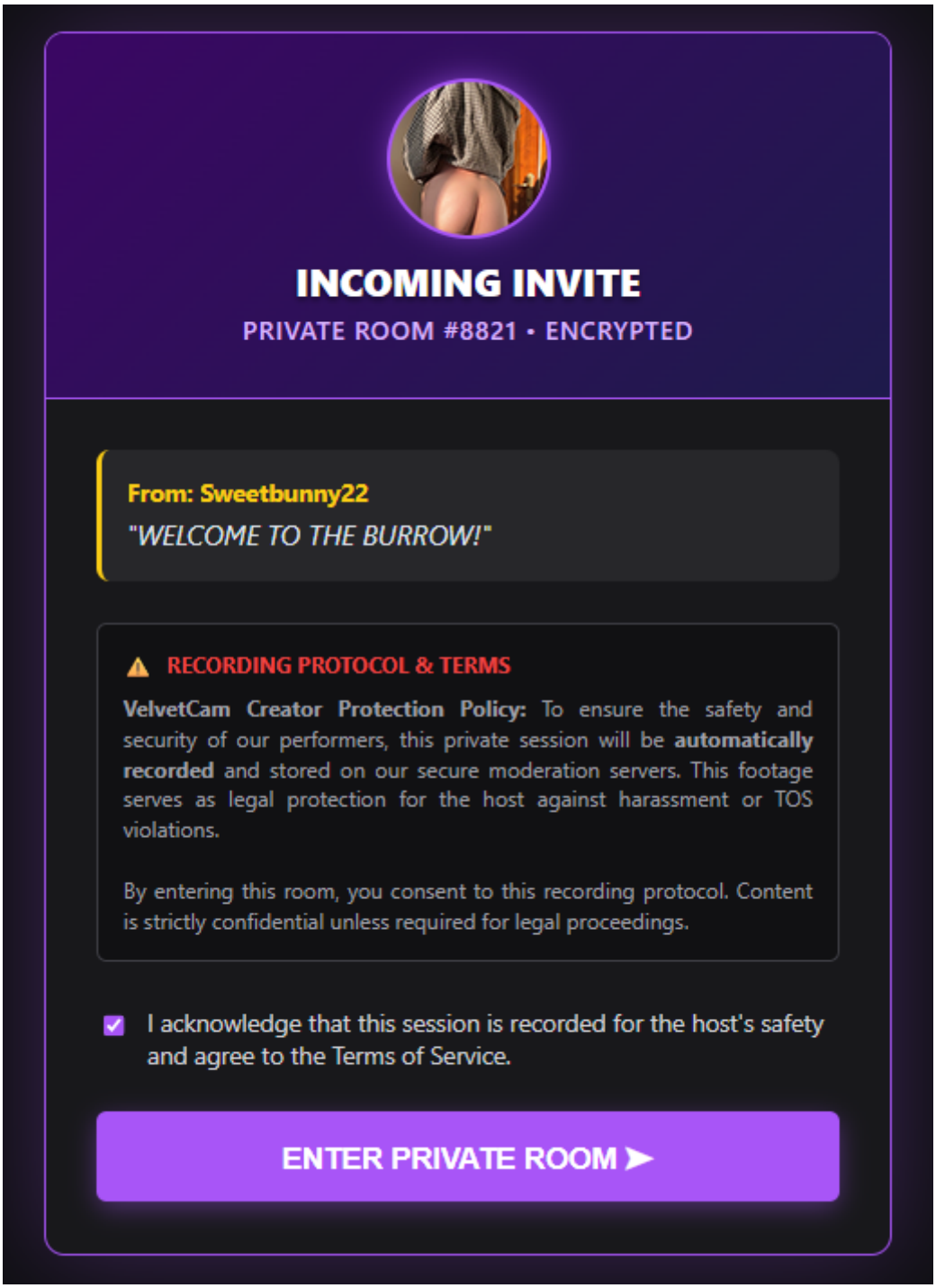
He blew a soft kiss toward the lens—a gesture aimed at the thousands watching, but landing squarely in the center of Mike's chest.

"Okay," Will said, checking the time on his phone off-screen. *"That's the show for tonight. But... I owe a private session to the top tipper."*

He glanced at the leaderboard. A slow, satisfied smile spread across the lower half of his face.

"Mitch," Will purred, leaning closer so that his mouth hovered right in front of the lens, intimate and overwhelming, lips wet and swollen. *"Looks like it's you and me. Sending you the invite now. Don't keep me waiting."*

A notification popped up instantly on Mike's screen, overlaying the fading feed of the public stream.


INCOMING INVITE
PRIVATE ROOM #8821 • ENCRYPTED
From: Sweetbunny22
"WELCOME TO THE BURROW!"
RECORDING PROTOCOL & TERMS
VelvetCam Creator Protection Policy: To ensure the safety and security of our performers, this private session will be automatically recorded and stored on our secure moderation servers. This footage serves as legal protection for the host against harassment or TOS violations.
By entering this room, you consent to this recording protocol. Content is strictly confidential unless required for legal proceedings.
I acknowledge that this session is recorded for the host's safety and agree to the Terms of Service.
ENTER PRIVATE ROOM ➤

Mike grinned, a feral, victorious baring of teeth. He had won. He had beaten Chance. He had bought the prize. He clicked **Accept** with a finger that was still trembling.

The screen flickered, transitioned, and then reloaded. The chat room was gone. The view count was gone. It was just a single, high-definition video feed.

Will was there, shifting on the bed, adjusting the webcam slightly. He kept the angle low, preserving the illusion, cutting off the top half of his face so only his jaw, mouth,

and neck were visible. He smiled, a softer, more intimate expression than the one he wore for the crowd.

"Hi," Will whispered, his voice sounding tinny and close in Mike's headphones. *"I'm glad you won. You were... persistent."*

Mike swallowed hard, his hands hovering over the keyboard, unsure of the protocol. Did he type? Did he wave?

"Listen," Will said, uncurling his legs and sitting up straighter. The movement caught the light on the mess drying on his stomach, a visual that made Mike's brain stutter. *"I have a request. Before we start."*

Mike's fingers flew to the keys. **Anything.**

"Can you turn your audio on?" Will asked, leaning in. *"You don't have to speak. You don't have to say a word if you're shy. But... I like to hear. I like to know you're actually enjoying it. It helps me... get into it."*

Mike froze. *Audio?* That was risky. That was incredibly dangerous. If he coughed, if he sighed, if he made that specific weird noise he made when he stubbed his toe—Will would know.

But Will was asking. And Will looked so... eager. His lips were parted, waiting.

"Just breathing is fine," Will coaxed softly. *"Just so I know I'm not alone in here."*

I'm right here, Mike thought helplessly. *I'm literally through the wall.*

He reached for the microphone settings, his hand shaking. *Fuck it.* He clicked the button. The icon turned green.

He let out a shaky breath, the sound hissing through the connection.

On screen, Will's smile widened. *"There you are,"* he murmured. *"Hi."*

Mike didn't say anything. He couldn't. He just breathed, the sound ragged and heavy in the silence.

"Okay," Will said, looking pleased with himself. He stood up, the camera catching a flash of his bare thighs, before he was suddenly swaddled by a familiar blue silk robe. *"I need water. Badly. My throat is wrecked from... that. Give me two minutes? I'll be*

right back. Don't go anywhere. And keep the mic on... I want to hear you waiting for me."

He blew a soft, teasing kiss toward the lens, and then walked out of the frame. The screen showed the empty bed, the rumpled sheets, and the discarded toys.

Mike sat there, heart pounding, waiting. He reached blindly for the packet of wet wipes on his nightstand—the trusty sidekicks of his degeneration—and pulled one out with a wet snap to clean himself up quickly, scrubbing away the sticky evidence of his enthusiasm.

He tossed the used wipe into the small bin next to his bed, feeling slightly more human, though no less wired. He adjusted his position, relieved that the sheet was no longer sticking to his stomach. He felt electric, like he was vibrating on a different frequency than the rest of the world.

And then, he heard it.

A creak at first followed by distinct footsteps in the hallway.

Real footsteps. Heavy, tired, human footsteps. Not on the screen. In the apartment.

They were coming from Will's room, headed straight for the kitchen. The faint, distinctive squeak of the cabinet hinge echoed through the quiet apartment, followed by the sound of the faucet running.

Mike held his breath, his eyes glued to the empty room on his screen while his ears tracked the real-time movement of his best friend just a few walls away. It was a disorienting, vertigo-inducing sensation—watching the empty set on his laptop while listening to the actor walk around in the wings.

He's getting water, Mike told himself, his pulse jumping in his neck. *He's just getting water. He'll go back to his room.*

But then, instead of the footsteps retreating, they got closer.

Thump. Thump. Thump.

They were coming down the hall and getting suspiciously louder until it stopped right outside Mike's door.

Mike froze, his blood turning to absolute ice in his veins.

He looked around wildly. The situation was dire. It was catastrophic. He was naked, covered in sweat with his laptop was open to a private, paid cam session with his best friend. And said best friend was currently standing three inches of wood away from discovering that Mike was his highest-tipping patron for the night.

"Mike?" Will's voice came through the door, muffled but distinct. "Mike? Are you home? I saw your shoes by the door. And your bag."

Fuck.

Panic. Absolute, primal, lizard-brain panic.

He remembered his shoes. His dirty, distinct Converse, dumped haphazardly by the door when he had sneaked in earlier like a man on a mission. And his messenger bag, slung over the coat rack. Of course Will saw them. They were practically a neon sign saying *MIKE WHEELER IS IN THE BUILDING.*

He was supposed to be at work making lattes for NYU students until 5:00 AM. If Will opened this door—if Will walked in and saw Mike naked, sticky, with *Sweetbunny22* on his screen...

Mike would have to jump out the window. It was the only option. Defenestration was preferable to that conversation.

"Shit," Mike whispered, scrambling backward on the bed like a crab, pulling the duvet up to his chin with frantic, trembling hands. He nearly knocked the laptop off his knees in the process, catching it by the edge just before it clattered to the floor.

He cleared his throat, trying to find a voice that didn't sound like he had just spent an hour jerking himself to the brink of insanity.

"Yeah?" Mike called out. His voice cracked violently on the syllable, jumping three octaves into a register usually reserved for pre-pubescent boys and terrified hamsters. He coughed, trying to lower it. "Yeah! I'm here!"

"Can I come in?" Will asked.

The handle jiggled.

Mike stopped breathing. His eyes bulged.

Locked. Thank God, thank Jesus, thank the paranoia that made him lock it.

"No!" Mike shouted, way too loud, practically screaming. "No! Don't come in! Stay back!"

"Mike? Are you okay?" Will sounded worried now, his voice pitching up with genuine concern. The handle jiggled again. "Why are you home? Did something happen? Are you hurt?"

"I'm... sick!" Mike lied, the excuse tumbling out of his mouth in a frantic, uncoordinated rush. "I think I'm coming down with another flu. The shift manager had to send me back. I looked like death."

"Again?" Will asked, sounding skeptical even through the solid wood door. "You were fine at lunch. "

"It's a relapse!" Mike insisted, clutching the blankets to his chest like a shield, sweat dripping down his temple. "It hit me on the subway. Sudden onset. It's highly contagious, Will. Airborne. Deadly. I think I'm Patient Zero for a new super-virus. Save yourself!"

There was a long, agonizing pause. Mike could practically hear Will frowning on the other side of the door, weighing the probability of Mike having a sudden, deadly plague versus Mike just being a weirdo.

"Do you need soup?" Will asked finally, his voice soft and sympathetic. "Or ginger ale? I can leave it by the door. I think we have crackers."

"No!" Mike yelled, terrified that Will would linger. "No soup! I just need... isolation! Total quarantine!"

"Okay..." Will sounded unconvinced, but he backed off. "Well, text me if you need anything. I'm just... gonna head back to bed. I'm tired."

"Okay! Thanks! Bye! Go to bed!"

Mike listened, his entire body rigid, straining to hear over the pounding of his own heart. He heard Will's footsteps retreat back down the hall. *Thump. Thump. Thump.* He heard the kitchen light click off then after a few seconds he heard Will's bedroom door close. The lock clicked.

Mike let out a breath that shook his entire frame, collapsing back against the pillows like a puppet whose strings had been cut.

Close call. Too close. He was playing with fire, and he was currently soaked in gasoline.

He looked back at his laptop as Will walked back into the frame on screen, the camera angled low so it cut him off strictly at the chin. He set a glass of water on the nightstand, his chest rising and falling as he let out a sigh that the microphone picked up as a soft rush of static.

"Hi Mitch," Will said, his voice dropping back into that intimate, velvet purr, though Mike could hear the amusement laced through it. *"Sorry about that. I'm back. And I'm all yours."*

He leaned closer to the camera, tilting his head as if listening.

"You're still there, right? I can hear you breathing."

Mike froze. He had forgotten the mic was still on. He had left it open when Will went to get water, and now his heavy, panicked respiration was being broadcast directly into Will's room across the hall.

He scrambled to type, his hands shaking.

_bunnylover: *I'm here. Hi Lee.*

Hi," Will smiled—just the curve of his lips visible, soft and inviting. *"I like hearing you. It feels... closer. Like you're right here in the room with me."*

Mike let out a strangled noise that was half-whimper, half-laugh. *You have no idea.*

"So," Will continued, shifting on the bed and spreading his legs in the V of the white sheets, the pink cock ring glinting in the low light. *"I'm yours for the night. How do you want me?"*

Mike swallowed hard. The bed around Will was empty, the earlier props seemingly cast aside or out of frame, but Mike's mind immediately populated the white space with the arsenal he knew was within arm's reach. He thought about the dildo that looked like a structural hazard requiring a waiver; the vibrator buzzing with the aggressive energy of a power tool. And while the *14-Inch Monster* video had been a cinematic triumph of

physics-defying elasticity, his brain couldn't shake the image of Will in the kitchen this morning—bruised, exhausted, and looking like he needed a hug and a juice box, not a silicone invasion.

He didn't want a performance. He didn't want *Sweetbunny22* to put on a show for another stranger. He wanted Will. Just Will.

> ***_bunnylover:*** *Whatever you want. Whatever feels good for you. I just want to watch you enjoy it. No toys unless you want them.*

On screen, Will paused. His hands hovered over his thighs. He seemed surprised, his body language softening from the rigid pose of a performer into something looser, more genuine.

"Really?" Will whispered, a touch of wonder in his voice. *"You don't have a specific... request?"*

> ***_bunnylover:*** *Just you. Doing what you like.*

Will let out a soft laugh, a sound that felt like a secret shared in the dark. *"Okay. I can do that. That sounds... really nice, actually."*

He reached for the bottle of lube on the nightstand, popping the cap. *"But keep your mic on, okay? Don't mute yourself. I want to hear you. I want to know when it feels good for you. It helps me."*

Mike’s heart stuttered a frantic rhythm against his ribs. This was a dangerous dangerous game. But looking at Will’s lips, parted and waiting, Mike knew he couldn't deny him anything.

He didn't speak. He just let out a shaky, ragged exhale that shuddered through the microphone, a sound of surrender.

"Good," Will murmured, looking pleased. He poured lube into his palm—a wet, slick *schluck* that sounded incredibly loud in Mike's headphones. *"Stay right there with me."*

Will began to touch himself.

It wasn't the frantic, desperate stroking from the live show where he was fighting against a clock and a command. It was slow. Languid. Self-indulgent. He coated his hand in oil and wrapped it around his length, sliding up and down with a rhythm that was purely for him.

"Mmm," Will hummed, his head falling back out of frame, exposing the long, pale column of his throat. *"That feels better. No instructions. Just this."*

Mike watched, entranced. His own hand found its way back to himself, finding a matching rhythm. He was careful—so careful—to keep his breathing quiet, biting his lip until it stung to stifle the noises building in his throat.

But it was impossible to be silent. The sight of Will enjoying himself, stripped of the performative edge, was overwhelming. Will's hand moved with a steady, milking pressure, his thumb rubbing over the head of his cock, his hips bucking up in small, sharp jolts.

Mike let out a low, involuntary groan—a deep, guttural vibration of want.

Will paused mid-stroke, his chin tilting up slightly as if catching the sound. The camera focused on the sharp line of his jaw and the way a knowing, teasing smirk curled the corner of his mouth. *"I heard that,"* he whispered, leaning closer to the microphone so his lips filled the frame. *"You like that, Mitch? You like watching me touch myself?"*

Mike couldn't type. His hands were busy. He just groaned again, louder this time, the sound tearing out of him—a rough, affirmative noise that seemed to please Will immensely.

"Yeah," Will breathed, his hand slowing down, dragging the friction out. *"I like that sound. You sound... hungry. Are you touching yourself too? Let me hear it. Don't be quiet for me."*

He released his cock, letting it bob heavily against his thigh, and reached for the bottle of lube again.

"But this isn't enough," Will murmured, his voice dropping an octave, thick with intent. *"I need to feel... full. I need to open up for you."*

Mike watched, his breath hitching in his throat, as Will coated his index and middle fingers in a thick layer of glistening fluid. On screen, Will shifted, leaning back on his elbows to support his weight against the mattress. He drew his knees up toward his chest, spreading them wide in a shameless, beautiful display that left absolutely nothing to the imagination. The camera angle, low and intimate, caught the smooth, pale curve of his inner thighs and the soft flex of muscle as he positioned himself, leaving him completely exposed to the lens. With a slow, deliberate movement that made Mike's mouth go dry, Will pressed his thumb against his entrance.

"Look," Will commanded softly.

He slid one finger inside.

The sound was wet and distinct—a slick *squelch* that sounded like a bomb going off in Mike's headphones. Will let out a sharp, broken gasp, his head falling back, the tendons in his neck straining.

"Fuck," Will hissed, working the finger in deep, curling it trying to find his prostate. *"It's too short. Need your fingers to reach inside for me, Mitch."*

Mike's hand moved faster on himself, his grip white-knuckled. But along with the arousal, a spike of irrational, hot-blooded jealousy shot through him. *Mitch.* He hated hearing that name on Will's lips. He hated that Will was moaning for a persona, a phantom, a username.

I'm right here, Mike thought furiously, stroking himself with aggressive possessiveness. *Say **my** name. Say Mike.* It was the most stupid, paradoxical thing to be jealous of—himself—but logic had left the building about one orgasm ago.

Will didn't stop there. He added a second finger, scissoring them slowly, stretching the rim. The wet, sloppy sounds of his fingers working inside himself filled the silence of Mike's room.

"Do you like seeing me like this?" Will asked, his voice trembling. He began to pump his fingers in and out, a steady, rhythmic fucking that made his hips snap up to meet each thrust. *"All wet and open? I bet you'd fit so good. You sound big, Mitch. Are you big? I bet you'd stretch me out way better than my fingers can."*

Mike didn't trust his voice. He choked out a broken, needy moan into the mic, his hips bucking off the mattress in a phantom thrust. He wanted to scream *Yes*, but he settled for the guttural noise of a man losing his mind.

The feedback loop was absolute destruction. Mike's wet, slick sounds of self-pleasure—the slap of his hand, the ragged edge of his breathing—were feeding directly into Will's ears. It was making Will bolder. Messier.

Will started stroking his cock again with his free hand, creating a dual rhythm of pleasure that was overwhelming to witness.

"I can hear you," Will moaned, his pace picking up, the slap of skin against skin getting louder. *"You're close, aren't you? I can hear how wet you are. Does it feel good? Imagine I'm doing it. Imagine my hand is there."*

Mike typed with one hand, a frantic, key-mashing mess.

_***bunnylover:*** *YES.*

Will bit his lip, his expression softening into something hazier, sweeter. The sound of Mike's low, rough groan through the speakers seemed to hit him like a physical touch. He shivered, his hips stuttering in their rhythm.

"That sounds... really hot," Will whispered, his voice trembling slightly. *"You sound... big. Like you take up a lot of room in your hand."*

Mike groaned again, unable to articulate anything more complex, his hand tightening around himself. The praise, coming from Will's mouth—that mouth—was dismantling his defenses brick by brick. *He thinks I sound big.* Mike felt a surge of pride that was immediately followed by a wave of terror.

"Maybe..." Will hesitated, his hand slowing down just a fraction. His chin dipped, turning slightly away from the lens, a sudden flush of shyness coloring his neck and chest that had nothing to do with the physical exertion. It was a vulnerable shift in posture, a hesitation Mike usually only saw during late-night talks on the fire escape, not during a paid cam session. *"Maybe you could turn your camera on? Just... just for a second?"*

_***bunnylover:*** *???*

"Yeah," Will murmured, his voice dropping into a soft, hopeful suggestion. He leaned closer to the camera, his lips parting slightly as if speaking directly into Mike's ear. *"You don't have to show your face. I don't need to know who you are. You could just... point it down? Aim it at your lap?"*

His lips glistened, the movement of his tongue slow and deliberate as he licked them. The sultry curve of his mouth held a confident demand that clashed beautifully with the deep, dark blush spreading down his neck and over his chest. *"I just... I think I'd really like to see you finish. I want to see what you're working with. If you want to."*

Mike stopped moving. Show him? Show him his cock? The one his friends joked was a safety hazard? The one that required a wide berth in gym class?

Absolutely not, his rational brain screamed, frantically waving red flags. *Too risky. Too identifying.*

Do it, his lizard brain roared back, drunk on power and lust. *He wants to see. He asked. Look at him. He's begging.*

And really... a dick was a dick, right? It wasn't a face. It wasn't a social security number. And Will's mouth was right there in the center of the frame, lips slick and parted in a breathless, hungry invitation that radiated raw, desperate expectation.

"Please?" Will whispered, his hand still working himself, wet and sloppy. *"I bet it's beautiful. I bet it's huge. I want to see you explode."*

Mike felt his resolve shatter like glass dropped from a skyscraper. He was a weak, weak man. A pathetic man who would apparently risk his entire friendship and living situation just because Will Byers asked nicely.

Fuck it, he thought.

He sat up, shifting on the bed, his heart pounding so hard he thought it might bruise his ribs. He grabbed the laptop, tilting the screen down. He was terrifyingly hard, his length flushed and glistening with lube, throbbing with the need for release. It was huge and angry and undeniably Mike Wheeler but Will doesn't know that.

He clicked the video icon.

On screen, Will’s eyes widened. His mouth fell open in a perfect, silent 'O'. He stopped stroking himself for a fraction of a second, his hand just resting on his shaft as he stared at the feed of Mike’s lap.

"Holy shit," Will breathed, the persona dropping completely into genuine, unfiltered shock. *"You are... wow."*

Mike’s ego inflated to dangerous levels. *He likes it.*

"That is..." Will licked his lips, his gaze glued to the screen. *"That is beautiful. God, Mitch. You're huge. You're actually huge."*

Mike let out a broken, needy moan into the mic—no longer caring if it sounded like him—and began to stroke himself.

The visual was enough for Will. It was fuel. Will started moving again, faster this time, frantic. He was watching Mike’s feed—watching Mike’s hand work over the head, watching the way Mike’s hips bucked—and losing his mind over it.

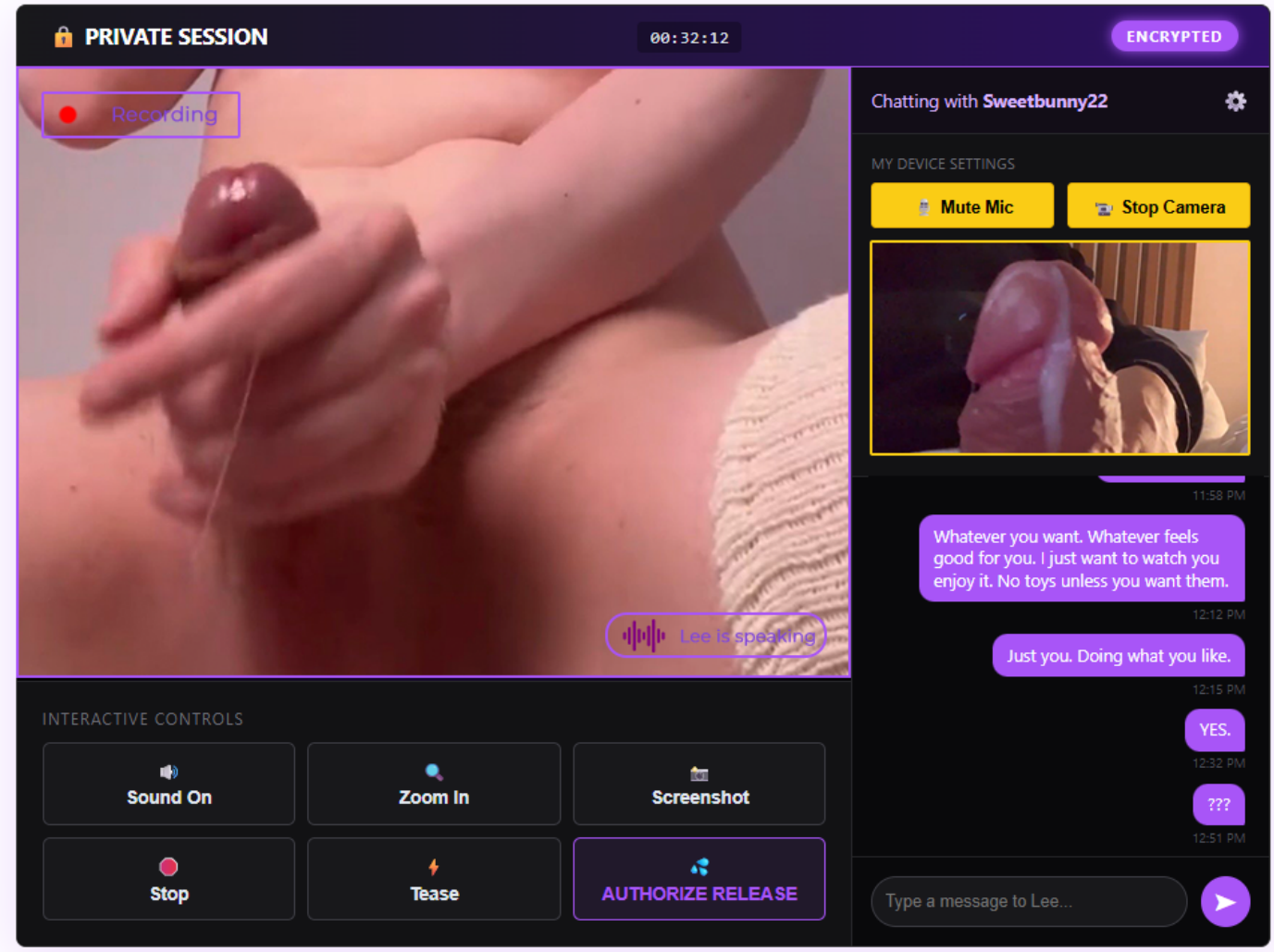
"Come with me," Will gasped, his head thrashing against the pillow. *"Come on. Right now. Show me. Cover yourself in it."*

Mike didn't need to be told twice. The sight of Will unraveling—of Will getting off *to him*, to his body, calling him huge—pushed him over the edge.

He groaned, a loud, raw sound he couldn't stifle, and arched his back.

He came *a lot*—with thick ropes of white shotting up, coating his hand, his stomach, hitting the keyboard of his laptop with a wet *splat*.

On screen, Will cried out, his own release hitting him a split second later. He shuddered, spilling himself over his hand and his stomach, his body seizing in the same beautiful spasms Mike was feeling.



For a long moment, the only sound was their ragged breathing—Mike's in the dark room, Will's through the headset.

Mike panted, his hand trembling as he reached for a tissue to wipe the mess off his space bar before it got too sticky.

Will collapsed back onto the bed, his chest heaving in shallow, rapid hitches. The camera caught the sharp line of his jaw as he tilted his head toward his monitor. He licked his lips, a lazy, satisfied curve touching his mouth as he took in the sight of Mike's feed—the aftermath of the explosion he'd just witnessed. He bit his lower lip, a soft, breathy laugh escaping him that sounded like pure victory.

"That was..." Will laughed, a breathless exhale. *"Thank you. I really needed that."*

Mike quickly cut the video feed, tilting the camera back up to the ceiling fan before typing with sticky fingers.

_bunnylover: *Thank you, Lee. Rest well.*

"You too, Mitch," Will whispered, his voice thick with sleepiness. *"Goodnight."*

The screen went black as the connection ended.

Mike sat there in the dark, naked, covered in drying fluids, his heart still racing a mile a minute. He stared at the blank screen of his laptop, his reflection staring back at him—wild-eyed, ruined, and arguably the most morally compromised person in a five-borough radius.

He had just come with his best friend on a video chat, showed him his dick, and heard Will call it *huge* and *beautiful*.

"I am the worst person alive," Mike whispered to the ceiling. He felt the weight of a thousand sins pressing down on his chest, but he also felt like he was floating six inches off the mattress.

He cleaned himself up with the reverence of a man preserving a historical artifact, then crawled under the covers, curling into a happy little fetal position. If a meteor hit the apartment building right now, Mike decided he could die in peace. His legacy was secured. The Wheeler Weaponry had been peer-reviewed and given a five-star rating by the only critic who mattered *(even if said critic did not know it was him)*.

Maybe he wasn't doomed after all, he thought as he drifted off to sleep, a small, terrified, and utterly victorious smile spread across his face.

Chapter End Notes

FUN FACT: in case you're curious. 11 inches is as long as paper towel rolls- not the one used in the bathroom no, those are tissues ffs. Like the ones on the kitchen. So next time you think of Mike's dih in this fic just think of that... or maybe a full size subway. Whichever helps you better, i guess??

This shit just keeps getting longer every time I write, mind you my initial target word count was at 50k. Now here we are at chapter 3 with almost 60k words.

Like I said on my previous notes, this was really really hard to write. I'm finding it hard to grasp some comedic tone because I want to just delve into some angst or just dive right into the filthiness. I'm also getting guilty over Mike Wheeler being a loser and not yet getting Will because fuckkk we're a lot of words in and man was getting nothing but his hand. Trust the next chapters should give him Will... maybe...

Let me know your guys thoughts please, it's very motivating. Also... let me know if you want to be moots on twitter because I need more friends :>>>

Chapter 4: Get yo man (hopefully)

Chapter Notes

I saw the recs on twt and I wanted to stay thank you for those who shared this fic hshshhss. I'm still kinda shy to do promo on twt (mainly because i write absolute depravity and it feels very much like confessing to a sin) so y'all doing the lord's work for me.

Also I just want to clarify this because I got AI allegations while I lose sleep for writing this— please this is not AI guys, I swear! I usually just ignore shits like this but I almost lost it because I was running on 3 hours of sleep writing and it felt like a slap on the face. Y'all, I inform shouales of every writing process and ideas, she's with me through and through while I wrack my brain. Please be kind <333

Less dialogues on the first part I'm sorry, I need to forward the pacing a bit!! NGL, only a quarter of this update is the actual plot the rest are just porn.

Fair Warning: Confident Will Byers ahead. Please clutch your pearls.

ONTO THE LIST!!!

▶ SPOILERS

Spot the all the FRIENDS reference and I'll give you a kiss (˶ᵔ ᵕ ᵔ˶)♡

If you want to be moots on twt you can follow me <333 i follow everyone back yeyyy: @_lowkeyks_

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Time, as it turned out, was a liquid asset—much like the significant portion of Mike Wheeler's savings account that was currently flowing directly into the pockets of Velvetcam's payment processors.

It had been a month and a half of Mike Wheeler successfully living a double life that was slowly turning his brain into a bowl of lukewarm oatmeal. His reality had fractured into two distinct, equally exhausting timelines.

Ladies and Disappointments, please listen carefully:

In **Timeline A**, he was the World's Greatest Best Friend. He was basically a service dog with a Creative Writing minor, spending his days carrying Will's heavy sketchbooks with the grim determination of a pack mule, glaring at anyone on the L-train who breathed too loud in Will's direction, and practicing *"The Look"* in the bathroom mirror.

What is "The Look" if you may ask—well it was intended to be a smoldering, "I-definitely-want-to-hold-your-hand-and-kiss-your-face-and-maybe-marry-you" expression, but in practice, it usually just made Mike look like he was suffering from a mild neurological event or a very specific type of indigestion.

But hey, one step at a time, *right?*

He was currently on a one-man mission to prove he was Romantic Candidate #1. He hadn't confessed yet, mostly because the mere thought of articulating his feelings made his throat close up like Santa in a chimney, but he was making an effort through the power of aggressive chivalry by making sure Will never had to open his own door and by curating playlists of indie-folk songs that were ninety percent longing and ten percent banjo. He always bought the "good" almond milk—the expensive kind that didn't taste like chalk—even though it meant he had to skip his own afternoon caffeine fix. He was a

Man of Substance, *dammit*. A Man who walked on the street side of the sidewalk— one who remembered that Will liked his toast "lightly golden, not charred."

In **Timeline B**, however, Mike was a degenerate. A reprobate. A man who deserved to be studied by psychologists for his ability to compartmentalize absolute filth.

While Real World Mike was winning awards for Platonic Excellence, Digital Mike was fighting for his life in the chatroom trenches, throwing virtual coins at his best friend's feet like a depraved Roman emperor.

Now, a point of clarification for the concerned observers regarding his financial state: Mike Wheeler was not *actually* destitute. In fact, on paper, he was doing just fine. Thanks to the *Karen Wheeler School of Maternal Logistics* and Ted Wheeler's deep, albeit begrudging, pockets, Mike had a substantial monthly allowance.

It covered rent, utilities, groceries, and a generous emergency fund that allowed them to afford a spacious two-bedroom apartment in Manhattan rather than a shoebox in a Queens basement that smelled like soup even before Will started his— *job? Hobby? Jobby?*

Whatever. The point is, *technically*, Mike didn't *need* to work to survive college. His degree was paid for; his existence was subsidized.

However, there was a strict, unspoken clause in the Wheeler Financial Agreement that the money was for *living*, not for *loving*. And it certainly wasn't for tipping a cam boy— who happened to be his childhood best friend and who his parents knew as long as he did—five hundred dollars to wear a specific pair of sheer knee socks.

If Ted Wheeler ever saw a bank statement with thousands of dollars funneling into "Velvet Media Holdings," he would likely have a coronary event right there in his recliner, dropping his chicken casserole onto the rug, and Mike would have to explain at the funeral why he killed his father with gay porn.

So, Mike's *brokeness* was a matter of perspective, pride, and survival. *Performative poverty*— Max calls it.

For the last three years, he had tried to draw as little as possible from the family coffers, treating the account with the same wariness one might treat a live grenade. He had lived aggressively within the means of his barista and rare tutoring wages, enacting a self-imposed penance to prove—mostly to Will, but also to himself—that he was a functioning adult who could survive on his own merits without the Wheeler safety net.

He didn't want Will to see him as a trust fund kid; he wanted to be seen as capable. So, he had let the allowance pile up, a neglected dragon's hoard of unspent cash, while he ate dollar-store ramen and pretended it was a lifestyle choice.

But desperate times called for desperate measures. Mike had finally found a use for the thousands of dollars gathering dust in his savings account. While dignity was priceless, *Sweetbunny22's* attention had a very specific market value, and Mike was finally ready to dip into the reserves.

Or rather, he was ready to let the reserves handle the boring stuff so he could blow his actual paycheck on the important things.

As of the past four weeks, _bunnylover was funded entirely by Mike's own blood, sweat, and dignity. He had established a strict, bizarrely moral financial ecosystem: The Wheeler Family Trust covered his half of the rent, the utilities, and the groceries, keeping him alive in the physical world. But his digital life? That was powered solely by his own hustle. He refused to let his father's money touch his best friend's naked body, even indirectly. It was a matter of principle.

While he remained frustratingly parked at number eight on the all-time leaderboard—a list populated by legacy whales who had been throwing money at Will since he first started this *journey*—his recent performance was nothing short of legendary. For four weeks straight, Mike had been the reigning, undisputed champion of the weekly top tipper list.

It was a title bought with the systematic cannibalization of his disposable income. He had traded new sneakers, limited-edition comics, and rare indie vinyls for the digital currency required to keep his seat at the table, ruthlessly prioritizing tokens over his own happiness *(it's okay because he gives said tokens on his actual happy pill)*.

He was currently spending his afternoons tutoring a handful of freshmen, with one named Kyle who genuinely believed a protagonist was a type of pre-workout protein powder. Every time Kyle asked if *The Great Gatsby* was about *getting those gains* or if Nick Carraway was just a hater, Mike would close his eyes, visualize the curve of Will's plump, perfect ass in 4K resolution, and remind himself that every hour of literary suffering was worth exactly one hundred Velvet-tokens.

And he's suffering is worth it because *Mitch*—the persona Mike had carefully cultivated—was the only one who got to see the *real* Lee. Or at least, that's the lie Mike told himself every time he was hunched over his laptop in the dark, his hand moving in a rhythmic, frantic blur, paying his bills with sanity and his rent with lies.

Ironically, the constant state of near-financial ruin and moral bankruptcy was doing wonders for his complexion.

"You look... disgustingly alive," Max noted, staring at Mike over the rim of a paper cup at *The Daily Grind*. It was a rainy Tuesday, the kind of weather that usually made Mike grumpy and prone to existential monologues about the futility of capitalism. Instead, Mike was aggressively wiping down the counter and whistling.

He was actually whistling.

"I slept well," Mike lied smoothly, tossing a dirty rag into the hamper with the flourish of an NBA star. "Drank some water. Practiced mindfulness."

Max narrowed her eyes, scrutinizing Mike's face like she was looking for a wire. "You look like you just won the lottery. Or got laid. Which is it?"

"Neither," Mike chirped, turning to restock the napkin dispenser. "Just high on life, Mayfield. The joy of service."

"You hate service," She pointed out. "You threatened to bite a customer last week because she asked for oat milk in a cappuccino."

"That was last week. This is the new Mike. Positive Mike. Rejuvenated Mike."

He wasn't high on life. He was high on the sheer, creative depravity of Will Byers.

The truth was, the past month and a half had been a rigorous education. Mike had become a *gooner*—a term he'd discovered on a subreddit during a 3:00 AM shame-spiral and subsequently spent three hours obsessing over in a fit of self-loathing. He was a Michael Wheeler-shaped vessel for repressed lust, a man whose entire dopamine regulation system was now tethered to the notification sound of a specific website.

But it wasn't just lust. That would be too simple. That would be manageable. No, the tragedy of Mike Wheeler was that he was a gooner *in love*.

It was a jarring, nauseating contrast. During the day, he looked at Will with the soft, doe-eyed reverence of a Victorian poet pining for his muse. He wanted to hold Will's hand; brush the hair out of Will's eyes; buy him flowers and write him sonnets about the way the light hit his cheekbones. He was head-over-heels, star-crossed, completely and utterly gone for the boy who slept down the hall.

And then, at night, he would lock his door and aggressively wreck himself to videos of that same sweet, soft boy choking on a dildo the size of a fucking forearm. *(At least Mike now know, that yes, Will can take his large dick and if not, he'll still fucking try.)*

It was a duality that would have made Freud quit the profession entirely.

Will's content drops were the only thing keeping Mike from vibrating into a different dimension, acting as a pressure valve for the insane tension building in their apartment. The schedule was grueling, consistent, and dangerous.

Will posted pre-recorded content every **Sunday night** and **Wednesday night at 11:00 PM**. This was prime time for Mike to retreat to his room, lock the door, and descend into madness.

But the main event—the holy grail of Mike's week—was the **Saturday Night Live Stream at 9:30 PM**.

Mike had permanently rearranged his entire existence around that 9:30 PM slot. He had bullied, bribed, and practically begged Keith at *The Daily Grind* to move his Saturday graveyard shifts to the opening morning shift, claiming a newfound need for a getting his body clock better— when in reality, he just needed to be in his bedroom, headphones on, lube ready, the second *Sweetbunny22* went online.

He had a near-perfect attendance record. He had missed exactly one stream in six weeks—*The Incident of Two Saturdays Ago*, when Stacy called in "sick" *(hungover)* ten minutes before her shift, forcing Mike to cover closing. He had spent the entire night scrubbing espresso machines with aggressive violence while checking updates in the walk-in freezer, only to find out later that he had lost the private session slot to that fucker *Chance*. He still hadn't forgiven Stacy. Or Chance. Or the universe for that matter.

But aside from that tragic lapse, he was punctual. He was dedicated. And he liked to tell himself he was balancing it all perfectly. He had compartmentalized his life into neat little boxes: *Friendship* in the living room, *Filth* in the bedroom.

He was wrong, of course. The boxes were leaking.

Just last Tuesday, they had been sitting on the couch watching TV. Will had tilted his head back to drink from a water bottle, his throat bobbing as he swallowed. Mike had zoned out, staring at the movement of Will's Adam's apple, his brain instantly replaying

a clip from a "Deepthroat Training" video where Will made the exact same motion around a silicone cock.

"Mike?" Will had asked, lowering the bottle. "Why are you staring at my neck?"

"I'm not," Mike had lied, his voice cracking. "I was just thinking... you have very... efficient swallowing mechanics. Good hydration technique."

Will had looked at him like he needed to be institutionalized.

So yes, Mike was deeply, profoundly unwell. But since he couldn't afford a therapist who specialized in "Best Friend/Cam Boy Cognitive Dissonance," he settled for the next best thing: a strict, religiously observed routine of self-destruction.

He had spent the previous weeks consuming every upload the moment it hit the server.

There was the **Sensory Play (Violet Wax)** video from three weeks ago. Mike remembered that night vividly; it was 2:00 AM on a Wednesday, and he was supposed to be asleep for an opening shift. Instead, he was sitting up in the suffocating darkness of his room, back pressed against the headboard and laptop screen dimmed to the lowest setting, hands down his own pants.

In the video, the camera frame was cropped strictly at the jawline, keeping Will's identity a secret while turning his torso into a landscape of pale, trembling skin. His chest was a canvas, rising and falling in rapid, shallow breaths. Mike had watched, his hand finding its way into his boxers with a frantic, starving desperation, as Will lit the violet candle.

The first drop fell in slow motion. When the hot, purple liquid hit Will's sternum, his entire body jerked—a sharp, involuntary arch that lifted his spine off the mattress. He let out a wet, surprised whimper that bypassed Mike's ears and went straight to his groin.

"F-fuck," Will had hissed on screen, toes curling into the gray jersey sheets—the same sheets Mike had helped him fold in the living room only hours prior after Will's usual white sheets are set to be laundered, their fabric softener scent still fresh in Mike's memory.

It felt so wrong, *but god*, it felt good. Mike's hand was a blur, wrapped tight around his aching cock, moving in a desperate, jerky rhythm that matched every flinch of Will's body on the screen. *Drip.* Will gasped. *Stroke.* Mike groaned. They were locked together in this weird, twisted dance. Every time a drop of hot purple wax hit Will's

pale skin, Mike's hips bucked off the mattress, a phantom heat searing through his own veins.

He watched the wax run down Will's chest, tracing the outline of his ribs before cooling into hard, colorful lines. Mike bit his lip until he tasted iron, his breath coming in short, shallow pants. He rubbed his thumb over the wet, weeping head of his cock, teasing the most sensitive spot again and again.

Seeing his best friend like this—exposed, and shivering in beautiful discomfort—was too much. It broke him. Mike pumped his hand faster, his vision going blurry, until the pressure in his groin exploded. He arched his back, spilling hot and messy into a wad of tissues *(he eventually learned after Will questioned him why he need to wash his sheets two times a week)*, shaking violently as wave after wave of pleasure crashed over him, leaving him wrecked and panting in the dark.

Then came the **E-Stim** experiment a week later. That one had nearly sent Mike to the ER with heart palpitations.

He had watched it in the employee bathroom at *The Daily Grind*, locked in the handicap stall during his fifteen-minute break. The air smelled of industrial bleach and stale mop water, but Mike barely noticed. He was leaning against the graffiti-covered metal door, pants unbuttoned, headphones clamped over his ears like life support, watching Will wire himself up like a science fair project gone wrong.

Will wasn't using the soft silicone toys Mike was used to. He was using metal. Cold, conductive, medical-grade steel.

He had inserted a heavy, flared plug—a smooth, silver teardrop that disappeared inside him with a startling ease. Around the base of his cock was an electro-ring, a conductive loop that squeezed him tight. And in his hand, Will held a wartenburg pinwheel—a terrifying-looking instrument with a spiked metal wheel that spun freely.

"Okay," Will whispered, his eyes wide and dilated. *"Let's turn it on and hope for the best, yeah?"*

He turned the dial on the power box.

Mike watched, his hand gripping his own semi-hard length, as Will touched the pinwheel to his inner thigh.

The reaction was instantaneous. Will's leg kicked out, a violent, involuntary spasm that had nothing to do with desire and everything to do with electricity hijacking his nervous

system.

"F-f-fuck," Will stuttered, the current seizing his voice box.

He dragged the wheel up his thigh, the spikes tracking lines of sensation over his skin. Every inch was a fresh shock. Will's muscles rippled and danced under his pale skin, contracting in waves that he couldn't control. His hips bucked off the mattress, the metal plug inside him conducting the pulses deep into his prostate.

It was the lack of control that broke Mike. Will was being played by a machine, his body jerking and twitching like a marionette.

Will cranked the dial higher.

His back arched so hard his ribs threatened to tear through his skin. His head fell back, mouth hanging open in a silent scream as the ElectroRing sent pulses straight into his cock—these raw, guttural noises—wet, choked whimpers of overstimulation that sounded like he was drowning.

"Too much," Will gasped, slobber running down his chin. Mike can almost imagine his eyes rolling back in his head. *"God, it's— ah! Ah! Ah!"*

And then, when the loss of control became absolute. The current hit a nerve, bypassing Will's conscious mind entirely. A stream of piss released, spurting out in jagged, uncontrolled bursts, mixing with the sweat and lube on his stomach and wetting the bed. Will cried out, a sound of pure humiliation and overwhelming sensation, unable to stop it as his body betrayed him in the most primal way possible.

Mike lost his mind. Standing there in the dirty bathroom stall, listening to the barista playlist muffled through the walls, he stroked himself with a frantic, punishing speed.

You see, Mike had never thought of piss as sexual. He'd always categorized it as 'biological necessity' and 'gross.' But watching Will lose control like that, watching his body surrender completely to the sensation until he couldn't even hold himself... well, best believe that mindset was now forever changed.

When the stream finally subsided, Will didn't get a moment of relief. Instead, his body seized in a violent, full-body spasm. The electric pulses, combined with the sheer intensity of the previous release, pushed him over the precipice. He cried out—a broken, shattered sound—as he came, hands-free, his hips bucking off the mattress as ropes of white shot up to mix with the mess already on his stomach with Mike following him over the edge instantly. He barely had time to aim before the violent, roping release

splattered onto his work pants, the floor, and the seat of the toilet a few steps in front of him. He slumped against the metal partition, gasping for air, seeing stars and God and the face of the boy he loved contorted in pleasure-pain.

It was humiliating, transcendent, and required a very awkward conversation with his shift manager about why he needed to go home early to change his trousers due to a syrup explosion. *Yeah, right.*

But the video that had almost truly broken Mike—the one that had haunted his dreams for a full week, playing on a loop like a cursed VHS tape from *The Ring* but horny and also absolutely so fucking random—was the **Balloon Experiment**.

It had been a weird request from a high-tier fan named *Pennythewiser*, and even Mike, who admittedly was a bit weird himself and sent a paid request to watch his friend sit on a cake once, had been skeptical. The premise was simple: Will was supposed to blow into a giant balloon filled with watered-down heavy whipping cream until physics gave up and it exploded all over his bare body.

On paper, it was slapstick. A clown-core porn. It was something *The Three Stooges* would have rejected for being too messy. Mike had clicked the link with a sneer, fully prepared to laugh his ass off at the absurdity of it.

But somehow, Will had made it art.

He had been wearing nothing but a pair of white lace panties—the ones Mike had accidentally seen in the laundry basket the day before and had to physically restrain himself from burying his face in—and he was sitting cross-legged on a clear plastic tarp spread all over the floor like he was preparing for a very specific kind of murder.

The camera frame was cut strictly at the determined set of his mouth. He held the weighted balloon to his lips, his jaw working as he began to blow.

Mike watched, his hand already snaking into his boxers despite his brain screaming that this was objectively ridiculous. He wrapped his fingers around himself, feeling the confused twitch of his own arousal. *This is stupid,* he told himself, stroking slowly, hesitantly.

But then the balloon started to grow. It expanded, dark and heavy with the liquid inside, sagging against Will's bare chest. The cold rubber made Will shiver, his nipples hardening visibly against the latex surface. The strain of blowing it up turned Will's neck and chest a pretty, flushed pink, the cords in his throat straining, his mouth working around the nozzle with a focus that was inadvertently filthy.

But his body disagreed. His hand moved faster, a frantic, bewildered rhythm that defied all logic. He was jerking off to a balloon. He was jerking off to the *anticipation* of a balloon. *What the fuck is wrong with him?* Mike doesn't know the answer to that but he can add this to his ever-growing list of *wrongness* in him. The tension in the video was maddening—a ticking time bomb of lactose. Mike watched, transfixed, his grip on himself tightening, his hips bucking up to meet his hand in short, sharp jolts.

"It's getting so tight," Will had whispered around the nozzle, his voice vibrating with a mix of genuine terror and thrill. He adjusted his grip, the balloon pressing into his stomach, the liquid inside sloshing audibly. *"I can feel it... it's going to—"*

POP

The explosion of white, sticky liquid was immediate and total. It coated Will from his chin to his knees in a split second. He gasped, dropping the shredded remains of the rubber, sitting there stunned as thick, white cream dripped from his nose and his chin. It slid down his neck, pooling in his collarbones like a sweet little lake, before trailing down his stomach to soak the white lace panties until they were translucent and clinging to his skin.

Will sat there for a beat, shivering, looking like a frosted cupcake. Then, he let out a high, shocked laugh that was the most erotic sound Mike had ever heard. He ran his hands over his chest, smearing the cream into his skin, making a wet, slick mess of himself.

"Oh god," Will panted, wiping a glob from his collarbone. He looked at his cream-covered fingers, hesitated for a beat, and then slowly, deliberately, licked them clean. His lips wrapped around the digit, sucking the mess off with a wet *pop*. *"That was... really messy."*

Mike's brain short-circuited. The visual of Will covered in cream, shivering and wet, collided with the sheer absurdity of the situation, and the result was a catastrophic system failure. He didn't even have time to question why. He just groaned, snapping his hips off the mattress, and came with a violence that left him shaking, a confused, angry orgasm born of the image of his best friend covered in dessert toppings.

The aftermath was waiting for him the next morning.

Mike had stumbled into the kitchen, bleary-eyed and dehydrated, to find Will taking out the trash. And there, sitting right on top of the bag like a piece of evidence in a crime procedural, was the single, popped remnant of red latex, still slick with dried cream.

"Everything okay, Mike?" Will had asked, pausing with the trash bag in his hand. He looked soft and innocent in the morning light, wearing a vintage tee and sweatpants, completely at odds with the cream-covered siren from the night before.

Mike stared at the balloon and then at Will. He felt like he was looking at a murder weapon.

"Yeah," Mike had squeaked, his voice cracking. His brain unhelpfully replayed the sound of the *pop* and the sight of Will licking his fingers. "Just... thirsty. Need water. Lots of water. Dehydration is a silent killer. You know. Electrolytes."

Will had just smiled—that sweet, oblivious smile that made Mike want to scream—and headed out the door to the trash chute. Mike had leaned against the counter, breathing through his nose, wondering if it was possible to die from second-hand embarrassment and first-hand lust simultaneously.

Last but not the least of course, were the videos where Will wore skirts.

This was Mike's favorite genre, the one he kept coming back to like a moth to a flame. Will had developed a specific fondness for pleated tennis skirts, silk slips, and cropped sweaters, claiming his *bunnies* and *daddies* loved the way they flared when he spun. But Mike suspected Will loved them too. He loved the way the fabric softened his edges, the way it turned him into something delicate and precious.

There was just something about seeing Will in skirts—or those tiny, impossible shorts that left nothing to the imagination—that rewired Mike's entire nervous system. He loved the way the fabric emphasized the curve of Will’s hips and the smooth, pale expanse of his thighs; Loved the way Will would lift the hem just enough to tease, a confident smirk touching his glossy lips, revealing the faint, maddening outline of his dick pressed against the soft material. It made Mike want to fall to his knees and wrap his hands around those thighs and never let go.

It was in these moments that the lines between Mike’s two competing realities blurred into a singular, overwhelming ache. The lust was sharp and jagged, a primal thing of teeth and sweat that wanted to bite, to mark, to own. It wanted to wreck the pretty boy on the screen until he couldn't remember his own name. But the love? The love was the thing that wanted to smooth down the pleats of that skirt afterward. It was the impulse to kiss the exposed skin with a reverence usually reserved for religious artifacts, to bring him water, to make sure he was warm. The two feelings were becoming inextricably linked, a braided rope of desire and domesticity that was slowly strangling Mike’s common sense.

But that's okay, because this double-life was manageable as long as Will stayed "Will" at home and kept the "Lee" persona behind a locked door.

Right? *Wrong.*

Lately, the borders were shaking. It was as if Will were sensing Mike's internal struggle—his specific, desperate weakness for Will in soft, feminine clothing—and had decided to personally sabotage every ounce of self-control Mike had left.

Sometimes, Mike felt like Will *knew*. There were moments where it felt like he was deliberately challenging Mike's moral compass, playing a game of chicken that Mike didn't remember signing up for.

Like today, for example. It was Wednesday—*Content Drop Day*—and the clock had just ticked past 8:00 PM.

Mike emerged from his bedroom in a state of carefully calibrated nonchalance, performing a walk that was definitely *not* a skip, but possessed a certain bounce that suggested he was trying to high-five gravity.

He wasn't excited about the notification scheduled to hit his inbox in five hours—that would be pathetic. He was skipping because... he was a big fan of laminate flooring. *Yeah.* He really appreciate the aesthetic of the hallway.

He was just a guy, a normal, well-adjusted guy, walking to the kitchen to hydrate, and definitely not a man whose internal monologue was currently screaming *NEW CONTENT* like a broken fire alarm.

He rounded the corner into the kitchen and stopped dead, feet squeaking loudly against the floor.

He had hit a roadblock. A beautiful, devastating, fabric-based roadblock.

Will was there, by the counter, his upper body half-disappeared into the dark, chaotic depths of the low cabinet where they kept the mismatched Tupperware—a cabinet that required one to sit in front of it to navigate properly.

But Will wasn't seated. Apparently, he had decided to bend at the waist, legs straight, creating a perfect, ninety-degree angle of destruction while wearing Blue Booty Shorts.

As Mike watched him dig through the back of the cabinet, rattling plastic lids, the tiny shorts rode up and disappeared. The fabric strained against his hips, climbing the

smooth, pale expanse of his upper thighs to expose the crescent underside curve of his glutes. They were barely covering him to begin with, but now, hinged forward like that, the hem cut high enough to reveal the soft, round swell of his ass cheeks in a way that made Mike's mouth go instantly, painfully dry.

The fabric pulled tight across his rear, outlining everything—the cleft, the curve, the sheer *peach-like* quality of it.

Will could have sat down on the floor. He could have kneeled. He could have simply squatted like a normal human being looking for a Tupperware lid on the bottom drawer but instead, he was bending at the waist, legs straight, presenting his backside to the room like a goddamn centerfold.

Mike froze, his breath hitching in his throat. His brain, unbidden and traitorous, immediately overlaid the image of the white lace panties from the *Balloon Experiment* over the blue nylon. It pulled up the memory of multiple *Thigh Highs* videos. He could almost see the way Will's skin would feel under his hand—warm, soft, yielding, probably smelling like that vanilla lotion he'd started slathering on himself after showers.

Mike stared at the faint, visible line of Will's ass pressed against the thin blue cotton—the way the seam in the middle dip between his ass cheeks—and felt his brain fry. It was the same feeling he got watching Lee's videos: that overwhelming, dizzying mix of protective adoration and feral, possessive hunger. He wanted to pull Will's shorts down but he also wanted to stand behind him and guard him from anyone else seeing this.

Mike's hand twitched by his side, fingers curling into a fist. *I could just reach out. I could just step forward, brace my hips against his, and—*

"Aha!" Will's muffled voice echoed from the depths of the Tupperware abyss.

He shimmied backward out of the cabinet—a movement that did terrible, illegal things to the fabric of his shorts—and straightened up with a fluid grace that belonged in a ballet studio, not a cramped kitchen that smelled like Pine-Sol. He turned around, holding a warped, orange-stained plastic lid aloft like Simba on Pride Rock.

"Found the lid," Will mumbled triumphantly.

Mike stared at it. That lid belonged to a container they had lost in the move three years ago. It fit absolutely nothing in this apartment. It was useless plastic garbage. But Mike didn't say that. He couldn't speak—couldn't even exhale—because Will had turned

around, and the situation had escalated from 'National Emergency' to 'Extinction Level Event.'

Gripped between Will’s cute teeth is a rainbow popsicle.

It was one of those tri-colored ones—red, white, and blue—melting slightly in the warmth of the kitchen. He didn't take it out to speak. He just held it there, his lips wrapped around the base, his cheeks hollowing slightly as he sucked on the ice to keep a drop from falling.

People often say that God gives his toughest battles to his strongest soldiers, but looking at Will Byers standing in a sunbeam sucking on a phallic object while wearing Mike's own clothes, Mike thinks that God must think he’s very, very strong. Will looked... devastating.

His hair was messy, falling into his eyes. He was wearing one of Mike's old Hellfire Club shirts, the neck stretched out so it slipped off one shoulder, exposing his collarbone. And he was standing there in those tiny shorts, looking at Mike with wide, innocent eyes that crinkled at the corners, completely unaware that he was personally testing Mike's sanity.

"You okay, Mike?" Will asked around the popsicle, the words slightly slurred by the obstruction. He took the stick out of his mouth with a wet *pop*, a sound that echoed like a gunshot in the silent kitchen. "You look like you've seen a ghost. Or a really large spider."

Mike’s self-control just left the building, caught a flight to a different continent, changed its name, and started a new life as a goat farmer. He stared at the popsicle—the way Will’s tongue darted out to catch a stray drip of melting cherry juice from the corner of his lip—and felt his brain melt.

"Cool," Mike croaked, his voice jumping three octaves into a register that only dolphins could hear. He cleared his throat violently. "I mean—Lids. Good. Essential for... leftovers. What?”

Will snorted, a soft, amused sound. He leaned back against the counter, crossing his ankles. The movement made the shorts ride up even higher on his thighs, if such a thing was physically possible, the white piping digging into his skin. "You're weird today. Did the essay break your brain?"

"Yes," Mike agreed immediately. "The essay. *The Sorrows of Young Werther*. Goethe. It's a tragedy. So much catastrophic pining. Too much pining. I'm allergic to pining."

"Well, take a break," Will said, gesturing with the popsicle. "I'm bored. My rendering is taking forever to export, and if I stare at the progress bar any longer, I'm going to throw my monitor out the window. Come hang out with me."

Danger, Mike's internal monologue screamed. *Do not engage with the target while he is wearing Sex Shorts.*

"I should probably..." Mike gestured vaguely toward his bedroom door, his hand flapping in a way that suggested his brain had temporarily disconnected from his motor functions. "Study. More."

"Mike," Will groaned, throwing his head back with a dramatic flair. He slumped against the counter, the very picture of tragic neglect. "Please? I'm lonely. The rendering bar hasn't moved in ten minutes. I'm going to start talking to the refrigerator if you leave me alone." He paused, his eyes gleaming with a sudden, strategic idea. "I can order Chinese. You look pale. You probably need something warm in you."

Hah, Mike's brain supplied instantly, a treacherous little gremlin seizing the microphone. *Nah. I need something warm in* ***you****.*

He choked back the thought before it could reach his face, though he was fairly certain his ears had just turned a violent shade of crimson.

Will looked at him through his lashes—those unfairly long, dark lashes—and took another slow, deliberate lick of the popsicle. He swirled his tongue around the tip, catching a drip of blue syrup, his eyes never leaving Mike's. It was a challenge. It had to be. Nobody licked a frozen treat with that much intense, unblinking eye contact unless they were trying to start a war or a very specific kind of movie.

Mike was a weak man. He was a man made of wet cardboard, bad decisions, and repressed yearning. *I guess it's a yes today, Satan,* he thought, resigning himself to his fate.

"Fine," Mike sighed, the word heavy with defeat and desire. He was powerless against the promise of dumplings and the expanse of those exposed thighs. "But only for an hour. I have... deadlines."

"Yay," Will grinned, the "lonely waif" act vanishing instantly, replaced by a triumphant beam. He pushed off the counter and padded toward the living room, his hips swaying hypnotically, leaving Mike to trail behind him like a moth following a very sexy, very dangerous lamp.

They settled on the couch. Mike took his usual spot on the far left corner, pressing himself against the armrest as if he were trying to merge with the upholstery. He pulled a throw pillow onto his lap—the first line of defense.

Will, however, had no concept of personal space. Or maybe he did, and he was actively choosing to violate Mike's. He flopped down in the middle of the couch, then immediately pivoted, swinging his legs up so his feet were resting on the coffee table and his back was pressed against the cushions. But he didn't stay there. He shifted, slid, and somehow ended up listing sideways until his shoulder was pressed firmly against Mike's arm.

"What are we watching?" Will asked, scrolling through Netflix with one hand while he finished his popsicle with the other.

"I don't know," Mike said, his voice tight. He was trying very hard not to look down. Because if he looked down, he would see Will's legs. He would see the way the shorts gaped at the hem. He would see the smooth, pale skin of Will's inner thigh pressed against Mike's jeans-clad leg.

"How about *Nailed It*?" Will suggested. "We can make fun of the cakes that look like deformed hedgehogs."

"Sure. Whatever."

Will clicked play. The show started, a chaotic explosion of bright colors and loud noises filling the small living room. Nicole Byer screamed something about fondant that was probably hilarious, but Mike couldn't process humor right now.

He didn't hear a word of it. He was entirely, painfully focused on the sensation of Will's arm pressing against his. It was warm and solid and electric. Every time Will laughed—which was often, because the cakes looked like they had been baked in a nuclear reactor—his body shook, the vibrations traveling straight into Mike's side and rattling his ribs.

It was a test of endurance. Mike stared at the TV, trying to calculate the mathematical probability of the Chinese food delivery guy arriving in the next five minutes to save him from this intimacy. They had ordered enough dumplings to feed a small army, mostly because Mike needed something—anything—to distract him from the warm body pressed against his side.

Ten minutes in, Will finally finished his popsicle. He leaned forward to toss the bare stick onto a napkin on the coffee table, checking his phone briefly. "Driver's five minutes away," he mumbled, settling back down.

But he didn't settle back into his original position. He shifted and wiggled before finally bringing his legs up onto the couch.

"My feet are cold," Will announced, and with the casual entitlement of a cat seeking a heat source, he tucked his bare, icy feet right under Mike's thigh.

Mike froze. He stopped breathing—stopped blinking. His heart kicked against his sternum like a trapped bird.

Will's cold feet were wedged under his leg, stealing his body heat. Which meant Will's knees were now bent, his legs curled up against his chest. Which meant the shorts had ridden up to a critical, catastrophic level.

They were basically underwear now. And because Will had those thick, runner's thighs that Mike tried very hard not to think about, the fabric clung, strained, and wrapped around the smooth, pale expanse of Will's upper legs like a second skin, riding high up the hip to expose the soft, sensitive flesh where the thigh met the pelvis. There was no gaping hole to peek through; instead, there was just the undeniable, painted-on reality of Will's bulge and thighs by Mike's side, looking soft and heavy and warm.

"Will," Mike choked out, his voice sounding like it had been run through a blender.

"Yeah?" Will turned his head, his cheek resting against the back of the couch, looking at Mike with wide, innocent eyes. "You okay?"

"I'm cold," Mike lied. "Move."

"Here," Will said, and before Mike could protest, Will shifted again. He grabbed the throw blanket from the back of the couch—a fluffy, knitted thing that Joyce had made—and draped it over both of them.

But he didn't just cover them— he snuggled in and scooted closer until his entire side was flush against Mike's and then rested his head on Mike's shoulder, his hair tickling Mike's jaw. His hand—his warm, artistic, talented hand—came to rest on Mike's chest, right over his heart.

"Better?" Will murmured, his eyes returning to the screen where a woman was crying over a collapsed gingerbread house.

Mike's heart was beating so hard he was sure Will could feel it through his ribcage. It was thudding like a techno beat. *Thump-thump-thump.*

"Yeah," Mike whispered, terrified that if he spoke any louder, he would scream. "Much better."

It was heaven. It was hell. It was the best and worst moment of his life.

In any other universe—in a world where Mike hadn't spent the last six weeks memorizing the curve of Will's ass and every vein on his pretty cock—this would have been the dream. He would have loved this. He would have given a limb just to have Will this close, seeking him out for comfort.

He would have wrapped his arm around Will's shoulders, pulled him in tighter until Will was practically swaddled by Mike's lanky frame, and just existed in the quiet, domestic warmth of it. He wanted to bury his nose in Will's hair. He wanted to be the big spoon, the protector, the safe harbor. He wanted it to be sweet and innocent and soft.

But ***Timeline B*** Mike—the Gooner, the Simp, the Pervert—was currently screaming in agony because having Will this close, smelling his vanilla shampoo, feeling the warmth of his almost-bare thigh against Mike's leg, was triggering a biological response that threatened to ruin everything.

Mike felt the blood rushing south. He felt the familiar, heavy throb in his jeans.

No, he commanded his body. *Absolutely not. Stand down. Disengage.*

He stared at the TV screen, trying to focus on the cake. *It's a bad cake,* he told himself, narrowing his eyes until the image blurred. *It looks like a demon that crawled out of a sewer. Focus on the sewer demon cake. Think about unsexy things.*

Inflation, he thought aggressively. *Tax returns. The heat death of the universe. The concept of moist socks. Dental surgery. That time I waved at a stranger who wasn't waving at me in 2018. The price of organic kale.*

Dammit, it wasn't working. Will shifted again, getting more comfortable, and his knee dug into Mike's thigh, just inches away from the danger zone—letting out a soft, contented sigh, his breath puffing warm against Mike's neck, sending goosebumps racing down Mike's arm.

Mike squeezed his eyes shut. *Emergency protocols initiated. Defcon 1.*

Multiplication tables, he decided. *I will recite the multiplication tables until my libido dies of boredom. I will bore my erection into submission.*

Seven times seven is forty-nine, Mike thought, gripping the throw pillow so hard he heard a seam pop. *Seven times eight is fifty-six. Seven times nine is sixty-three.*

Will laughed at the TV, his hand flexing slightly on Mike's chest. He traced a small, idle circle with his thumb over Mike's sternum, searing the pattern into Mike's skin through the cotton of his t-shirt.

Seven times ten is seventy, Mike screamed internally, his brain sweating. *Eight times eight is sixty-four. Eight times nine is seventy-two. Eight times ten is eighty. Are we done with eight? God, I hate eight.*

"This guy is using salt instead of sugar," Will commented, his voice vibrating against Mike's shoulder. "What an idiot."

"Total idiot," Mike agreed, his voice tight and strangled. *Nine times nine is eighty-one. Twelve times twelve is one hundred and forty-four.*

It wasn't helping. The math was too easy. His brain had too much extra processing power, and it was using all of it to analyze the feeling of Will's body pressed against his —the weight, the warmth, the softness.

He needed harder math. He needed physics, maybe some quantum mechanics.

The square root of 144 is 12. The square root of... 225 is 15. What is the square root of 69? No, don't think about 69. Bad number. Dangerous number. Pivot. Pivot!

Will shifted again. His hand moved. It slid down from Mike's chest, lazy and heavy, to rest on his stomach. It was innocent. It was just a place to put his hand. But to Mike, it felt like a brand. Will's palm was warm, heavy, resting just above the waistband of Mike's jeans. Just a few inches away from the problem.

Mike stopped breathing entirely. His lungs went on strike.

He knows, the paranoid voice in his head whispered. *He's doing this on purpose. He's testing you. He's seeing how long you can last before you snap.*

Will turned his face into Mike's neck, nuzzling slightly. "You smell good," he mumbled sleepily. "Like coffee and... laundry detergent."

Mike's soul left his body and ascended to the astral plane.

"I..." Mike squeaked. "Thanks. You smell... like Will."

"Is that a good smell?" Will teased, looking up through his lashes. His face was inches away. Mike could see the flecks of gold in his eyes. He could see the pores on his nose. He could see the mole.

Mike looked at the mole. He thought about the video he was going to watch in four hours and the videos he watched prior. He thought about Will's mouth.

Thirteen times thirteen is one hundred and sixty-nine, Mike thought desperately. *Fourteen times fourteen is... oh god, fourteen. Fourteen inches.*

The image of the *Monster* video flashed in his mind—unbidden, unwanted, and devastatingly hot.

He felt his erection twitch, a hard, distinct jump against the zipper of his jeans.

He was going to lose. He was going to get a full-blown boner while cuddling his best friend, and Will was going to feel it, and then Mike would have to fake his own death and move to Yemen.

DING-DONG.

The sound of the doorbell cut through the tension like a divine intervention. Or a nuke. Mike wasn't picky.

"Food!" Mike yelped, the word exploding out of him.

He scrambled up from the couch, nearly dumping Will onto the floor in his haste. He spun around quickly, pivoting on his heel to save Will's eyes from the monster that was currently straining against the front of his jeans.

"I'll get it!" Mike shouted, already backing away toward the hallway, hunched over like a goblin protecting a hoard of gold. He tugged frantically at the hem of his t-shirt, trying to stretch the cotton down over his hips, but it was a losing battle against physics. "Don't move! Stay warm!"

"Okay?" Will blinked, propping himself up on one elbow, looking like a confused, sleepy kitten. "You don't have to shout."

Mike waddled to the door, praying that the movement would help the blood redistribute to his legs. It did not. He unlocked the door and yanked it open, keeping one hand hovering awkwardly near his waist while reaching for the bag with the other.

"Delivery for Mike?" the guy asked, a bored-looking twenty-something with a nose ring and a beanie, holding out the greasy paper bag that smelled like salvation (and dumplings).

"Yeah, thanks," Mike breathed, snatching the bag.

He shifted his weight to close the door with his hip, his t-shirt riding up just an inch with the movement. It was enough.

The delivery guy's eyes dropped. He didn't even try to be subtle about it. He looked straight at the very distinct, very hard ridge tenting the denim of Mike's jeans. He looked from the bag of dumplings to Mike's crotch and back again, doing some quick mental math that clearly didn't add up.

"Whoa," the guy breathed, a slow, deeply impressed smirk spreading across his face. He handed over the receipt with a newfound reverence usually reserved for war veterans or porn stars. "You got a permit for that baton, man? Jesus. Enjoy the... *meal*."

Mike slammed the door in his face. He leaned against the wood, squeezing his eyes shut as his soul shriveled up and died. *You got a permit for that baton, man?* He wanted to dissolve into the floorboards or become part of the drywall.

The shame worked, at least partially. The erection flagged, wilting under the crushing weight of social mortification.

"Okay," Mike whispered to the empty hallway. "Okay. We're good. Crisis averted. Dignity lost, but crisis averted."

He walked back into the living room, holding the Chinese food like a peace offering.

"Food's here," Mike announced, rounding the corner.

Then he stopped.

Will was still on the couch. But the blanket—had been kicked off to the ground when Mike stood up earlier and apparently, Will was too lazy to pick it up. Now he's just lying on his side, one arm pillowed under his head, his legs stretched out. His blue shorts doing things that shouldn't be legal— hiked high on his hips, the fabric pulling

taut against the curve of his ass, exposing the smooth, pale length of his legs. He looked relaxed. He looked comfortable. He looked like a goddamn god lounging on a chaise in a Renaissance painting, if the god was wearing slutty gym shorts and looked like he tasted like vanilla.

He looked up at Mike, blinking slowly, his lips still slightly red and swollen from the popsicle.

"Did you get the food?" Will asked, his voice sleepy and low.

Mike's dick, which had been in a shame-induced coma three seconds ago, snapped back to attention with a violence that made his knees buckle.

"I have to pee," Mike blurted out.

He dropped the food on the coffee table with a thud and fled. He sprinted down the hall, slammed the bathroom door, and locked it.

He leaned back against the wood, breathing hard, his chest heaving. He looked down at himself.

He was hard again. Rock hard. Painfully hard.

"I hate him," Mike whispered to the bathroom mirror, his eyes wild. "I hate him so much. Why is he so... leggy? Who gave him permission to have legs?"

He checked his watch. **8:45 PM.**

He had two hours until the upload. Two hours until he can excuse himself then lock his door, put on his noise-canceling headphones, and address the situation with the professional attention it deserves. Until then, he was in purgatory.

He washed his face with cold water, holding the freezing liquid against his eyelids until his brain hurt. He stared at himself in the mirror, water dripping from his nose. He looked deranged.

"Get a grip, Wheeler," he hissed at his reflection. "You are a grown man with a credit score and a library card. You can sit on a piece of furniture next to a boy in shorts without getting a boner. You are not a dog."

He took ten minutes to implement emergency measures. He did twenty-five silent, aggressive jumping jacks in the cramped space, his limbs flailing like a trapped bird;

recited the Gettysburg Address in a whisper, forcing himself to visualize Abraham Lincoln's beard in high definition. It was the least sexy thing he could conjure. *Four score and seven years ago...*

When he finally felt safe enough to return—the "situation" having retreated to a manageable, if sulky, semi-soft state—he walked back into the living room with a forced casualness that fooled absolutely no one. He moved stiffly, like a man wearing a corset made of barbed wire.

Will was sitting up now, cross-legged, digging into a carton of lo mein. He looked up as Mike entered, a noodle hanging from his lip.

"You okay?" Will asked, slurping the noodle up with a sound that made Mike's knees weak. "You were in there for a while. Everything come out okay?"

"Fine," Mike said quickly. "Great. Everything is operational."

He bypassed the couch entirely, aiming for the armchair in the corner. The Safe Zone. The Switzerland of the living room. It was far away from the body heat and the dangerous thighs.

"Just... gonna sit here," Mike announced, dropping into the chair.

Will paused, his chopsticks hovering over the carton. He frowned, looking from the empty spot on the couch to Mike in his exile. "But I'm cold," Will said, his voice dropping into a pout that was weaponized cuteness. "The heat doesn't reach over there. And my toes are basically ice cubes, Mike. Do you want me to get frostbite? inside our own home?"

Mike gripped the arms of the chair. "Put on socks."

"I don't want socks," Will whined, extending a bare foot and wiggling his toes. "I want body heat. Come back."

Mike looked at the empty spot on the couch. It looked like a bear trap. He looked at Will. Will looked like the bait.

I am a weak, pathetic man, Mike thought, resigning himself to his fate.

He stood up, walked over, and sat down.

Before he could even settle, Will's legs were back. Heavy. Warm. Locking him in place. Will draped his calves over Mike's lap, his heels digging into the space between Mike's thigh and the cushion, effectively trapping him.

"Better," Will sighed, leaning back and hitting play on the remote.

Mike let out a long, ragged exhale, accepted his doom, and started reciting the periodic table of elements in alphabetical order.

Actinium. Aluminum. Americium. Antimony...

It was going to be a very long two hours. But as Will settled against him, the warmth of his skin seeping through Mike's jeans, Mike realized he didn't mind the torture. Not really. Because even if he was losing his mind, at least he was losing it with Will.

Right?

Yeah, no.

Every second was fucking torture.

Two hours. Will tortured him for two full hours.

It wasn't purposeful torture—which somehow made it worse. It was the torture of casual intimacy. Will treated Mike like a favorite armchair. He shifted constantly, seeking the perfect position, which apparently involved digging his bony knees into Mike's thigh and draping his arm across Mike's stomach like a seatbelt. At one point, he laughed so hard at a fondant disaster that he buried his face in Mike's neck, his breath hot and damp against the collar of Mike's t-shirt, while his hand squeezed Mike's bicep.

Mike had to restart the periodic table four times. He got stuck on *Molybdenum* because Will decided to stretch, arching his back against Mike's side like a cat, his shirt riding up to expose that sliver of pale stomach skin again.

"You're tense," Will mumbled around hour two, poking Mike's stomach. "Relax."

"I am relaxed," Mike lied through gritted teeth, sweat trickling down his spine. "I am the epitome of chill. I am a capybara in a hot spring."

"You feel like a brick wall," Will noted, snuggling deeper.

By the time the credits rolled on the final episode, Mike's legs were numb, his bladder was full, and his libido was staging a violent coup d'état.

"Well," Will yawned, finally untangling himself from Mike. He stood up, stretching his arms over his head in a long, languid movement that displayed his entire torso to the room. The shorts rode up. The shirt rode up. It was a visual assault. "I'm gonna head to bed."

He looked down at Mike, eyes soft and sleepy. "Thanks for hanging out, Mike. You're a good pillow."

"Anytime," Mike croaked, clutching the throw blanket to his lap as if it contained the nuclear codes.

Mike waited for the door to click shut, for the lock to turn. Then, he pitched forward, burying his face in the couch cushion, and let out a long, muffled scream of frustration that vibrated through the upholstery.

He pulled his phone from his pocket, the screen lighting up his face in the dark living room.

11:02 PM.

Right on schedule.

Ping.

The notification sliced through the quiet like a starter pistol.

Sweetbunny22 just uploaded a new video!

Mike didn't even hesitate. He scrambled off the couch, his limbs stiff from two hours of rigid tension, and sprinted to his bedroom and made sure to lock the door. He dove onto his bed and opened his laptop with the frantic, sweaty intensity of a hacker trying to bypass a mainframe firewall in a bad 90s movie.

He clicked the link.

Video Title: *Satin & Spells - Gloved Tease*

Tags: *#satin #gloves #cheirophilia #striptease #lingerie #purple*

Mike frowned. *Spells?*

The video loaded, buffering for a heart-stopping second before the audio kicked in. It wasn't the usual soft rustle of sheets or a shy, breathy greeting. It was a bassline. Heavy, rhythmic, and immediately recognizable. The opening notes of The Weeknd's *"Earned It"* pulsed through his noise-canceling headphones, instantly transforming his messy, sock-strewn bedroom into a private booth at a high-end burlesque club.

The camera was set up on the floor, angled upward to capture the center of the room. Will stepped into the frame, moving with a slow, sinuous grace that matched the beat perfectly.

He was wearing a long, flowing, deep purple robe sleeping gown. It was silk, shimmering under the ring light, with wide sleeves that cascaded down his arms like liquid.

Mike's brain stuttered, his hand freezing on his waistband. It looked... familiar. The color. The drape. It looked exactly like the robes Will used to wear when he played *Will the Wise* in Mike's basement when they were younger.

"Is he... is he cosplaying?" Mike whispered to the empty room, a confusing mix of childhood nostalgia and violent, present-tense arousal warring in his chest. "Is this sexy sorcerer porn? Am I about to watch my best friend cast *fireballs* while stripping?"

But then Will moved, swaying his hips to the music, the silk robe swishing against his legs with a soft, dry whisper that sounded louder than the music, and the nostalgia was instantly incinerated by the heat of the moment.

Mike didn't waste time. He knew a main event when he saw one. He scrambled backward against the headboard, kicking his boxers off his ankles with a frantic, uncoordinated grace until he was completely bare. He reached for the nightstand, bypassing the water glass to grab the pump bottle of lube—checking the level with a critical eye—and the box of tissues, arranging them within arm's reach like a surgeon prepping for an open-heart operation.

On screen, Will stepped closer to the camera.

"Hi Daddies," Will whispered, his voice dropping into that lower, smoother register that vibrated right down Mike's spine. *"I felt like... magic tonight. Do you think I earned it?"*

He raised his hands. They were encased in elbow-length, purple satin gloves that matched the robe perfectly. He ran his gloved hands down the front of the silk gown, dragging his fingertips over his own chest, teasing his nipples through the fabric.

Mike squeezed his hand tight around his shaft, his hips bucking involuntarily. "Yes," he hissed at the pixels. "Take it. Take everything."

On screen, Will moved. He climbed onto the bed, the mattress dipping under his weight, and settled back against the pillows. He spread his legs wide, the sheer purple stockings shimmering under the ring light, framing the dark lace of his panties.

He ran his satin-clad hands up his thighs, the fabric gliding over the stockings with a frictionless ease. He traced the line of the garters, snapping them lightly against his skin —*snap, snap*—a sharp sound that made Mike groan aloud in the quiet of his room.

Will's fingers lingered over the bulge in his panties. He circled the head through the lace, teasing himself, before hooking a gloved finger under the elastic waistband. With a slow, deliberate tug, he pulled the fabric down just enough to liberate himself. His cock sprang free, hard and flushed, resting heavy against his thigh, framed by the purple lace that still clung to his hips.

Then, Will wrapped his hand around his exposed length.

The visual of the purple satin gripping Will's hard flesh was devastating. It was too smooth, too perfect. The dark fabric against the pink skin was a contrast that burned itself into Mike's brain.

Will began to stroke. The texture of the gloves changed everything.It was a soft, sliding whisper, a *shhh-shhh* sound of fabric against fabric and flesh. Will threw his head back, the cords of his neck straining, his mouth falling open in a silent, O-shaped gasp as the satin rubbed against him.

"It feels so soft," Will moaned, his hips bucking involuntarily into his hand, keeping time with the heavy beat of the music. *"So smooth against me."*

He used both hands now, twisting them around his shaft, the purple fabric shining as it moved. He teased the head with the satin fingertips, swirling them around the slit until he was leaking, the clear fluid staining the dark gloves darker, turning the fabric slick and shiny. He smeared the pre-cum down the length of himself, using the satin to polish his own erection, the friction clearly driving him to the brink.

Mike groaned, a low, wounded sound. He pumped his hand faster, the friction of his own skin feeling rough and inadequate compared to the silk fantasy on screen. He watched Will's thighs tremble in the stockings. He watched the way the lace panties strained as Will got harder. He watched the way Will leaned back, balancing on his heels, turning his body into a perfect arch of offering.

Mike watched, mesmerized. He watched the way Will's thighs trembled in the stockings. He watched the way the lace panties strained as Will got harder. He watched the way Will leaned back, turning his body into a perfect arch of offering, thrusting his hips toward the camera lens as if begging to be touched.

It was sensual and slow— a masterclass in texture and visual contrast.

But then the track faded, the heavy bass of *"Earned It"* bleeding into the hypnotic, driving rhythm of Chase Atlantic's *"Swim"*. The mood shifted from seductive to something hungrier, and Will's movements followed suit.

He reached for the bottle of lube sitting just out of frame. He didn't take the gloves off... just pumped a generous, glistening pool of fluid directly onto his satin-clad palm, the liquid soaking into the weave and turning the bright purple fabric a deep, midnight violet.

He abandoned the slow, teasing strokes. His gloved hands moved faster, the oil reducing the friction to a dangerous slide. The sound was distinct—a wet, rapid *shhh-slick-shhh* that was muffled by the fabric but amplified by the fresh lube and pre-cum soaking into the weave.

"Oh god," Will gasped, his head falling back so far that all the camera caught was the straining column of his throat and the flutter of his pulse. *"It feels... so good. The fabric... it's so... fuck."*

Mike was losing his mind. He was gripping his own massive cock with a force that would probably leave bruises, pumping his hand in a desperate, piston-like motion to keep up with the image on the screen. The lube in his palm was warm now, heated by the friction of his own skin, but his brain was fixated on the phantom sensation of cool, slippery satin.

"I'm going to hell," Mike wheezed to the empty room, his hips bucking off the mattress with every stroke. He was literally getting off to a lingerie-clad version of their childhood D&D character. It felt like a desecration of memory, a confusing mix of nostalgia and filth that shouldn't work, but god, it really, *really* did.

On screen, Will was unraveling. He brought his knees up, heels digging into the mattress, spreading himself even wider. The purple panties were soaked through, dark spots of moisture blooming on the lace. He switched his grip, twisting his hand at the top of the stroke to rub the satin-covered thumb over the head of his cock, again and again.

"Daddy," Will whined, the word wrecked and needy.

He squeezed his eyes shut for a second, the pleasure building in his groin like a pressure cooker. He imagined those gloves on him. He imagined Will kneeling between his legs, those purple satin hands wrapping around the base of Mike's cock, sliding up the endless length of him, the fabric catching and gliding over every vein.

When he opened his eyes, Will was close. You could see it in the tension of his thighs, the way his toes curled inside the sheer stockings. Will's breathing was a jagged, broken rhythm that drowned out the music.

"I can't—" Will choked out, his hand moving in a blur. *"I can't hold it. I'm gonna—"*

He arched his back, a silent scream tearing from his throat as his body seized.

Mike didn't last another second. The sight of Will's release—the way his hips snapped forward, the way his abdominal muscles rippled—shattered him.

"Will—" Mike moaned, the name tearing from his throat as he arched off the bed, his body bowing tight as a wire.

His climax tore through him, white-hot and blinding, stealing the breath from his lungs. His hips locked up, body seizing in a long, trembling spasm as he spent himself completely. He spilled hot and heavy over his hand and stomach.

On the laptop, Will was ruined. Thick ropes of white shot out, coating the purple satin gloves, splashing against his chest, dripping onto the dark lace of his panties. The contrast of the white fluids against the deep violet silk was striking, artistic, and incredibly filthy.

Will slumped back against the pillows, his chest heaving, his gloved hands held up in the air as if he didn't know what to do with them. They were slick, shining, and utterly defiled.

"Oops," Will breathed, a breathless, satisfied giggle bubbling up in his throat. *"Guess I need a new pair."*

The video faded to black.

He collapsed back onto his pillows, his heart hammering against his ribs like it was trying to escape—chest rising and falling in ragged gasps, his entire body feeling heavy, boneless, and wonderfully, blessedly empty.

This was the payoff for the two hours of torture on the living room couch. Every recitation of the periodic table, every mental calculation of the square root of 144, every second he had spent holding himself rigid while Will's warm, solid weight pressed against him—it had all compounded into this single, violent release. The pressure that had been building since 8:00 PM, condensed by the sight of those dolphin shorts and the feel of Will's hand on his chest, had finally snapped.

"I need a priest," Mike whispered to the darkness, his voice a wrecked croak. "And a Gatorade. And maybe a cigarette, and I don't even smoke."

Well, in the end he didn't get a priest. He didn't even get a Gatorade. He just got three hours of fitful, sweat-soaked sleep before his alarm screamed at 6:00 AM, dragging him back into a reality where he was just a barista with a secret, not a patron of the arts.

The next two days—Thursday and Friday—passed in a blur of caffeine, anxiety, and the kind of bone-deep exhaustion that usually accompanies a religious pilgrimage or a really intense bout of the flu. After the "Satin & Spells" upload on Wednesday night, Mike was operating on a serotonin deficit so severe he felt like he was hallucinating.

He was vibrating. And no, that wasn't a figure of speech; he was fairly certain he was emitting a low-frequency hum that could disturb local wildlife. He was a tuning fork that had been struck repeatedly—first by the blue dolphin shorts, then by the purple satin lingerie, and finally by the sheer, overwhelming reality of his own choices—and he hadn't stopped resonating since Wednesday.

The anticipation for Saturday night sat heavy in his gut, a volatile cocktail of dread, adrenaline, and unbridled horniness that made it difficult to focus on anything that wasn't the countdown clock on his phone. And if he had renamed the alarm on his phone from "Saturday Night Stream" to "Meeting with Future Husband"—complete with little hearts emoji—well, that was between him, his home screen, and God.

He had become a man possessed, fueled by a singular, expensive purpose. He picked up two extra dog-walking shifts on Thursday, power-walking three Golden Retrievers through Central Park with a manic determination that frankly terrified the tourists. At one point, he found himself lecturing a poodle about the importance of financial liquidity in a gig economy. The poodle looked very concerned.

Then there was Kyle, of course we have to go back to him. He tutored Kyle the "Protein Powder" Freshman for an extra hour on Friday evening, a session that tested the very limits of Mike's will to live. He sat there, nodding sagely, while Kyle explained with absolute confidence that *The Metamorphosis* wasn't about alienation or existential dread, but was actually a cautionary tale about what happens when you skip "leg day" and lose your human form.

"Gregor Samsa just didn't have the core strength to handle the transformation, bro," Kyle had insisted, aggressively shaking a BlenderBottle. *"If he'd been hitting the gym, being a bug wouldn't have been an issue. It's about adaptability."* Mike had just marked the paper as 'C-' and mentally added another hundred tokens to his *Sweetbunny22* fund.

He even went so far as marching a stack of his old comic books to a shop in the Village, watching his first edition *X-Men* go into the hands of a stranger with greasy fingers. It hurt. It felt like selling a kidney. But as the cash hit his palm, all Mike could think was, *This is for Will. This is for the cause. This is so I can watch him ruin himself in 1080p (4K if the WIFI allows it).*

It was war funds and it was necessary. _takeachance, his mortal enemy, had deep pockets, but Mike had rage and the power of compounded interest (or lack thereof, since he was draining his accounts).

The schedule change had fundamentally altered the foundation of their co-habitation rituals. With Mike's Saturday shifts permanently moved to the opening slot to accommodate his 9:30 PM digital appointment, their sacred Saturday "friend dates" had become a casualty of his secret war. To compensate, they had renegotiated for Mondays. Since they both had late starts, the beginning of the week became their new sanctuary—a quiet, coffee-fueled bubble where they could ignore their responsibilities and pretend they were just two normal college students coexisting in one apartment occasionally cuddling.

It felt devastatingly domestic. It felt right— like a glimpse into a future Mike was too afraid to ask for. But mostly, it felt like a magnificent, towering lie.

Take last Monday, for instance. They had walked home the long way, cutting through the park under the guise of "getting fresh air" but really just to extend the time before they had to go back to their shared apartment to do whatever college students do for their classes. Mike had bought them bagels *(because despite the fact that Will is now officially earning more than him, he refuse to give up this semblance of normalcy between them)*—plain for Mike, everything for Will—and they sat on a bench, thighs pressing together, watching a bulldog chase a squirrel with zero success rate.

Will had laughed at something Mike said—a stupid joke about the squirrel's tactical advantage—throwing his head back, his throat exposed to the dappled sunlight filtering through the trees. He looked golden. Like something out of a renaissance painting titled *Boy with Bagel*. Mike had watched him, mesmerized, and when he noticed a smudge of cream cheese on the corner of Will's mouth, he didn't even think before he reached out, his thumb brushing against the mole, and wiped it away.

Will had stopped laughing but he didn't pull away. Instead, he had leaned into the touch, just for a second, his eyes soft and searching. *"Thanks, Mike,"* he'd whispered.

It was perfect. It was the kind of moment Mike wanted to bottle and keep on a shelf. But even as his heart did somersaults over the domestic intimacy, his brain was traitorously overlaying the image with the video Will had uploaded the night before. The one where that same mouth was practically salivating, and that same throat was making wet, desperate sounds that belonged in the dark, not under an oak tree in Central Park.

He had also learned a lot about the "Bunnies" in the last few weeks. It turns out, the comment section under a porn videos and camboy livestreams isn't just for emojis and spam; it's basically Stan Twitter but with more nudity. It was a thriving, terrifyingly detailed fandom ecosystem, and Mike had become its most knowledgeable, albeit silent, lurker.

He spent his nights scrolling through the comment threads like he was reading bad fanfiction about his own life. You'll be shocked by how many users treated every video like a Taylor Swift music video, hunting for easter eggs and clues about "Lee's" real life.

Users like ***SherlockHomos*** and ***CSI_Miami_Vice*** wrote entire dissertations analyzing the background. They debated the timeline of uploads versus the position of the sun. They tried to triangulate his location based on the shape of the electrical outlets. It was *Stranger Things* season 5 volume 2 levels of theory crafting where everyone is hopeful and happy but very, very wrong.

For Mike, the worst were the physical analysts—those who were convinced every mark on Will's body was part of some grand, secret romance narrative.

One user, ***KnotMyProblem***, had written a three-paragraph essay speculating that the faint, yellowish-purple mark on Will's thigh was a "love bite from a possessive Daddy," citing the bruising pattern as evidence of "rough, passionate ownership." The comment had a thousand likes.

It was maddening. It was like watching people misinterpret the plot of a book *he* had written. Mike wanted to reach through the screen, grab ***KnotMyProblem*** by the digital collar, and scream, *"It's not a love bite, you absolute walnut! He tripped over the Roomba because he was trying to eat a bagel while walking backward! It's a bruise from a vacuum cleaner, not a dom!"*

He wanted to comment on everything. When they swooned over how much "Lee" loved the feel of velvet against his skin, Mike wanted to type in all caps: *Actually, he hates it. He says it feels like 'petting a cat against the grain.' He's doing it for you, you ingrates.*

But he couldn't. Couldn't drop the "Word of God" into the chat without blowing his cover. He just had to sit there, anonymous and seething, hoarding his specific, domestic knowledge like a dragon hoards gold. He was the only one who knew the real thing.

It was a lonely, smug little pedestal to stand on, but it was his.

When Saturday night finally arrived, Mike was exhausted, wired, and running entirely on spite.

Mike's shift at *The Daily Grind* had been a nightmare from start to finish. The espresso machine broke twice. A woman threw a scone at him because it wasn't warm enough. He had burned his hand on the steam wand. By the time he unlocked the door to the apartment at nearly 6:00 PM, he felt like he had been chewed up and spat out by the universe.

The apartment was quiet. Will was probably in his room, prepping. Maybe napping. Maybe oiling up.

Mike didn't have the brainpower to speculate. He was hot, sticky, and exhausted. He stripped off his uniform shirt right in the hallway, tossing it onto the floor with a groan. He kicked off his shoes. He stumbled into the living room, wearing nothing but his jeans, and collapsed face-first onto the couch.

He meant to close his eyes for five minutes. Just five minutes to reset before he had to go to his room, shower, and set up his masturbatorium for the 9:30 PM stream.

He was asleep before his cheek hit the cushion.

Mike woke up to pressure.

A heavy, rhythmic weight pressing down on the backs of his thighs. Warm. Solid. Moving.

He groaned, trying to surface from the depths of a dream where he was fighting a giant, sentient dildo with a sword made of frozen bagels. The transition to reality was slow and syrupy, like swimming through molasses.

"Shh," a voice murmured from somewhere above him. It was soft, low, and smelled faintly of lavender. "Go back to sleep."

Hands. There were hands on his back. Strong, capable thumbs digging into the knots of tension between his shoulder blades. They moved with a practiced, fluid grace, sliding up his spine, working out the stiffness with a pressure that bordered on pain but landed squarely in blinding pleasure.

"Mmph," Mike mumbled into the couch cushion, his body melting into the fabric. He felt heavy, boneless, and incredibly safe. "Good. That feels... good."

"I know," the voice said, sounding amused, the vibration of it traveling down through the hands and into Mike's skin. "You're stiff as a board, Mike. You carry all your stress right here."

The hands shifted, slick with warm oil, kneading the tight muscles of his trapezoids. Mike let out a broken, pathetic whimper as a particularly stubborn knot released.

He was still mostly asleep, drifting in that twilight state where logic doesn't exist, but his body was waking up rapidly. And his body, apparently, had a one-track mind. The sensation of being straddled—of warm thighs pressing against the backs of his legs, of heavy hands working over his bare skin—was triggering a biological response that was both humiliating and inevitable.

He felt the blood rushing south, pooling heavy and hot in his groin. He shifted his hips against the couch cushions, chasing friction, a low groan vibrating in his chest. It felt intimate. It felt like ownership. It felt like something he wanted to wake up to every day for the rest of his life.

A thumb pressed hard into a trigger point near his neck, and Mike gasped, his back arching instinctively into the touch.

Wait.

Mike’s eyes snapped open. He stared at the weave of the gray fabric under his nose.

He was on the couch.— still shirtless— with someone sitting on the back of his legs.

He lifted his head, craning his neck to look back to see Will straddling his hamstrings.

Who, by the way, was wearing those godforsaken black dolphin shorts again—the ones that barely covered the essentials—and, in a move that felt like a personal attack on Mike's sanity, he was wearing one of Mike's old, faded navy hoodies. The sleeves were pushed up to his elbows, bunching around his arms, and the hem was ridden up, exposing the smooth, pale expanse of his thighs as he knelt over Mike.

His hands were slick with oil, glistening in the dim light of the TV, kneading Mike's back like dough.

"Will?" Mike croaked, his voice thick with sleep and confusion.

"Morning sunshine," Will smiled. It was a calm, serene smile, completely at odds with the fact that he was currently sitting on Mike. "You passed out and snoring. It was cute."

Mike blinked, his brain rebooting. He felt heavy, warm, and pliant, like he'd been melted down and poured onto the cushions. "What... what time is it?"

Will didn't stop massaging. He just tilted his head toward the cable box. "Just after ten."

10:00 PM.

The number didn't register for a second. And then it did.

Mike went cold. The blood drained from his face so fast it made him dizzy. The warm, fuzzy haze of the nap evaporated, replaced by a shot of pure, uncut adrenaline.

"Ten?" Mike yelped, scrambling to push himself up. He nearly dislodged Will, who laughed softly and squeezed his thighs to stay balanced on Mike's moving form. "Ten?! Shit! Shit, shit, shit!"

"Whoa, easy," Will soothed, his voice low and steady. He pushed Mike back down with a firm, oily hand between his shoulder blades, pinning him to the couch with surprising strength. "What's the panic? You don't have a shift tomorrow. You're free."

"No, I have to—" Mike's eyes were wild, darting around the room. "The stream! The... the thing! I have to go!"

He had missed the start. He was thirty minutes late. *Chance* was probably already running the show, throwing money and demands at Will while ***_bunnylover*** was conspicuously absent. Will—*Lee*—would think he didn't care. He would think Mitch had abandoned him.

"Mike," Will said, his voice cutting through the panic like a knife through silk. It wasn't loud, but it had a weight to it. A terrifying calmness. "Relax."

"I can't relax!" Mike insisted, trying to wiggle out from under Will's weight, but Will was heavy, solid, and immovable. "I have to get to my room! I have an appointment! A... a Zoom call! With Kyle! "

"Kyle isn't calling you at ten p.m. on a Saturday to talk about Hemingway's gains," Will said calmly, his hands resuming their slow, hypnotic massage of Mike's shoulders. He leaned forward, the fabric of Mike's stolen hoodie brushing against Mike's bare back. "And you don't need to go to your room."

"Yes, I do! I really, really do!"

"No, you don't," Will whispered, his breath hot against Mike's ear. "Because I don't have a live tonight."

Mike froze. The panic that had been driving him like a stolen car suddenly ran out of gas.

"Oh," Mike breathed, slumping back into the cushions. A wave of cool, dizzying relief washed over him. He hadn't missed it. *Chance* hadn't won. ***_bunnylover's*** reign was secure. "Oh. Okay. Good. That's... that's really good."

He closed his eyes, his head falling forward onto the cushion. The panic receded, leaving behind only the overwhelming sensory input of the moment. Will's hands were slick and warm, sliding over his trapezius muscles, melting the tension away. Will's thighs were heavy on his hamstrings. The smell of lavender oil and Will's skin was filling his nose.

"You're so tense," Will murmured, a low chuckle vibrating through his chest and directly into Mike's back. He sounded amused. Almost entertained. "You need to relax, Mike. You've been working way too hard."

"Yeah," Mike slurred, his brain turning to mush, accepting the reprieve without question. "Working. Hard. So much... tutoring. Gatsby. The green light."

"Mmm," Will hummed. He shifted his weight, settling heavier onto Mike's legs. "Gotta pay the bills, right? Gotta keep the lights on."

"Exactly," Mike agreed, basically drooling into the upholstery. "Electricity. Expensive."

"Gotta make sure you have enough for those weekly top-ups," Will added softly, and Mike could hear the smile in his voice now—a sharp, distinct thing.

"Yeah, the top—" Mike stopped mid-word.

His eyes snapped open. He stared at the gray weave of the couch cushion.

Wait.

His brain stuttered. It rebooted. It tried to re-process the last thirty seconds of conversation.

Because I don't have a live tonight.

Oh.

OH.

OOOOH.

That’s it, ladies and degenerates. The show is over. It was fun while it lasted. Mike now needs to jump out the window and preferably land on the pavement with a loud, final splat. It’s the only honorable way out.

Mike went rigid under Will's hands. His muscles locked up so tight they felt like steel cables.

Will chuckled again—a soft, dark sound that vibrated through his chest and directly into Mike’s spine. He didn't stop massaging. If anything, he dug his thumbs deeper into the base of Mike's neck, anchoring him there. He seemed to be finding Mike's sudden paralysis hilarious.

"Will—" Mike squeaked, panic flaring again but for the wrong reason. He tried to push himself up, but Will’s weight was heavy on his legs.

"I canceled it because I couldn't do it," Will whispered, leaning down until his lips brushed the shell of Mike's ear. "It felt rude to start the show without my top tipper... especially when he was passed out right here on our couch."

The silence that followed wasn't just quiet. It was heavy. It was physical. It was the sound of a guillotine blade hanging suspended in the air, waiting for gravity to do its job.

Mike felt his heart stop. He felt his lungs turn to stone.

"What?" Mike squeaked. It was a tiny, broken sound. A mouse facing a hawk.

"You've been working so hard," Will murmured, his hands sliding down from Mike's shoulders to grip his waist. His fingers dug in, possessive and firm. "Extra shifts. Dog walking. Tutoring that idiot Kyle. All to pay for me. It's very sweet, *Mitch*. But you looked exhausted."

Mitch.

He said it. He said the name. The name Mike had typed into a registration box at 2 AM with shaking hands. The name Will moans whenever Mike wins a private session with him

Mike scrambled. He tried to twist away, to buck his hips and dislodge the sudden, terrifying weight of his best friend, but Will was faster. He didn't just sit there; he moved with fluid, predatory grace, shifting his weight to counter Mike's panic.

He reached out, his oil-slicked hands gripping Mike's shoulders, and firmly, gently pushed him back down into the upholstery.

"Lie down, Mike," Will commanded softly.

And Mike? Mike folded like a cheap lawn chair. He went down without a fight, his back hitting the cushions with a soft thud, his legs falling open as he submitted to the pressure. He followed the command like a goddamn dog, abandoning all dignity the second Will exerted even a fraction of control.

He stared up at Will, who was now looming over him, silhouetted against the blue light of the TV, looking calm, beautiful, and utterly terrifying.

"I— I don't—" Mike stammered, his face burning so hot he thought he might spontaneously combust.

Will raised an eyebrow. He shifted, settling his weight more comfortably across Mike's hips, effectively pinning him to the couch.

"Mike," Will said gently, his hands sliding from Mike's shoulders to rest heavy and warm on his chest, right over his frantically beating heart. "It’s okay. You don't have to do this."

"I'm not— I'm not doing anything!"

"I've known since the first live," Will interrupted, his voice steady, cutting through Mike's babbling like a scalpel. "Since the very first time you won that private session."

Mike went still. The fight drained out of him, leaving him hollow and exposed. "How?" he whispered, the word scraping his throat. "I was careful. I used a VPN. I didn't show my face. I didn't say anything!"

"You didn't have to," Will said. He leaned back slightly, sitting on his heels but keeping his weight centered over Mike’s hips. "I screen-record everything, Mike. Every session. It’s standard safety protocol. Just in case someone gets weird or I need to report a user to the admins. But it’s not just that—"

Mike swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing against the skin of his throat. Screen recordings. *Receipts.* He was on file.

"Do you remember that night?" Will asked, his voice dropping lower, vibrating against Mike's chest where they were pressed together. "When I took a break to get water right before our private session started? And I noticed your shoes?"

Mike closed his eyes tight. *Patient Zero.* The flu lie. The mortification was fresh, but it was currently fighting a losing battle against the sensation of Will’s hips grinding slow, subtle circles into his own.

"I knocked on your door," Will continued, a smirk playing on his lips. "I asked if you were okay. And you yelled at me about a contagious flu."

He reached out, his oil-slicked fingers wrapping around Mike’s wrists. He pulled Mike’s hands away from his face, guiding them up until they were pinned to the couch cushion above his head. It wasn't a forceful hold, but the implication of control made Mike’s breath hitch.

"I had left my bedroom door open," Will whispered, his eyes searching Mike’s. "And my speakers were on. So when you shouted *'No soup!'* through the wall... I didn't just hear it with my ears."

Will shifted, his weight settling heavier, heat seeping through Mike's jeans.

"I heard it echo," Will murmured. "I heard your voice come through the wall, and a split second later, I heard it come out of my computer speakers from *_bunnylover's* open mic. It was perfect audio feedback."

Mike stared up at him, his brain feeling like it had been put in a blender. "Speakers," he repeated faintly, his voice a wrecked croak. "Great. Fantastic. I love technology."

"I stood there in the hallway," Will confessed, a flush rising on his cheeks that matched the heat in his eyes. "And my heart was hammering so hard I thought you'd hear it. I was terrified, Mike. But... I was also so excited."

He leaned down further, pressing his body flush against Mike's, the friction deliberate and agonizing. Mike couldn't speak. He couldn't form words. He was convinced he must have actually jumped out the window earlier and this was his dying brain firing off one last, perfect hallucination. Because the reality—Will straddling him, Will confessing he *wanted* it to be him—was too much.

"I walked back into my room praying it was true," Will whispered. "Hoping that when I sat down, you'd be there."

Mike's hips bucked up. It was involuntary, a traitorous, biological twitch of his cock against the confinement of his jeans in response to Will's words.

Will smirked, feeling the movement against him. "And then," he murmured, his gaze dropping to Mike's mouth. "Then you turned your camera on. You didn't show your face. You were careful. But Mike..."

He let go of Mike's wrists. His hands, warm and slippery with lavender oil, trailed down Mike's arms, over his chest, tracing the line of his ribs before sliding lower. They smoothed over his stomach, leaving a glistening trail, before stopping maddeningly, dangerously, just above the waistband of his jeans.

"...I've lived with you for three years. I've known you for twelve. I know what you look like in gray sweatpants. And I definitely know what that..." he patted the front of Mike's jeans, hard, "...looks like. It's kind of hard to miss. It has its own zip code."

Mike let out a groan that was less a sound and more a vibration of pure, distilled despair. He squeezed his eyes shut, trying to astral project his soul out of his body. "I'm moving," he mumbled into the air. "I'm moving to Antarctica. I'm going to live with penguins. They don't have internet. They don't have debit cards. It's a simpler life."

"You're not going anywhere," Will said, his voice amused. He shifted his weight, his thighs tightening around Mike's waist, effectively anchoring him to the spot. "You spent —what? Six grand on me in six weeks, Mike? You're not going anywhere. You're wayyy too invested."

"I..." Mike peeled his hands away from his face slowly, dreading what he would find. He looked at Will. Really looked at him.

He expected disgust, maybe the polite, pitying look of a friend realizing their best friend was a pervert.

He found neither.

Will wasn't angry. He's not repulsed. He was flushed, a high, pretty color dusting his cheekbones. His pupils were blown wide, swallowing the hazel, and his breathing was coming a little faster than usual, his chest rising and falling against the fabric of Mike's stolen hoodie. The air between them wasn't cold with judgment; it was thick, humid, and electric.

"Are you..." Mike swallowed, his throat clicking. "Are you... mad?"

"Mad?" Will laughed, a breathless, incredulous sound. He leaned down, bracing his hands on the couch cushions on either side of Mike's head, boxing him in. "Mike, you've been practically vibrating with repressed lust for six weeks. You've been treating me like a porcelain doll in the kitchen—carrying my bags, opening doors—and then locking yourself in your room to watch me choke on a dildo. It's..."

Will bit his lip, his gaze dropping to Mike's mouth, heavy and dark.

"...It's the hottest thing anyone has ever done for me."

Mike's brain short-circuited. A fuse blew somewhere behind his eyes. "Hot?" he squeaked.

"Yeah," Will breathed, lowering his hips until Mike could feel the distinct, hard ridge of Will's own arousal pressing against his stomach through the layers of clothes. "Hot. Possessive. Crazy. I loved it. I loved seeing you fight for the top spot on the leaderboard. I loved seeing you get jealous of *Chance*. I loved knowing it was *you* watching me."

"You knew," Mike accused, breathless, his hands twitching where they lay pinned by his sides. The realization washed over him—the calculated cruelty of it. "The whole time?

The dolphin shorts? The popsicle?"

"Oh, absolutely," Will grinned, a wicked, sharp expression that belonged entirely to *Lee*. "I wanted to see how long you'd last. I was betting on you snapping by Wednesday. You held out longer than I thought."

"I was reciting multiplication tables," Mike admitted weakly, staring up at the boy who had played him like a fiddle. "I got to thirteen. It was torture."

"Good," Will said. He shifted again, a slow, deliberate grind that drew a gasp from Mike's lips. "Now... are you going to keep paying me to touch myself, or are you going to do it for free?"

Something in Mike snapped, but it wasn't the frantic, desperate hunger he had been nursing for weeks. It was something deeper, older.

He reached up, his hands sliding around the back of Will's neck, fingers tangling in the soft hair at the nape. Not a demand, no. He pulled him down, not with the force of the lust that had been strangling him for weeks, but with a terrifying, fragile gentleness.

The kiss wasn't a movie kiss by any means. For these two people, it was something more— it was a collision of twelve years of "almosts" and "what ifs." It started soft, a hesitant press of mouth against mouth that tasted like fear and hope and cherry lip balms. Mike kissed him like he was a question he was afraid to ask, like he was terrified that if he pressed too hard, the illusion would shatter and he'd wake up back in his room with only a laptop for company. He kissed him with the reverence of a believer finally being allowed into the sanctuary.

But Will was real and solid but most importantly he was *impatient*.

Will made a noise—a low, frustrated hum in his throat that vibrated against Mike's lips —and deepened it. He didn't just accept the kiss; he devoured it. He opened his mouth, inviting Mike in, his tongue sweeping against Mike's with a hunger that was startlingly, wonderfully real. Nothing about it felt like the performative hunger of *Sweetbunny22*; it was desperate and human. The hunger of Will Byers, the boy who had waited just as long as Mike had.

He bit Mike's lower lip, a sharp, demanding nip that sent a jolt of electricity straight to Mike's groin, frying his higher brain functions. Mike groaned, his hands tightening in Will's hair, tilting his head to deepen the angle, to get closer, to drink him in. It was sloppy. It was wet. It was the best thing that had ever happened in the history of the universe.

"Take it," Will whispered against his mouth, his hands gripping Mike’s shoulders, nails digging into his bare shoulder. "Touch me. Please. Stop thinking and just touch me."

Mike pulled back just an inch, his breath mingling with Will’s in the small space between them. He scanned Will’s face—the flushed cheeks, the blown pupils, the swollen, wet lips. He looked wrecked. He looked absolutely beautiful.

"I am," Mike promised, his voice rough, a vow spoken into the dark. "I will."

He sat up, his movements slow and deliberate, reversing their positions until Will was lying on his back on the couch cushions. The shift in power was subtle but absolute. Mike hovered over him, bracing his hands on either side of Will’s head, boxing him in, shielding him from the rest of the world.

He reached for the hem of the navy hoodie—his own hoodie—that Will was wearing.

"Can I?" Mike asked, his voice barely a whisper, needing permission even now.

Will nodded, his eyes dark and blown wide. "Yes. Please."

Mike peeled the fabric up, revealing inch after inch of pale, smooth skin. He saw the faint definition of Will’s abs, the sharp jut of his hip bones, the scatter of moles that Mike had memorized in pixels but had never seen in three dimensions. The fabric came off, discarded onto the floor, and Mike just stared.

"You're beautiful," Mike breathed, the words tumbling out of him without a filter. "You're so fucking beautiful, Will. It's ridiculous."

Will flushed, a deep, rosy color spreading across his chest like a bloom. He looked away, suddenly shy under the weight of Mike's gaze. "Mike..."

"No, look at me," Mike commanded softly, one hand coming up to cup Will’s cheek, his thumb brushing over the heat of his skin, guiding his face back. "I mean it. I’ve watched... I’ve seen you do so much online. I've seen everything. But this? Just you, right here, breathing under me? It’s better. It’s so much better."

He lowered his head, pressing a kiss to the hollow of Will’s throat. Will gasped, his back arching off the cushions. Mike trailed his lips down, over the collarbone, over the sternum, pausing to kiss the skin right over Will’s heart. He could feel it hammering against his lips—a frantic, living rhythm.

He moved lower. His hands skimmed over Will’s sides, his thumbs rubbing soothing circles into the skin, feeling the jump of muscles beneath his palms. He reached the waistband of the tiny black shorts.

"Mike," Will whined, his hips bucking up, seeking friction. "Please. Just... take them off."

"I will," Mike murmured against his stomach, his breath hot against the skin. "But not yet. I want to savor this. I've waited years for this, Will. I'm not rushing."

He kissed the skin just above the waistband. He kissed the sharp point of Will's hip bone. He kissed the soft, sensitive skin of the inner thigh, his lips grazing the fabric of the shorts.

Will was trembling now, his hands gripping Mike’s hair, tugging slightly. "You're torturing me."

"Good," Mike smiled against his skin. "Now you know how it feels."

He hooked his fingers into the shorts and slowly, agonizingly, peeled them down.

Mike stopped breathing.

Underneath the shorts, Will was wearing a pair of soft, white cotton panties with a delicate lace trim.

The stark simplicity of the white cotton against Will's flushed skin was devastating. It was sweet, delicate, and easily the most erotic thing Mike had ever seen. The white cotton hugged Will's hips perfectly, the lace resting against the tops of his thighs. The front was tented, strained by Will’s hardness, a damp spot already forming at the tip.

"Oh god," Mike whispered, running a hand over the fabric. "Will."

Will bit his lip, watching Mike's reaction with anxious eyes. "Are they... too much?"

"They're perfect," Mike swore. He leaned down and pressed a kiss right over the bulge, his mouth hot against the cotton. Will cried out, his hips snapping up.

Mike peeled them down, his hands shaking slightly. When Will was finally bare, sprawled out on the gray couch like a feast laid out just for him, Mike sat back on his heels to look.

He was perfect. He was everything Mike had ever wanted, and he was right there.

"Your turn," Will whispered, his voice shaky, reaching for Mike. "Take them off. Please. I need to see you."

Mike stood up, towering over the couch in the dim, shifting light of the television. He kept his eyes locked on Will's face, searching for any sign of hesitation, but found only a dark, bottomless hunger.

He reached for the waistband of his jeans and pushed the denim and his boxers down in one smooth motion, stepping out of them and kicking the pile into the shadows of the room.

He stood there, fully exposed, his heart thudding against his ribs.

Will's gaze dropped and latched onto Mike's cock—thick, heavy, and jutting out with an eagerness that was almost painful—and stayed there.

Mike watched the way Will's pupils blew wide, swallowing the hazel iris until his eyes were almost black. He saw the way Will's breath hitched, his chest freezing mid-inhale, as if the sheer scale of what he was looking at had knocked the wind out of him.

For years, Mike had hidden this part of himself, terrified of the recoil, the jokes, the comments. But Will wasn't recoiling. Will looked like he was looking at the Holy Grail —awestruck and ravenous.

"Mike," Will breathed, the name shaping his lips into a soft, stunned O. He licked his lips, his gaze tracing the veins, the length, the weeping head with a professional, appreciative intensity. "Wow. It's... it's beautiful."

Mike felt his ego—and his dick—swell to dangerous proportions. The validation hit him harder than any touch could.

He didn't say anything. He couldn't trust his voice not to crack. He just climbed back onto the couch, settling between Will's spread legs. He didn't push in, didn't grab. He leaned down and started at Will's feet.

He kissed the high arch of Will's foot. He kissed his ankle. He kissed his way up the calf, his large hands massaging the muscles as he went, feeling the tension bleed out. He kissed the soft skin behind Will's knee, a spot that made Will jolt and let out a high, surprised sound of pleasure.

He moved up the thighs, planting slow, open-mouthed kisses on the pale skin, purposely avoiding the center, teasing the edges of Will's desire. He kissed the crease of Will's

hip up until the dip of his navel.

"Mike," Will begged, his hands scrabbling for purchase on Mike's shoulders, his nails digging in. "Please. Just please. I can't take it."

"I'm here," Mike whispered, kissing a path up Will's ribs, counting each one with his lips.

He paused at Will's chest. In the dim light, the skin was pale and perfect, but Mike's mind superimposed the memory of weeks ago—the angry red circles, the swollen tissue, the pain Will had experienced over those damn suction cups. The phantom image of Will hurting himself for an audience made Mike's heart clench violently.

He lowered his head, pressing his mouth over Will's nipple and licked it with a long, flat stroke of his tongue, swirling over the nub before taking it into his mouth with a gentle, warm suction that was the antithesis of the plastic pumps. He lapped at the skin, soothing the memory of the pain, apologizing with his mouth for every second Will had endured.

"I've got you," Mike murmured against the wet skin, kissing the pec tenderly. "I'm right here."

He kissed his way back up to Will's face, their noses brushing.

"I love you," Mike said. It was the first time he had said it like this. Not under the pretense of being just a friend or a joke.

He leaned down, pressing a soft, lingering kiss to Will's forehead, right between his brows. "I have loved you for twelve years."

He moved to Will's temple, his lips brushing against the frantic pulse there. "I loved you before I knew what it meant."

He kissed the high curve of Will's cheekbone, tasting the salt of a stray tear. "I loved you when you were Will the Wise in your silly little costume."

He moved to the other cheek, his hand cradling Will's jaw with a reverence that made his own hands shake. "I loved you when you were Sweetbunny."

He kissed the tip of Will's nose, then the corner of his mouth—right over the mole he had spent hours obsessing over. "And I love you right now, on this couch, with your hair messy and your eyes bright."

Will let out a sob—a happy, wrecked sound that seemed to tear itself out of his chest. He wrapped his arms around Mike's neck, pulling him down into a kiss that tasted like salt, surrender, and forever.

They ground together, naked erections sliding against each other, wet with pre-cum, creating a friction that was almost unbearable.

"I love you too," Will gasped against Mike's mouth. "God, Mike. I love you so much."

He pulled back, his eyes dark and dilated.

"I want to taste you," Will whispered, bold and wanton. "I want to taste how much you want me."

Mike froze. He looked at Will's mouth—the mouth he had watched on screen for weeks.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes," Will said, shifting down, his hands guiding Mike. "Let me."

And so Mike let him.

He sat up on the edge of the couch, spreading his legs wide, his heart thudding a frantic rhythm against his ribs. Will slid off the cushions, sinking to his knees on the rug between Mike's thighs.

The sight of him there—kneeling in the debris of their living room, completely naked, his pale skin glowing in the dim light of the TV—was almost enough to finish Mike off without a single touch. Will looked up through his wet lashes, his eyes dark and blown wide, an expression of such pure, unadulterated hunger on his face that Mike felt dizzy. He felt like a king. He felt like a god. He felt like he needed to call a structural engineer to reinforce the floor because the weight of his own affection was getting heavy.

Will didn't hesitate. The Will for the past 6 months had stopped being the shy boy Mike once knew. He reached out, his hands wrapping around the base of Mike's erection with a familiarity that stole the air from Mike's lungs.

"God," Will breathed, his thumb brushing over the head, spreading the pre-cum. "I've wanted this for so long. You have no idea."

"I think I have *some* idea," Mike wheezed, gripping the edge of the couch cushion until his knuckles turned white.

"No," Will shook his head, leaning forward to press a soft, open-mouthed kiss to the side of the shaft. "You don't. Every time we had a session... every time you turned your camera on and showed me how hard you were for me... I wanted to scream. I wanted to end the stream, run across the hall, and break your door down. But even before that..."

He licked a long, wet stripe up the underside, his tongue hot and rough against the sensitive skin. Mike's hips bucked involuntarily.

"I was so, *so* patient," Will murmured against his skin, his breath hot. "I waited for you to say something. For you to admit you were watching. But you're so stubborn, Mike. So I had to... improvise."

Will leaned forward, the heat of his breath ghosting over the sensitive skin just before his lips descended, sealing around the head of Mike's cock with a wet, searing warmth that stole the air from the room.

It wasn't the polished, camera-ready technique Mike had memorized from the *Sweetbunny22* archives. This lacked the calculated pauses and the perfect angles; it was raw, unscripted, and beautifully messy. It was just *Will*.

He hummed against the underside of Mike's shaft, the vibration buzzing straight down to Mike's toes, before swirling his tongue over the weeping slit with a maddening, devoted thoroughness. The suction was tight, desperate, his cheeks hollowing as he tried to take more of the length past his lips. His hands worked in tandem with his mouth, fingers gripping the base and stroking upwards to meet his lips, creating a slick, relentless friction that threatened to unravel Mike's sanity right then and there.

"Fuck," Mike groaned, his head falling back. "Will. *Jesus*."

Will bobbed his head, taking him deeper. He was struggling—Mike was painfully aware of the logistics involved here—but the determination was incredibly, maddeningly hot. Will's cheeks hollowed, his throat working as he tried to accommodate the length, his eyes squeezing shut as he pushed himself down.

He gagged, a wet, guttural sound that snapped a memory into the forefront of Mike's mind.

Could he take me? Mike had wondered weeks ago, watching a video in the dark while gripping his own sheets.

And now, here it was. The fantasy made flesh. Will was struggling with it, slobber running down his chin just like Mike had imagined, trying to accommodate Mike's size

with a single-minded focus. He wanted to feel Will's tongue swirling around the head, apologizing for not being deep enough, and Will was giving him exactly that. He pulled back just enough to breathe, then dove back in, attacking Mike with a fervor that bordered on religious.

It was too much; too good. Mike looked down, watching the way Will's lips stretched around him, the way spit shone on his chin.

He's doing this to me, Mike thought, his brain melting. *For me.*

But then Will took a particularly ambitious dive, attempting to swallow him down to the hilt but hitting the back of his throat with a wet, suctioning warmth that made Mike's vision white out. The sensation was too much—too tight, too hot, too *everything*. Mike felt the edge rushing up to meet him like a physical blow.

"Wait," Mike gasped, his hands flying to Will's shoulders, fingers digging into the skin as he physically pulled him back. "Stop. Stop. I'm gonna— gonna cum, Will. Not yet."

Will pulled off with a wet *pop*, a thick string of saliva and pre-cum connecting his swollen lip to Mike before snapping. Mike could've sworn he heard angels sing when Will looked up, dazed and wrecked. His lips were red and slick, his chest heaving as he fought for air. His eyes were blown wide, pupils swallowing the hazel, glassy with a subspace high that came from giving control over to his own hunger. He looked lightheaded, swaying slightly on his knees, drunk on the taste of Mike and the sheer physical exertion.

He licked his lips, chasing the stray fluids, his gaze dropping back to Mike's throbbing length with a starving intensity— looking like he wanted to consume Mike whole.

"Fuck me," Will whispered, the words slurring slightly, raw and demanding. He reached out, his hands trembling as they gripped Mike's thighs, grounding himself. "Please, Mike… need you inside. I need you to fill me up. *Now*."

It wasn't a question and Will definitely didn't wait for an answer. He scrambled up, movements uncoordinated and frantic, leaning over the coffee table to shove a stack of books and magazine aside with a clatter. He leaned his upper body on the wood, arching his back, and reached behind.

With a slow, deliberate movement that made Mike's knees weak, Will spread his ass cheeks.

There, nestled deep in the center of him, was the flared base of a purple jeweled butt plug.

Mike stared at it. His brain ground to a halt.

"You..." Mike started, his voice strangled.

"I prepped when I saw you on the couch," Will whispered over his shoulder, his voice trembling with a mix of shame and pride. "About an hour ago. Cancelled the stream and... just hoped. I wanted to be ready for *you*."

A surge of possessiveness roared through Mike, hot and dark. He hated that Will had prepped himself alone. But god, the image of Will sitting there for the last hour, kneading the knots out of Mike's back with calm, steady hands while holding *that* inside him just waiting for Mike to wake up? Well butter his butt and call him a biscuit because that thought alone was enough to take Mike over the edge. *Almost.*

"Take it out," Mike commanded, his voice dropping to a growl.

He moved behind Will, his hands hovering over the flared base of the plug, but then stopped. He looked at the rough weave of the rug under Will's knees.

"Actually, not here," Mike said, his voice softening as the *best friend* override kicked in. He gently pulled Will upright, wrapping an arm around his waist to support him. "Your knees will get rug burn."

He guided Will back to the gray couch, having him kneel on the couch with his chest on the back rest. Will lets Mike arrange him like a precious artifact. He positioned Will's legs wide, draping his upper half over the back of the sofa, opening him up completely. Mike knelt on the floor between Will's legs, his face level with Will's hips, staring at the jewel sparkling between his thighs.

"Next time," Mike said, his eyes tracking the way Will's breath hitched. "Next time, I do the prep. I want to be the one to open you up. I want to use my fingers… my mouth. I don't want you ready for me, Will. I want to *make* you ready."

Will let out a shaky breath, nodding against the cushion. "Okay. Next time."

Mike gripped the base of the toy, his touch light. "Relax," he murmured, placing his other hand on Will's thigh, his thumb rubbing soothing circles into the skin to ground him.

He pulled, but he did it with agonizing care. He moved slowly, attuned to every hitch in Will's breathing, letting the widest part of the bulb stretch the ring of muscle gently. The plug slid out with a wet, heavy sound, and Will gasped, his hips twitching and back arching as the stretch released, leaving him empty and vulnerable.

Mike stared at him. It was a view he had paid hundreds of dollars to see in pixels, but the reality felt sacred. Will was open to him— *for him*— glistening and exposed, trusting Mike with the parts of himself he usually hid behind a paywall. It was devastatingly beautiful. The urge to be animalistic—to just shove himself in and claim the space immediately—flared hot and bright, but it was quickly eclipsed by a tidal wave of tenderness.

He controlled himself. This wasn't just a body. This is Will. His best friend, his roommate, the love of his life. It had to be good. It had to be perfect. He wanted to make sure Will knew, in every cell of his body, that he was safe here.

"You're doing so good," Mike whispered, leaning down to press a kiss to Will's hip bone.

"Lube," Will whispered back, his voice wrecked and sweet, pointing a shaking hand under the coffee table. "There’s a bottle. I... I might have kicked it under there earlier."

Mike grabbed it and squirted a generous dollop of the gel into his palm, but he didn't touch Will yet. He rubbed his hands together briskly, warming the cold fluid until it was body temperature—because he was a gentleman, dammit.

He started with one finger pressed the tip against the entrance, waiting for Will’s acknowledgement, before sliding it in.

The heat was shocking. It wrapped around his finger like a wet, velvet glove. Mike watched Will’s face as he adjusted to the new texture. Will moaned, his eyes fluttering shut.

"Good?" Mike asked, his voice tight, his other hand coming to rest on the curve of Will's hip to steady him.

"Yes," Will breathed into the upholstery. "More."

Mike added a second finger. Then a third. He added a fourth for extra measures and scissored them slowly, stretching him wide, mimicking the motion he had watched on screen so many times but feeling the grip in reality. It was tighter than he expected—

stronger. The way Will’s body clamped down around his fingers was a sensation that 1080p resolution just couldn't convey.

"You feel so good," Mike groaned, twisting his wrist to press against the side walls. "So hot."

He remembered the first private session. The way Will had struggled alone.

"Fuck," Will hissed, working the finger in deep, curling it trying to find his prostate. "It's too short. Need your fingers to reach inside for me, Mitch."

Mike’s eyes darkened at the memory. He was here now and he could reach.

He curled his fingers up, hooking them in a 'come hither' motion, searching for that sweet spot. When he found it—a ridged, sensitive bump just a few inches in—he pressed firm and relentless.

Will cried out, a broken, high-pitched sob of pleasure that was muffled by the couch cushion. His hips snapped back, impaling himself further on Mike's hand. "Mike. *Mike*."

"Found it," Mike murmured, stroking the spot firmly, milking him. "I'm right here."

"Please," Will begged, his hips snapping up, trying to impale himself on Mike’s hand. "Please. I'm ready. Please."

Mike laughed, a low, dark sound that vibrated in his chest. He withdrew his hand, wiping the excess lube on his own thigh before reaching for the bottle again. He squeezed a fresh, generous amount into his palm and wrapped his hand around himself, stroking from base to tip until he was glistening, slick, and ready.

"Okay," Mike whispered. "*Okay*."

He sat back on the couch, planting his feet firmly on the floor to brace himself, his back pressed against the cushions. He pulled Will up by the hips, guiding him until he was straddling Mike’s lap, facing him. The blue light from the TV cast a halo around Will’s body, catching the sweat on his collarbones and the flush of his skin, making him look ethereal, like a saint about to fall from grace—or maybe an angel about to sin.

"’This okay?" Mike asked, his voice rough, his hands resting on Will's waist to steady him.

Will didn't answer with words. He just looked at Mike, his eyes blown black, and reached down. He wrapped his fingers around Mike's cock, lining the tip up with his entrance. He took a deep, shuddering breath.

And then he sank down.

It was a slow, agonizing slide. Mike grit his teeth, his head falling back against the couch as he felt every inch of himself being swallowed by the heat of Will's body. It was tighter than his hand, tighter than any mouth. It was suffocating and perfect.

Will gasped, a wet, ragged sound tearing from his throat as his head fell forward onto Mike's shoulder. His nails dug into Mike's shoulders, anchoring himself against the invasion. He stopped a few inches in, his entire body trembling, breathing hard as his inner muscles clamped down around the intrusion in a rhythmic, pulsing squeeze that nearly ended Mike's bloodline right then and there.

"You okay?" Mike whispered, turning his head to press a kiss to the side of Will's damp neck, tasting the salt of his sweat. "Am I... is it too much?"

"No," Will panted, his voice a high, thin whine that vibrated against Mike's collarbone. "Just... big. You're so big. Give me a second."

He stayed there for a long moment, letting his body adjust, letting the heat of him seep into Mike. It was a torture Mike would have gladly endured for a thousand years. He ran his hands up and down Will's back, soothing him, grounding him, waiting for the signal.

When Will finally moved, it was with a determined, shaky exhale. He pushed down again. Inch by inch. Engulfing him. Taking the *Wheeler Weaponry* home.

Mike watched the ceiling, his jaw clenched so hard his teeth ached, trying to focus on anything other than the friction, the heat, the overwhelming sense of *rightness*. It felt like locking a key into a door that had been shut for a decade.

When he finally bottomed out, sitting flush against Mike's thighs, the breath punched out of both of them in a unified, wrecked groan.

"Fuck," Will breathed against Mike's ear, the sound wet and broken. "Fuck, Mike. I can... I can *see* you."

"What?" Mike blinked, pulling back slightly to look at him, his hands tightening on Will's hips to keep him close.

Will looked down at his own stomach, his expression dazed, awestruck, and a little bit terrified. "Look."

Mike looked.

The sight made the world stop spinning.

There, on the smooth, pale expanse of Will's lower abdomen, the skin was distended. A faint, distinct ridge pressed outward from the inside, outlining the shape of Mike's dick where it was buried deep within him. It was a visible claim. A physical manifestation of Mike taking up space inside his best friend.

Holy *fuck*.

Mike's brain short-circuited. It was the most primal, possessive thing he had ever seen. He wasn't just inside him; he was *part* of him—stretching him, filling him, changing the very shape of him. It was a level of intimacy that transcended the physical and went straight to the soul.

He reached out, his hands trembling violently. He could almost span Will's waist with his hands, his fingers nearly meeting at the spine. He brought his thumbs around to the front, pressing lightly against that bulge, tracing the length of himself beneath Will's skin.

Will moaned, a wrecked, loud sound, his head falling back as he felt the pressure from both sides—Mike inside him, filling him to the brim, and Mike's thumb outside him, acknowledging the fullness.

"That's me," Mike whispered, the words sounding like a prayer.

"Yeah," Will gasped, experimental, tentatively grinding down against the invasion, his eyes rolling back as the movement dragged Mike deeper. "That's you."

Mike wanted to thrust. He wanted to snap his hips up and pound into him until neither of them could think, until the only thing left in the universe was friction and sweat. But he held back. He kept his hands clamped on Will's hips, holding himself steady, forcing himself to let Will set the pace.

Will began to move. He lifted himself up an inch, then slammed back down. Then two inches. Then three. He kept going until he found a rhythm that was a desperate, rolling grind that targeted Mike's deepest spots. Will was loud—shamelessly, beautifully loud.

He cried out with every drop, his head thrown back, his throat exposed, a litany of *Mike, Mike, Mike* falling from his lips.

It was too much. It wasn't enough.

"Fuck me," Will sobbed, his composure shattering. He stopped moving, his hands gripping Mike's shoulders, his nails digging in. "Mike, please. Fuck me. Take it. Take it all."

And Mike obeyed. Because Will's word was God's word to him.

He planted his feet harder on the floor, leveraged his weight, and thrust *up*.

The reaction was immediate. Will screamed, a sound of pure overload, his back arching so hard he nearly bent in half. Mike didn't stop. He established a brutal, punishing rhythm, snapping his hips upward, driving himself as deep as physics would allow, chasing the friction, chasing the noise.

His brain wasn't processing anything but *Will, Will, Will*. He watched Will's face contort, watched him become every guy's wet dream and Mike's singular reality. Will was arching into it, offering himself up, and Mike took the invitation. He leaned forward, feasting on him. He kissed Will's throat, licking the pulse point. He kissed his chest, swirling his tongue over the nipples that were hard and pebbled, soothing them. He was careful not to bite, careful not to leave marks on the skin he knew Will used for work, but he laid claim to every inch with his mouth.

He reached down between them, finding Will's cock—neglected, leaking, and throbbing hard against his stomach.

Mike wrapped his hand around it and began to stroke.

That was the breaking point. The dual sensation—being filled by Mike and being touched by Mike—was too much for Will's nervous system to handle.

"I'm gonna—" Will choked out, his eyes rolling back, his body seizing.

"Yeah," Mike growled against his mouth.

They kept going until they broke. Will came first, a violent, shuddering release that coated Mike's hand and their joined stomachs in hot, sticky fluid. He cried out, clamping down around Mike with a force that pushed Mike over the edge.

Mike groaned, a sound torn from the bottom of his lungs, and buried his face in Will's neck. He thrust up one last time, holding himself deep, and let go. He felt his dick spurting, an amazing, endless amount of cum filling Will to the brim, coating his insides, knitting them together.

They stayed like that for a long time, locked together, trembling in the aftermath. The only sounds in the room were the ragged echo of their breathing and the low hum of the TV, casting blue shadows over their sweat-slicked skin.

Will slumped against him, boneless and heavy, his chest heaving against Mike's. After a moment, he lifted his head, hair plastered to his forehead, and leaned in. He kissed Mike—not with the desperate hunger of before, but with a slow, savory sweetness. It was unrushed. It tasted like sweat and salt and *mine*.

Mike kissed him back, his heart swelling so much it hurt. His body, however, apparently hadn't gotten the memo that the sex was over. His hips bucked involuntarily—a reflex twitch of his still-hard length buried deep inside Will.

Will whined, a high, broken sound of overstimulation, his head falling back onto Mike's shoulder. ″Too much," he breathed, though his hands tightened on Mike's arms.

"Sorry," Mike gasped, trying to hold still. He looked at Will's flushed face, red all over, the mess on his stomach. A wave of insecurity washed over him, "Was it... was it okay?"

Will laughed—a weak, fond, breathy sound. He pressed a wet kiss to Mike's cheek, right over the bone. "Mike," he whispered, his voice wrecked. "I'm going to feel you for a week. It was perfect."

The knot in Mike's chest loosened. "Good. That's... good."

He held Will for a few more minutes, just breathing him in, savoring the weight of him. But the reality of the situation—the fluids, the cooling sweat, the fact that Will looked like he couldn't move if the building caught fire—kicked Mike's caretaker instincts into gear.

"I need to clean you up," Mike murmured into Will's hair.

Will made a noise of protest, tightening his arms around Mike's neck. "No. Stay. Don't move."

"I'm not going far," Mike promised, kissing his temple. "Just to the kitchen. You're sticky, Will. We're both sticky."

He let Will cling to him for another minute, soaking up the affection, before gently, carefully untangling their limbs. He laid Will back against the cushions, supporting his head until he was settled. Mike pulled out slowly. It was a wet, heavy sensation, the friction intense. Will whined at the loss of fullness, his hips twitching as he was left empty.

"I know," Mike whispered, kissing his forehead. "I'll be right back."

He scrambled up, his legs wobbling, and made a dash for the kitchen. He grabbed a glass of water and wet a clean dish towel with warm water, wringing it out as he hurried back.

Will hadn't moved. He was sprawled on the couch like a Roman deity after a feast, limbs loose, eyes half-closed.

"Here," Mike said, helping Will sit up just enough to drink. Will gulped the water down like he'd been in the desert for a week.

"Thanks," Will sighed, flopping back down.

Mike knelt between his legs again. He started with Will's stomach, gently wiping away the drying cum with the warm cloth. Will hummed in appreciation, his eyes fluttering shut.

"Lift your hips," Mike murmured.

Will obeyed, arching his back.

Mike looked down. The sight was... destroying.

Will's entrance was red, swollen, and gaping slightly. But what caught Mike's eye was the slow, steady leak of white fluid escaping him, trailing down his cleft and dripping onto the gray upholstery.

RIP sofa, Mike thought, a fleeting eulogy for the furniture. *You were a good couch. You served us well.*

But mostly, he thought about how that was *his* cum. Inside Will. Leaving Will.

The animal part of Mike's brain—the part that had given way to the softer, domesticated version of him for the last hours, the part that was currently vibrating on a frequency that only dogs and perverts could hear—woke up and roared. He didn't want to wipe that away with a rag. That seemed wasteful. It seemed wrong. It seemed like a sin against the holiness of the moment.

If this was a test from God, Mike decided, he was about to fail with flying colors. Or maybe pass? Was eating out your best friend considered a sacrament? He felt pretty religious right now.

He dropped the cloth on the floor.

"Mike?" Will asked, opening his eyes at the sudden pause, his lashes fluttering against his cheeks.

"You're leaking," Mike said, his voice rough, gravelly, and entirely serious.

Before Will could process that, Mike leaned forward and pressed his lips to Will's rim, his tongue darting out to catch the spill.

Will moaned. It was a shocked, electrified sound, his hands flying to tangle in Mike's hair, gripping the roots tight enough to pull. *"Mike! What are you— oh god—"*

Mike ignored him. He licked the mess away, cleaning him up in the most efficient, depraved way possible. He swirled his tongue around the entrance, pushing slightly inside to catch the rest, tasting himself and Will and the musk of their sex. It was salty and bitter and he can taste their future from it.

"Mike," Will sobbed, his hips bucking off the cushion, forcing Mike's face harder against him.

Mike hummed against him, the vibration traveling straight into Will's core. And Mike wasn't just using his mouth; his body was still wired, still chasing the high. He was literally humping the sofa cushion, his hips grinding a slow, wet rhythm into the poor, abused upholstery as he lapped at Will. His dick was still slick with their earlier fluids, sliding against the fabric, and the friction was driving him out of his mind.

He cleaned Will thoroughly, worshipping the mess he had made, until Will was writhing and whining, his toes curling.

Mike pulled back, breathless, his face wet. But he wasn't done. He crawled up Will's body, his eyes locked on Will's semi-soft length that was twitching against his stomach.

Mike lowered his head, intent on taking him into his mouth, wanting to taste him, wanting to make him hard again.

Will’s hands slammed onto Mike’s shoulders, pushing him back.

"Stop," Will gasped, his chest heaving. "Stop. Mike, I can't. It's too much. I'm going to pass out. I need a minute."

Mike blinked, dazed, but he nodded. He sat back on his heels, kneeling between Will’s open thighs like a devotee at an altar.

Will was a wreck—hair plastered to his forehead, lips swollen, chest flushed pink, legs spread wide and trembling. He looked entirely ruined. And Mike had done that.

Mike wrapped his hand around his own cock, which was currently throbbing with a painful, demanding need, and began to jerk himself off, his eyes never leaving Will’s face.

"You look..." Mike panted, his hand moving in a steady, slick rhythm. "You look incredible."

Will watched him, his eyes heavy and lidded, his own dick twitching in sympathy with Mike’s movements. "You're insatiable."

"I'm making up for lost time," Mike grunted.

He scanned Will’s body again. The pale skin was flushed, yes, but it was unmarked. No bites. No bruises.

"I wanted to mark you," Mike whispered, the confession making his strokes harder, angrier. "I want to… I want to leave marks everywhere… for *everyone* to know."

Will let out a breathy laugh, shifting his hips, opening himself up even more. He looked Mike dead in the eye, a challenge sparking in the hazel depths.

"What's stopping you?"

Mike groaned. That was all the permission he needed.

He slumped forward, abandoning his upright position to collapse on top of Will. He buried his face in the crook of Will’s neck and *bit*.

He sucked the skin hard, listening to Will’s sharp intake of breath. He moved down, biting the cord of his neck, licking the pulse point, then moving to his chest. He attacked Will’s nipples, teasing them with his teeth, sucking them until they were red and peaked.

And all the while, he ground his hips down. He lined his cock up with Will’s thigh—slick skin against slick skin—and fucked it. He humped Will’s leg with a desperate, depraved rhythm, friction and heat and teeth and skin, marking Will’s body while he chased his own high against Will’s thigh.

It was the whipped cream on top of Mike’s depravity frappe. God knows he had done some shameful things in the dark while watching Will on a screen—shoved his face into pillows, ruined perfectly good socks, prayed for forgiveness while committing sins—but this? Actually having him? Being allowed to be this gross, this needy, this possessive with the real, living boy? It broke something in his brain. It was a sensory overload that made the 4K videos look like cave paintings.

He picked up the pace, his hips snapping forward, a low, continuous groan vibrating in his throat as he sought that final bit of friction. Will’s leg was solid and warm under him, an anchor in the storm of his own making.

Only when Mike finally shuddered, his body locking up in a violent, full-body spasm, did he stop. He spilled himself hot and messy between their bodies, coating Will's thigh and his own stomach, collapsing onto Will’s chest with a final, broken groan of absolute satisfaction.

He lay there for a long moment, waiting for his heart to restart, listening to the wet, ragged sound of their breathing. Then, slowly, he pulled back, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. He looked down at his handiwork. A constellation of fresh, angry red and purple marks bloomed across Will’s neck and chest, interspersed with the wet shine of their fluids. It looked like a masterpiece.

"Better," Mike said, his voice wrecked, a smug grin tugging at his lips.

Will stared at him, chest heaving, looking like he’d never seen Mike before in his life. "You..." Will breathed, shaking his head in disbelief, his hand coming up to trace a fresh hickey on his collarbone. "I love you. You know that, right? I love you so much it's stupid."

"Yeah?" Mike mumbled, leaning down to press a soft, lingering kiss to Will’s sweaty forehead. "I love you too. God, I love you. Now... let's get you to a real bed. The couch has suffered enough."

He reached for the discarded towel on the floor, doing a perfunctory, gentle job of wiping the worst of the mess from Will’s stomach and thigh as well as himself—a necessary evil before transport.

Mike slid his arms under Will—one arm hooking behind his knees, the other supporting his back and hoisted him up. He wasn't sure where the strength came from—maybe it was the adrenaline, maybe it was the leftover carbs from lunch, or maybe God himself had looked down and said, *You’ve been pathetic for six weeks, have a freebie.*

Whatever it was, he lifted Will effortlessly, cradling him against his chest like a bride, or a very precious, very naked sack of potatoes.

Will made a surprised sound, wrapping his arms around Mike’s neck, burying his face in Mike’s shoulder. "You're trembling."

"I'm fantastic," Mike grunted, stabilizing his grip.

He carried him down the short hallway, kicking Will’s bedroom door open with his foot.

Mike had been in this room a thousand times; sat on that floor to fix the radiator; he’d flopped onto the foot of that bed to complain about professors; he’d stood in the doorway to ask what they were doing for dinner. Usually, it was easy to separate the physical reality of *Will’s Bedroom* from the digital fantasy of *Sweetbunny22’s Set*. They were two different worlds occupying the same square footage, kept apart by Mike’s rigorous mental gymnastics.

But as he walked over to the bed—*the* bed, the altar of his obsession—and lowered Will onto the mattress, the barrier dissolved.

The moment Will hit the gray sheets, sprawled out on his back, naked and marked and looking up at Mike with sleepy, trusting eyes under the haze of the purple LED strips, Mike felt a jolt that nearly buckled his knees. It wasn't just affection. It was a sharp, distinct, violent twitch in his groin. *Again, yes.*

Seeing Will *here*—on this specific stage, bathed in that specific violet light, the scene of so many of Mike's late-night unravelings—but knowing he was the only audience member? Knowing he wasn't watching a recording, but living the scene? Knowing he was the one who put those marks there?

His dick, which had been thoroughly exhausted not five minutes ago, gave a hopeful, semi-hard leap against his thigh.

Will blinked, his gaze dropping to Mike’s midsection, then snapping back up to his face. He let out an incredulous, breathless laugh.

"Again?" Will asked, eyes wide with mirth. "Seriously?”

Mike grinned, shrugging his shoulders as he crawled onto the bed, hovering over Will like a dark cloud. "I told you. I'm making up for lost time."

And he did.

They didn't just go one more time—it's three to be exact. It was a blur of skin and sweat and friction, a fever dream of positions Mike had only ever dared to imagine in the privacy of his own head. He moved Will like a doll, bending him, twisting him, opening him up, and Will took it all—took every inch, every thrust, every bit of Mike's pent-up adoration and filth—with a wanton, pliable eagerness that drove Mike insane.

By the last round, Will was half-asleep, his body heavy and loose, murmuring soft, incoherent things against the pillow as he let Mike fuck him slow and deep until he finished.

Afterward—after the final, exhausted collapse—Mike summoned the last reserves of his energy. He cleaned Will up thoroughly, using the warm cloth with a tenderness that belied the violence of the last few hours. Will didn't even stir; he was out cold, fast asleep before the towel even left his skin.

Mike climbed in beside him, pulling the duvet up over them both. He curled his body around Will’s back, spooning him tight, burying his nose in the damp hair at the nape of Will's neck. He fell asleep feeling like he had just conquered the world.

The oblivion was total, a deep, restorative coma that swallowed hours whole. When the world finally came back into focus, it wasn't with a gentle morning glow; it was with the aggressive, high-angle glare of a Sunday afternoon sun assaulting his eyelids.

Mike woke up slowly, feeling like he had been hit by a truck, but in a good way. His muscles ached. His skin felt sensitive. He reached out for the warm body that should have been next to him, but his hand hit empty sheets.

He frowned, peeling one eye open.

Will was sitting cross-legged at the foot of the bed. He was wearing Mike’s t-shirt (of course), looking rumpled and soft. He was holding a yellow sewing tape measure.

"It's 10.8," Will announced, his voice conversational, as if commenting on the weather.

Mike blinked, shielding his eyes from the sun with a groan. "Will—what?"

"Your dick," Will said, looking up with a bright, sunny grin. He gestured vaguely toward Mike's crotch with the tape. "I measured it while you were sleeping. It's 10.8 inches. Not 11. You've been rounding up for years, Wheeler. That's false advertising."

Mike sat up, clutching the sheet to his chest like a Victorian maiden, indignant heat rising in his cheeks. "Why does that matter? And why are you measuring it like it's a piece of IKEA furniture?"

Will shrugged, retracting the tape with a sharp *zip*. "Artistic reference." He paused, tapping the plastic casing of the tape measure against his chin thoughtfully, his eyes narrowing. "Hypothetically speaking... how many donuts do you think you can stack on this thing?"

"I— I don't—" Mike sputtered, rubbing the sleep from his face. "What kind of question is that?"

"A scientific one," Will said, leaning forward. "Don't lie to me, Michael. I know you know. You have the face of a man who has tested this."

Mike groaned, burying his face in his hands. He wanted to die. He wanted to live in this moment forever. "Fine. Seven."

"Seven?" Will raised an eyebrow, clearly impressed.

"Seven," Mike muttered into his palms, his voice muffled. "With the head still peeking out. Glazed. Krispy Kreme."

"You stacked seven glazed donuts on your dick?" Will asked, his voice trembling with suppressed laughter.

"I was a very curious teenager!" Mike defended loudly, dropping his hands to glare at Will, though he knew his face was bright red. "I was bored! It was a snow day! The internet was down!"

"Yeah?" Will grinned, crawling up the length of the bed on his hands and knees. The movement was predatory and playful, the hem of Mike's shirt swaying. He stopped when he was hovering over Mike, bracing his hands on the pillow. "How old were you when you conducted this... experiment?"

"...Nineteen," Mike admitted in a whisper.

Will burst out laughing, collapsing onto Mike’s chest. The sound was bright and clear, vibrating through Mike’s ribs and settling in his heart. Mike wrapped his arms around him, holding him tight, burying his nose in Will’s hair. It smelled like them—like sex and sleep and the vanilla lotion Will used.

"You're an idiot," Will said, pressing a soft kiss to Mike’s jaw, then another to his cheek. "But you're my idiot."

"Yeah," Mike agreed, closing his eyes and letting the weight of Will ground him. "And you're my best friend. And my favorite cam boy. And... hopefully, my boyfriend?"

Will pulled back just enough to look him in the eye. The laughter faded into a soft, tender smile. He reached up, brushing Mike’s hair off his forehead. "We'll talk about the labels later," Will murmured, his hand sliding under the sheet to rest warm and heavy on Mike's hip. "Right now... I think I want to see if we can beat the donut record."

"We don't have donuts," Mike pointed out, his breath hitching as Will’s hand moved lower.

"No," Will smiled against his neck, pressing a wet, open-mouthed kiss to the pulse point. "But we have bagels."

Mike laughed—a startled, happy sound. He held Will tighter, pulling him down until there was no space left between them. He was broke, he was exhausted, his joints ached, and his dignity was non-existent. But he was the winner. He had won the game.

"You're paying for the bagels," Mike said.

Will’s breath ghosted over his ear. "Put it on my tab," he whispered. "*Daddy*."

Chapter End Notes

Notice how Mike's brain stop being stupid (or less stupid) when he got Will?

ONE MORE CHAPTER TO GO!! I know that some of you are like expecting an explosive confrontation between Will and Mike once the truth is out and I'm sorry if the actual scenario is not up to your liking but please know that I did create the story with the vision of Will knowing it's Mike and just waiting for him to make an actual move. I had to tweak some details of course, but it was pretty much

established by the second chapter that I intend for Will to know jsjsjs And I'm not really great with confrontation scenes 😭😭 Just look at my other fics.

Unsolicited Fun Fact: People with larger dicks compared to their body build can get lightheaded or dizzy whenever they get a boner because of the amount of blood needed to pump their dicks hard. Of course, this doesn't happen to Mike because this is a fucking fanfic. But yeah, let's all imagine Mike suddenly dropping to the ground every time Will made him hard throughout the years.

Thank y'all again for sticking with my nonsense and as always, comments and feedbacks are welcome!!

Chapter 5: The Boyfriend Clause

Chapter Notes

Babydollbyers from the comments said this fic is gonna reach 100k words and I didn't really believe it but here we are. IDEK how I fucking wrote this bruh but it definitely helped that I received a lot of comments hyping me up hhshshs

I do want to let you all know that this chapter would probably not be as funny as the previous ones because we're finally over the Mike humiliation ritual (my god, people, let the boy live) and this is just wrapping the story up. I still hope you'll like it though but I'm just a gal who was so bylerpilled when she started this and started word-vomiting until she can't no more. The comedy in me left after about 80k words of trying LMAO.

Also, I didn't expect this would get this much attention because I wrote this for mine, sue, and quel's pleasure only. STILL!! THANK YOU ALL FOR STICKING WITH ME!! (and for proving we're not the only freaks in this fandom). I'm sorry if I didn't reply to all comments last chapter, my brain is dripping down my ears and i really really don't know what else to say aside from 'thank you'- BUT I READ EVERY ONE OF THEM I PROMISE!!!

Are we discussing any kink this chapter? Maybe.

FAIR WARNING: Some more explicit photos and a fuckton of 4th wall breaks.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

If you had told Mike Wheeler six months ago that his Saturday nights would consist of adjusting ring lights, checking audio levels for background static, and applying body oil to his best friend’s— now boyfriend’s— inner thighs, he would have probably asked what kind of drugs you were on and where he could get some.

But here he was.

It was 9:15 PM on a Saturday. The apartment—now noticeably nicer, thanks to a few upgrades funded by the *Sweetbunny* empire—smelled of lavender, expensive lubricant, and the pepperoni pizza Mike had guiltily inhaled for dinner. Will was currently fasting. It was a professional hazard; apparently, engaging in "vigorous internal acrobatics" was ill-advised on a stomach full of cheese and gluten. So while Mike feasted like a king, while Will had sat opposite him sipping lemon water.

Mike was standing behind the camera, wearing only sweatpants and a headset that made him look like a very serious air traffic controller for a very specific, very naked airline.

"Tilt your chin up a little," Mike directed, his voice low. "Yeah. Like that. Catch the key light."

Will tilted his chin, his eyes finding Mike's behind the lens. He smirked—that signature, dangerous *Lee* smirk that made Mike's knees feel like wet cardboard.

"Like this, Mr. Producer?" Will teased, his voice dropping into that husky register that drove the chat room wild.

Mike didn't even pretend to have willpower. He abandoned the audio check immediately, crossing the small distance to the bed to loom over Will.

"Keep looking at me like that and the stream is getting delayed," Mike growled, his hand landing heavy and possessive on Will's hip, thumb digging into the soft skin near the chain. "Your little group of voyeurs can wait. Someone in the waiting room just tipped fifty tokens to ask if I was working tonight, and I am very tempted to show them exactly what kind of work I do."

Will laughed, breaking character but leaning into the touch. "They love you, Mike. I think half of them only subscribe to see your forearms."

It was true. And it was weird.

In the six months since Mike had stumbled into Will's secret life, the channel had evolved. It wasn't just *Sweetbunny22* anymore; it was the *Sweetbunny & Mitch* show (unofficially). Mike—or rather, *Mitch*, the faceless, large-handed handler—had become a fixture of the lore. He was the heavy breathing behind the camera; the hand that pressed soft touching caresses to encourage; And the one who growled *"Good boy"* when Will took a particularly large toy, sending the tip jar into a frenzy.

The Velvetcam community was obsessed with *them*—something about their dynamic drove the regulars absolutely crazy. The intense, palpable chemistry that radiated through the screen even when they weren't touching became the main topic of every comment section. Users dissected the contrast between the veins in Mike's hands versus the softness of Will's skin in long, detailed tip notes. There was a terrifying amount of discourse in the chat logs regarding the outline of Mike's dick in his gray sweatpants during the infamous "Reflection Incident" of three months ago, sure, but mostly the 'Bunnies' screamed about the way Lee melted whenever Mitch spoke.

Mike pretended to find the niche fame weird. Secretly? He preened like a peacock every time he scrolled through the video comments and saw someone saying *Mitch owns him* or *God, look at how Lee melts when he speaks to him.*

"Okay," Mike said, checking the monitors. "Audio is crisp. Lighting is slutty. You look..." He paused, his gaze raking over Will's body, lingering on the way the silver chains dug into his pale skin. "... You look like you're going to crash the server."

Will beamed. "That's the goal. Ready?"

"Born ready."

Mike hit the **Go Live** button.

The screen flared. The chat exploded.

User789: HE'S HERE

Daddy_Issues: THE CHAINS OMFG

Simp4Lee: MITCH IS ON CAM I SEE HIS ARM

_takeachance: Evening, gentlemen.

Mike scowled at the screen. ***_takeachance***.

Chance was still around. He was like a cockroach in a designer suit—unkillable and annoying. But the dynamic had shifted. Chance no longer ruled the roost. He was still a whale, still dropping thousands of tokens, but he knew his place. He knew that no matter how much he paid, he was renting. Mike *owned* the building.

"Hi everyone," Will purred to the camera, settling back on his heels, spreading his knees to show off the silver ring. *"Welcome back. We have a... shiny night planned."*

Mike sat in the producer's chair (a new ergonomic office chair he'd bought for his "back problems"), monitoring the feed. He watched Will work. It was mesmerizing. Will knew exactly how to move, how to breathe, how to look at the lens as if he were looking into the soul of every lonely person watching.

But every now and then, Will's eyes would flicker past the screen. He'd look at Mike. And the look wasn't *Lee*. It was Will. It was a soft, private *I love you* beamed across the room, invisible to the thousands of viewers but blindingly bright to Mike.

It was a look of pure, settled comfort—a stark contrast to the absolute train wreck that had preceded it. While they were currently operating like a well-oiled machine (literally and figuratively), the road to this domestic bliss hadn't exactly been paved with rose petals. It was paved with panic attacks, awkward conversations, and a lot of trial and error. To truly appreciate the "New Normal," one had to rewind to the chaotic, messy beginning—

Because if the month and a half leading up to that faithful Saturday night where everything changed had been a slow-burn tragedy of errors featuring one very confused barista and a lot of expensive internet transactions, the days (*months, really*) immediately following it were a high-speed, NC-17 romantic comedy that would make a sailor blush.

Back then, everything was new and overwhelming. Mike and Will were dating. They were *boyfriends*. They were a capitalized, italicized, bold-font ***THING***.

The transition hadn't been seamless—mostly because they were both idiots who had spent twelve years repressing their feelings until they fossilized—but it had been enthusiastic. The apartment, once a minefield of unspoken tension and *accidental* touches, had transformed into a no-holds-barred sanctuary of constant, overwhelming physical contact.

To any casual observer—had there been one brave enough to enter the pheromone cloud of Apartment 4B—they were disgusting. They were inseparable. They were, to put it mildly, fucking like rabbits who had just discovered they were the last two rabbits on Earth and the future of the species depended entirely on their friction.

But before that friction, there was terror.

Mike remembered the late afternoon after their first night together—the Sunday of the measuring tape incident. The sex had been earth-shattering, yes, but the silence afterwards had been deafening. Will had fallen back asleep, exhausted and curled

around Mike like a koala, but Mike had remained wide awake, staring at the ceiling and suffering from a severe, acute case of post-nut anxiety.

His brain was doing that fun thing where it cataloged every single way he wasn't good enough. He was pathetically in love, drowning in it, and he knew—logically, emotionally—that Will loved him back. But knowing it and feeling worthy of it were two different beasts.

He was paralyzed by the fear that the reality of *Mike* wouldn't measure up to the fantasy Will had been waiting for. That he was just... ordinary. He had wasted twelve years being a coward while Will had been out there becoming this confident, sexually realized person, and he was terrified that sooner or later, Will would wake up, look across the pillow, and realize he had settled for *this* when he could have had the whole sky.

By the time the sun started to dip low in the sky, casting long orange shadows across the room, Mike was vibrating with neurosis. He had dragged himself out of bed, leaving Will sleeping in a tangle of sheets, and marched into the kitchen to make coffee with the grim determination of a man facing a firing squad. He poured it into Will's favorite mug, added the exact right amount of oat milk, and carried it back to the bedroom like a peace offering or a bribe.

When Will woke up to the smell of caffeine, Mike hadn't been able to hold it in. He was running on adrenaline and fumes. He had sat on the edge of the mattress, watching Will sip the coffee, and spilled his guts. He confessed his fear that he was just a "safety hazard," a burden, a messy experiment that Will would eventually regret. He admitted he felt like he was catching up to a train that had already left the station.

Will hadn't laughed. He had put down the mug on the nightstand, reached out to pull Mike down by the front of his shirt, and pressed a comforting kiss on his lips. *"Give me some credit, Mike,"* Will had whispered, his eyes fierce. *"I've loved you for almost all my life and I'm still here."*

That conversation had rewired Mike's DNA.

And then, just to prove that the heavy emotional moment wasn't going to kill them, Will had leaned back against the headboard, a mischievous glint returning to his eyes as he looked speculatively at Mike's lap.

"So," Will had said, his voice dropping into a playful tone. *"About that donut record..."*

"Will, no," Mike had protested, laughing through his leftover tears as he realized exactly where this was going.

"We have bagels in the kitchen," Will pointed out, looking entirely too serious. *"We could test it right now."*

(For the curious scholars in the audience doing the mental math: Yes, Will Byers absolutely stacked seven bagels on Mike's dick. And yes, he topped the last one with a dollop of cream cheese just for the fun of it, because he is a menace to society and to Mike's dignity.)

For Mike, the reality of having Will—*having* him, not just looking at him or pining for him—was a drug he couldn't get enough of. He had spent so long convinced that his desire was a burden, a "safety hazard," a monstrous thing that would ruin their friendship. But Will didn't treat Mike's desire like a burden. He treated it like a gift.

This newfound lightness followed Mike everywhere. It trailed him out of the apartment, onto the L-train, and right behind the counter of *The Daily Grind*. Even the usual Tuesday afternoon slump, typically reserved for contemplating the futility of capitalism while scrubbing milk stains off the backsplash, couldn't dampen his mood. He was wiping down the steam wand with a rhythmic, almost cheerful motion, completely lost in a daydream involving vanilla lotion, very high thread counts, and the specific noise Will made when Mike bit his neck.

"You're whistling again," a voice accused from the other side of the counter. "Cease and desist immediately. It's triggering my fight or flight response."

Mike looked up, blinking through the steam. Max and Lucas were standing there, arms crossed in identical poses of judgment, staring at him with the kind of suspicion usually reserved for flat earthers.

"I'm not whistling," Mike said, though his voice lacked its usual sharp, defensive edge. "I'm humming. There's a difference."

"It's unnatural," Lucas said, rubbing his temples. "I feel like we have this exact conversation every other week. Is anyone else getting weird déjà vu? Why is 'Interrogating Mike at the Counter' a recurring plot point in our lives? It feels like bad writing."

"It's definitely a trope at this point," Max agreed, narrowing her eyes as she scanned Mike's face. "But seriously, what's up with you?"

"I'm just happy," Mike shrugged, turning to rinse the milk pitcher. He felt lighter than he had in years. "Can't a guy just have a good day?"

"Not you," Max retorted, leaning over the granite counter. "You thrive on misery. Happiness looks like an allergic reaction on you. It's suspicious."

Mike opened his mouth to answer, maybe to play coy, but then he reached up to stretch a sore muscle in his shoulder—a soreness earned from holding himself in a plank position over Will for forty-five minutes straight. As he tilted his head, the collar of his polo shirt shifted.

Max's eyes dropped. They widened.

"Jesus Christ," she hissed, recoiling.

"What?" Mike asked, confused.

"Your neck," Lucas pointed out, looking equal parts impressed and horrified. "Dude. It looks like a crime scene. Did you get attacked by a vacuum cleaner? Or a very enthusiastic, very specific octopus?"

Mike reached up, his fingers brushing the tender skin just above his collarbone. *Oh. Right.*

He hadn't even tried to cover them. In the old days—namely, *Timeline A*—he would have worn a turtleneck to hide a hickey. He would have panicked and would go as far as concocting a detailed, implausible story about a curling iron accident or a paintball mishap. But now? He just felt a flush of warmth spread through his chest. They hadn't been *hiding* anything, really. They just hadn't had the time to stop fucking long enough to send a press release to the group chat.

"Oh," Mike said, a small, dopey grin tugging at the corner of his mouth as he remembered exactly how those marks got there (Sunday morning, kitchen counter, Will realizing he liked being lifted). "Yeah. That."

"That?" Lucas hissed, casting a paranoid glance toward the manager's office to ensure the coast was clear. "Dude. That is a biohazard. You look like a vampire's juice box. Who is this person? When did this even happen? We leave you unsupervised for *one* weekend—"

The bell above the door chimed, cutting him off.

"Hey," a voice called out.

And I kid you not, Mike practically spun on spot, his whole body orienting toward the door like a compass finding North. The dopey grin bloomed into a full-blown beam that threatened to crack his face open. If he had a tail, it would be wagging.

Will walked in wearing jeans and that yellow cardigan with the sleeves that covered his palms again, looking soft and windblown and perfect. He looked like the kind of boy you brought home to your mother, provided your mother didn't know he owned a 14-inch silicone dragon and knew how to use it.

He didn't look at Max or Lucas. He walked straight past them, ignoring their existence entirely, and marched right up to the counter, invading Mike's workspace with a casual familiarity that screamed *ownership*.

"Hey," Will said, leaning his hip against the counter. "I got out of studio early."

"Hey," Mike breathed, abandoning the milk pitcher like it was burning him, leaned over the counter— drawn into Will's orbit by an inescapable gravity.

Will didn't hesitate and grabbed Mike by the front of his apron to pull him down into a kiss—a real, lingering, open-mouthed kiss right there over the pastry display case. Mike's hand came up to cup Will's jaw, his thumb brushing the mole, while Will's hand rested warm and heavy on Mike's neck, his fingers curling right over the bruises he'd put there, claiming them.

It lasted a beat too long for public display, really. It was the kind of kiss that said *I saw you naked three hours ago and I plan to do it again in four.*

Will pulled back, eyes bright and happy. "I'll see you at home? I'm making pasta."

"Yeah," Mike breathed, looking at him like he hung the moon and the stars and personally invented the concept of light. "See you at home."

Will finally turned, blinking as if realizing for the first time that there were other people in the observable universe. "Oh! Hey guys," he waved at the frozen statues of Max and Lucas. "Bye!"

He turned and walked out, the bell chiming cheerfully behind him.

Mike watched him go. He watched until Will turned the corner, then sighed, a happy, lovestruck sound, and turned back to his friends who were staring at him with their

mouths slightly open.

"What?" Mike asked, grabbing a rag to wipe down the counter again, purely for something to do with his hands.

"That was fast," Max said, shaking her head, though a genuine smile was tugging at the corners of her mouth. "You came out like... a month ago? I really thought Will would let you suffer in the pining stage for at least another semester. Really make you work for it."

Mike fought the urge to grimace. *Oh, he made me suffer,* he thought, his mind flashing to a specific pair of satin gloves and a fourteen-inch silicone monster and all the times Will had knowingly tested Mike's patience for the past month.

"I suffered plenty," Mike muttered.

"Fast?" Lucas looked at Max like she was crazy. "Are you kidding? I've been the third wheel to their unspoken tension since we were twelve." He grinned, checking his phone. "Dustin is going to lose his absolute shit. I told him it would happen before finals."

"So," Max started, leaning in closer while dropping her voice to a conspiratorial whisper. *Uh-oh,* "Now that you're inside the inner circle... did you finally find out where the money comes from? Does he have a sugar daddy? Is he laundering money for the mob? Is he selling his organs on the dark web?"

Mike choked on his own spit. The image of his own credit card statement flashed violently in his mind. *Technically,* a small, traitorous voice whispered in his head, *you are the sugar daddy… alongside ten thousand more.*

"I told you it's commissions," Mike— well, it's technically not a lie. It IS commissions just not in the way he wants them to believe. "Art. Digital art. Very niche market. High demand."

"Uh-huh," Max said, looking even more unconvinced. "Niche art that pays for thousand-dollar speakers and designer furniture. Sure. Just make sure you're not an accessory to a felony, Wheeler. We're only bailing Will out."

"Yeah, man. Congrats on the sex and the potential criminal enterprise," Lucas added, reaching over the counter to clap Mike's shoulder. His expression then shifted to sudden, genuine alarm as he looked at the cup Mike is holding. "Please tell me you washed your hands before you touched that. I have a very vague idea of where those hands have been."

"Get out of my line," Mike said, grabbing a rag and snapping it at them, though he was entirely unable to stop smiling. "Paying customers only. No loitering."

Looking back from the safety of the present, that specific Tuesday was so memorable if only for the reason it was the first time Mike had seen *that* amount of text messages sent for a short period of time. While Mike was making his eager way home, his phone was silently having a seizure in his pocket.

By the time he crossed the threshold of Apartment 4B, the group chat had about a hundred unread messages spanning from Dustin demanding compensation for losing the betting pool on *when* they would get together (he had heavy money on 'Senior Year' or 'Never, They Just Get Platonic Married') while El was sending an endless stream of party popper emojis mixed with genuine question about whether Mike's 'contagious plague' had been cured by the power of love. And Max was sending progressively grainier close-ups of the hickey on Mike's neck with captions ranging from *'PUBLIC INDECENCY'* to *'I'M CALLING HR'.*

But Mike and Will didn't see a single pixel of that chaos until the next morning.

They were too busy ignoring the world to look at their phones. Instead, they spent the evening in a haze of domestic bliss—cooking pasta while standing too close, letting the water boil over because they couldn't stop touching, and generally operating with the desperate energy of two people who had just discovered that friction was a renewable resource, operating with a level of horny desperation usually reserved for specific fanfiction tags and nature documentaries about mating season.

In the beginning—Mike had been cautious. Not because he didn't know what Will was capable of; he had seen the *14-Inch Monster* video. He knew Will had the internal capacity of a TARDIS and would take him like the champ he is. But knowing it intellectually and feeling it wrapped around him were two different things. Mike was a chronic overthinker with a hero complex; he was terrified that his "over-engineered" anatomy (courtesy of Dustin's helpful terminology) would be the thing to finally break Will.

He'd hold back. He'd shallow-thrust. He'd ask *"Are you okay?"* every few minutes until Will threatened to gag him with a sock just to shut him up.

But Will—sweet, soft, caring Will—had proven to be about as fragile as reinforced concrete.

Will didn't just *take* it, no, he demanded it. He was, afterall, a creature of surprising, wanton durability, with an appetite that matched Mike's own. He shattered Mike's

reservations with the same efficiency he used to shatter Mike's self-control.

"See?" Will had gasped, his forehead resting against Mike's, sweat mingling between them. "I told you it fits. It always fits."

So Mike learned and he learned that Will wasn't made of glass and that Will liked the weight, the fullness, the stretch. And once Mike got over the fear of breaking him, he discovered another fascinating, mind-altering fact about his best friend during their marathon sessions of making up for lost time: Will was… *pliable*.

It wasn't until a few weeks into the relationship that Mike truly understood the extent of this flexibility. They were supposed to be studying. (Spoiler: They were not studying… Also if you're reading this, this is proof I am not AI fuck you).

They were in Mike's room this time and their textbooks were on the floor *(casualties of war)*. Mike was currently kneeling on the mattress, his chest heaving, sweat dripping from his nose onto Will's back.

Will was face down on the bed with his upper body flat against the mattress, arms twisted behind his back where Mike had pinned them with one large hand, securing his wrists effortlessly. His hips, however, were raised high in the air, his spine curving in a deep, impossible arch that presented him perfectly. His legs were crossed at the knee, creating a tightness, a friction that was driving Mike out of his mind.

Mike stared at the curve of Will's spine. He stared at the way Will's ass was proffered up, slick and red from the impact of Mike's hips meeting his.

This was new information. Mike had watched every single video in the *Sweetbunny22* archive, memorized Will's range of motion by heart. But he had never, not once, seen Will fold himself in half like a pretzel with a libido. This was hidden content. This was DLC.

"Holy fuck," Mike breathed, his voice a wrecked growl. "How are you so fucking bendy?"

Will turned his head to the side, his cheek pressed against the sheet, a hazy, blissed-out smile on his lips. "Practice," he slurred. "And... enough motivation."

"Motivation," Mike scoffed, tightening his grip on Will's wrists. He used the leverage to pull back, creating agonizing space, before slamming his hips forward, burying himself to the hilt in one fluid, heavy thrust.

Will screamed. A raw, shattered cry tore from his throat, loud enough to likely concern the neighbors and certainly enough to startle the pigeons on the fire escape. He bucked back against Mike, swallowing every inch with a greedy desperation, his internal muscles clamping down around Mike like a vice made of heat.

"God," Will sobbed, his head thrashing against the mattress, abandoning all attempts at volume control. "Right there. Deeper. Wreck me."

Mike established a rhythm that managed to be both brutal and worshipful, using Will's pinned hands as an anchor to drive himself deeper. He watched the way Will's body moved, fluid and pliable, adjusting to Mike's size with a baffling ease that made Mike wonder if he should check Will for hydraulics later.

Far from breaking under the force, Will seemed to bloom. He vocalized every thrust with wet, breathless moans that filled the small room, a symphony of pleasure that Mike wanted to record and keep forever.

Mike leaned down, biting the cord of muscle in Will's shoulder, tasting the salt. "You take me so well," Mike groaned against his skin.

"Designed for it," Will gasped, a hint of that *Sweetbunny* bratiness bleeding through the haze. "Custom... fit."

"Yeah?" Mike let go of Will's hands, sliding his palms down to grip Will's hips, his thumbs pressing into the soft flesh. He pulled Will back onto him, grinding down. "Then take *this*."

He picked up the pace, abandoning technique for raw instinct. Will fell apart beneath him, sobbing Mike's name into the sheets, his bendy body bowing and snapping with every thrust until they were both boneless and spent.

While Will's flexibility was a biological marvel Mike intended to study with the rigor of a doctoral thesis, an even more devastating discovery soon dethroned it from the top of his internal leaderboard. The yoga poses, the skirts, and even the tiny blue booty shorts—reigning champions for weeks—were swiftly relegated to silver medal status.

The gold now belonged exclusively to the crying.

Mike had always known Will was emotional. Will felt things deeply; he wept at Pixar movies, got misty-eyed over stray cats, and once had a full breakdown because a barista gave him a free cookie. Mike had always found it endearing, in a *must protect at all*

costs way. But seeing that same emotional transparency translate into sex? That was a weapon.

This particular brand of tears had nothing to do with sadness. Instead, they were the wet, messy byproduct of sensory overload, appearing whenever Mike's dick slid across his prostate (which, by the way, impossible not to given the size of him.)

The memory of the first time it fully clicked was burned into Mike's brain in 4K resolution. To be fair, Will had cried during sex before. But those were the frantic, headboard-banging sessions where Mike was moving with the grace and speed of a piston engine, so he figured the tears were just a biological byproduct of being pounded into the mattress. Who wouldn't cry a little if they were getting jackhammered by sheer enthusiasm, right?

But this time was different. This was slow. Mike even used the big guns and had the "Love Making" remix on.

He had Will on his back, legs pushed up and out, spread until he was nearly in a split with his knees pressed toward the mattress on either side of his shoulders. It was a position that left Will completely open, offering Mike a view that he was pretty sure would be the last thing he saw before the light left his eyes on his deathbed.

Mike was pounding into him, sure, but it was deep and deliberate like he was trying to touch Will's soul via his ass.

Every time he buried himself to the hilt, he could see it—the faint, impossible ridge pressing outward against the smooth skin of Will's lower stomach. It was the outline of his own cock, moving inside his best friend. The sight short-circuited his brain every single time. He wanted to reach down, to press his thumb against that distended skin and chase the movement, knowing from experience that the added pressure drove Will absolutely feral. But his hands were occupied, gripping Will's knees to keep him pinned in this wide, vulnerable display.

So he just watched. He watched the bulge appear and disappear. He watched Will's face, entranced by the way his expressions shifted with every thrust, tracking the flush rising on his neck.

Will's eyes were squeezed shut, his lashes wet and clumped together. His mouth was open in a silent O, a gasp trapped in his throat. And then, Mike saw it—tears. Actual, heavy tears streaming down his face, tracking silver lines into his hairline, soaking the pillowcase on either side of his head.

The sight hit Mike like a bucket of ice water. He stopped immediately, freezing mid-thrust, panic flaring in his chest so hot it burned.

"Will? Baby?" Mike scrambled to pull out, to check him, terrified he had hit something wrong or gone too deep. "Are you okay? Did I hurt you? Shit, I hurt you."

Will's eyes snapped open. They were wet, glassy, and bright, swimming with an emotion that looked too big for his body. He looked at Mike almost pleading as he reached down to guide him right back in.

"No," Will choked out, a sob bubbling up in his chest. "Don't stop," he whispered, his voice thick with tears. "Please. Don't stop. It just... it feels so much. It's too much and I need it. It's... it's good. It's so good I can't handle it."

Dacryphilia. Mike would eventually learn this specific vocabulary word three days later during a frantic, post-coital Google search history that included the query: *'Why does seeing my boyfriend cry during sex make me want to get him pregnant immediately?? Is that a thing??'* He would read the definition, sigh into his hands, and file the term in his mental dictionary right next to *Gooner* in the *Reasons I Am Going to Hell* subsection.

Seeing Will cry from pleasure—seeing the sheer, raw intensity of his reaction—did something to Mike's lizard brain. It made him feel powerful. It made him feel needed. It made him want to wring every single tear out of Will until he was dry.

"Okay," Mike whispered, leaning down to kiss the wet track on Will's cheek, tasting the salt. "I won't stop. I've got you."

He resumed the rhythm, harder this time, focused entirely on the beautiful, wrecked beaut beneath him. He watched the tears fall, tracking the silver lines as they disappeared into Will's hairline. He kissed them away, tasting the salt, grounding Will even as he unraveled him. He fucked Will until he was sobbing and shaking, tracking scratches onto Mike's back like he was the only solid thing in a spinning world, until they both collapsed in a heap of tangled limbs and heavy breathing.

It was intense. It was messy. It was the best relationship Mike had ever had (not that he had a vast catalog of exes to compare it to in the first place, but he was fairly certain nobody else could make him feel like he'd just run a marathon and won the lottery simultaneously). Nothing he had ever experienced—not the clumsy high school fumbles, not the polite college dates—came within a lightyear of what he felt for Will.

But it wasn't just the intensity. It was the quiet moments that really ruined him.

Like that random Tuesday morning three weeks in. Will was perched on the kitchen counter, eating a bowl of Lucky Charms and wearing Mike's oversized *Hawkins High* t-shirt (which had been missing for three years, a mystery now solved by the fact that Will apparently hoarded Mike's cotton blends like a dragon hoards gold).

Mike, who was supposed to be clocking in at *The Daily Grind* in exactly four minutes, was instead frozen in the doorway, staring. He felt a physical ache in his chest—a squeezing sensation that was either a severe cardiac event or just the overwhelming, pathetic realization that he was absolutely, terminally, incurably gone for this boy.

"You're going to be late," Will mumbled around a mouthful of marshmallows, not looking up. A single, traitorous drop of milk escaped the corner of his mouth.

"I don't care," Mike said, his voice sounding wrecked even to his own ears. "I'll quit. I'll fake my own death. I'll live here." He walked over, drawn by a magnetic force field (or just hormones), and stepped between Will's knees. He used his thumb to wipe the milk from Will's chin. "I'll become a piece of furniture so I never have to leave."

Will laughed, a soft, sleepy sound that effectively dissolved Mike’s kneecaps. He looked up, hazel eyes bright. "You can't be furniture, Mike. You're too bony. You'd be a terrible ottoman. Zero lumbar support."

"I'd be a great lamp," Mike argued, leaning in to press his forehead against Will's. "I'm tall. I'm lanky. I'd shine light on you. I'd be the most supportive lamp you ever had."

"You are a dork," Will whispered, dropping the spoon into the bowl so he could wrap his arms around Mike's neck. "My dork."

And Mike? Mike preened. He melted. He stayed there for another fifteen minutes, completely ignoring the vibrating phone in his pocket where his manager was undoubtedly typing out a text that started with 'You're fired' and ended with 'Return the apron.' He was a simp. He was a loser. He was the happiest man alive.

But being a prop in Will's life was a full-time commitment, and Mike was apparently gunning for employee of the month. Take the following Thursday, for example.

Will was sketching on the couch, tongue poking out the corner of his mouth (a lethal weapon, really). He didn't look up, just extended a hand towards the coffee table without breaking his flow state and wiggled his fingers.

"Water?" Will asked vaguely.

And just like that Mike sprinted to the kitchen. He filtered the water. He added exactly three ice cubes because he knew Will liked it cold but not *too* cold. He presented it like he was a butler serving the Queen of England.

"Thanks," Will hummed, taking a sip and leaning back against Mike's legs.

"You're welcome," Mike breathed, watching Will drink water like it was the most fascinating cinematic event of the twenty-first century. Max had walked in at that exact moment, taken one look at Mike staring at the empty glass like it was a holy relic, and sighed.

"You need help," She had said.

"I need a ring," Mike had corrected automatically, before realizing he said that out loud and nearly throwing himself out the window.

But amidst the sex marathon, the domestic bliss, and the constant laundry because they keep staining the sheets, there was still the elephant in the room. Or rather, the rabbit in the room.

Sweetbunny22.

Mike had worried, initially, that his new status as "The Boyfriend" would conflict with Will's job. He'd worried that he would get jealous, or possessive, or that Will would want to stop. He'd even prepared a whole speech about being supportive and "sex positive" that he'd practiced on the shower head.

He needn't have bothered.

Will didn't stop. In fact, Will seemed to thrive. And Mike... well, Mike evolved. He went from *Consumer* to *Management*.

He wasn't just a viewer anymore. He wasn't just *_bunnylover* dropping tokens in the chat—though he certainly *tried* to maintain his reign in the beginning. God knows he tried to fight for his spot on the leaderboard with the territorial aggression of a junkyard dog, convinced that *no one* was going to out-tip him for his own boyfriend.

But Will had eventually stepped in. He had sat Mike down, looked him in the eye, hand resting on Mike's chest, and staged a fiscal intervention.

"Mike," Will had said gently, like he was explaining quantum physics to a toddler. *"You are paying platform transaction fees to give me money to pay our rent. Just buy us*

dinner directly, you idiot. You can have the show for free."

And Mike, who followed Will's commands with the immediate, pathetic obedience of a service animal who just wants to be called a 'good boy,' had stopped. *Mostly*. One step at a time, *right?*

So, his role shifted. He was promoted. He became... *Staff*.

Listen everyone, this was the origin story of the headset. How Mike became the Executive Producer, the Best Boy Grip, and the Fluffer all rolled into one lanky, over-eager package.

It started about a week after they officially started dating. Another Sunday afternoon because the writer of this fic just loves having these two have a go at it on the Lord's day. Mike sat on the edge of the bed, watching Will perched at his small vanity, surrounded by a bunch of makeup Mike won't even pretend to know the purpose of.

Will dipped a sponge into a pot of thick, beige paste and began to dab it over his neck, meticulously blending away the angry, purple constellation of love bites Mike had painted there just hours ago. It was fascinating and slightly insulting to watch his hard work—his artistic vision, really—erased with such professional efficiency.

Mike felt a heavy, cold weight settle in his chest. He hated seeing them disappear. He hated that the evidence of his passion, of his claim, had to be erased so Will could be a blank canvas for strangers. It felt like a rejection.

But he pushed it down. *You're a big boy,* he tells himself as he swallowed the possessive growl building in his throat. This was the job. This was Will's art. It was his choice. And Mike respected Will more than he wanted to mark him.

"You missed a spot," Mike said quietly, standing up. He took the sponge from Will's hand and gently dabbed at a particularly dark bruise on Will's collarbone. "There. Perfect."

Will had turned, catching Mike's hand and kissing the palm, his eyes soft. *"Thank you."*

From there, the descent into being an unpaid intern for a porn star was rapid and undignified. It snowballed. Mike helped set up the lights because Will couldn't reach the top clamp of the ring light without standing on a spinning chair that looked like a death trap. He checked the audio levels, sweating as Will whispered test phrases into the mic. He adjusted the camera angle to ensure maximum... *assets* were visible.

Then, Will had retreated to the bathroom to change. When he emerged five minutes later, the air left the room. *Here lies Michael Wheeler, beloved son and brother; horny boyfriend to Will Byers. Cause of death: Too much boner in a day.*

He was standing by the bed in a set of lingerie that looked like it had been designed specifically to destroy Mike's sanity.

It was a delicate, pale pink lace bralette that did absolutely nothing to hide his chest but everything to frame it, emphasizing the flat planes and the pinkish nipples. Matching lace panties cut high on the hip were connected to a complex system of silk garters that stretched down his pale thighs to clip onto sheer, white thigh-highs.

But the kicker was the harness—thin, white straps that crisscrossed his torso and wrapped around his thighs, making him look like a present that was begging to be unwrapped with teeth.

Mike stared. His mouth went dry. His brain simply ceased to function, replaced by a looping reel of *pink lace, pink skin, mine, mine, mine.*

"I need to prep," Will had said, holding out a bottle of lube, biting his lip in a way that should be illegal in at least twelve states. "Could you...?"

Mike had stared at him, his brain stalling.

Prep?

They had literally had sex twice that morning. And once in the afternoon. And a quick handjob in the shower. Will was probably more *prepped* than he had ever been in his life. Structurally speaking, he was ready for a medium-sized vehicle, let alone a dildo.

But who is Mike to deny such request? He was only a man after all. Mike felt a feral growl building in his throat. Logic fled the room. *When has it ever stayed,* his unhelpful mind supplied.

For Mike, Will wasn't asking because he was tight. He was asking because he wanted *Mike*. He wanted Mike's hands on him. He wanted Mike to stretch him, to own him, to leave a ghost of a touch inside him before he performed for strangers.

It was possessive. It was manipulative. It was the hottest thing Mike had ever heard.

Mike felt like a starving dog being offered a steak. He felt pathetic and desperate— like he would burn the apartment down if he didn't get his hands on that bottle immediately.

"Please?" Will added, tilting his head, the lace straps shifting against his skin.

Mike snatched the bottle. "Get on the bed."

But looking at Will's flushed face and the way he was shifting his weight, looking at Mike through his lashes, Mike realized it wasn't about physical necessity. It was about *want*. It was about letting Mike in. It was Will saying, *you're part of this now.*

"You want me to get you ready?" Mike asked, his voice dropping to a register he didn't recognize.

Will nodded, his gaze dropping to Mike's hands. "I'd rather it be you. It's always better when it's you."

Mike accepted the role with a solemn intensity that bordered on religious fervor. He was respectful, almost reverent, as he guided Will down onto the mattress. He treated the moment not as a prelude to a performance, but as a private act of worship, reclaiming the space for just the two of them before the rest of the world was invited in. He reached for the lube, leaning in to kiss Will on the mouth—soft, lingering, tasting of cherry lip balm—before making his way down.

He was careful to avoid the heavy concealer on Will's neck and chest, terrified of smudging the makeup and ruining Will's hard work to cover the marks Mike had put there.

He hooked his thumbs under the delicate pink lace, gently pushing the fabric of the panties aside to expose the flushed, waiting skin beneath. He coated his fingers in lube —checking the temperature against his own wrist like he was testing baby formula because God forbid he shock Will's delicate ecosystem with a cold gel—before slicking his thumbs over the entrance, massaging the muscle with care.

He slid one finger in, then two, meeting absolutely no resistance—a testament to their earlier activities, or perhaps just Will's absolute, unwavering trust. Or maybe Will was just made of magic. Mike was still debating the physics of it.

Mike watched the way Will's breath hitched, his own pulse jumping in response. He leaned down, pressing open-mouthed kisses to the soft skin of Will's inner thigh, right between the straps of the harness, as he worked his fingers deeper, savoring the little, broken moans that tumbled from Will's lips with every twist of his wrist.

But as he looked up, catching the way the ring light reflected in Will's blown, trusting pupils, Mike decided that fingers were... insufficient. It wasn't enough. They didn't

convey the sheer weight of what he was feeling in his chest—the overwhelming need to be closer than close.

Forget efficiency or whatever excuse he tried to construct to justify his greed. Mike needed him on his mouth like a man starving. Just imagining the taste of him—warm skin, lavender oil, and the salt of his own want—was enough to make him drool.

"I have a better idea," Mike murmured, the words vibrating against Will's inner thigh.

He didn't wait for permission; he knew he had it in the way Will's thighs fell further open. Mike buried his face between Will's legs, inhaling the scent of him—clean cotton, lavender oil, and the distinct, heady musk of arousal. He kissed the sensitive skin of the perineum, licked the trembling inner thighs, and then pressed his tongue to the center, tasting the salt and the sweetness.

He used his tongue to stretch him, humming low and steady against the sensitive skin until the vibrations made Will arch off the mattress with a sharp cry. Will's hands flew to Mike's hair, tangling in the curls, gripping tight enough to pull.

"Mike," Will gasped, his voice wrecked and real, stripped of any persona. "Mike, Mike, oh god..."

Mike couldn't get enough of it. Every syllable was a balm to the insecurities that still lingered in the back of his mind. Hearing Will say his name like that—desperate, open, and entirely focused on *him*—was the best assurance he could ask for.

It was possessive. It was filthy. But it was also tender in a way that made Mike's heart ache. It was Mike silently screaming *Mine* against the very part of Will that was about to be shared with the internet—a secret seal of ownership that only they would know about. It was a promise that no matter who watched, no matter who tipped, Will always came home to this.

And just like that, a ritual was born. Before every recording session, before every live stream, Mike would come in. He would use his fingers. He would use his mouth. He would stretch Will out, careful and thorough, listening to Will's breathing change, watching his skin flush, taking pride in the fact that by the time the camera turned on, Will was already wrecked, glowing with a pleasure that Mike had put there.

It was a heady, addictive routine that blurred the lines between *Boyfriend Duties* and *Professional Assistance* until they were indistinguishable. Mike was pretty sure he could now list *Advanced Prostate Massage* and *Porn Lighting Technician* on his LinkedIn profile, though he doubted The New York Times would be impressed.

Take, for instance, Mike's second Saturday night operating under his new job title. This was back when the routine was still fresh, still thrilling, and still prone to logistical errors involving time management. The digital clock on the nightstand read **08:45 PM**. Will had a special Late Night Chat & Chill stream scheduled for 09:30 PM.

They had forty-five minutes. Theoretically, that was plenty of time for a warm-up. In practice, with Mike Wheeler involved, it was a race against his own lack of self-control.

Mike was currently between Will's legs, his face buried in Will's crotch, sucking his cock with a devotion that bordered on religious worship. Will was writhing on the bed, his hands tangled in Mike's hair, his breath hitching in short, sharp gasps.

"Mike," Will gasped, his hips bucking up to meet Mike's mouth, abandoning the attempt to stay still. "Mike, I have to... I have to go live in forty minutes. Don't... don't mark me, 'kay? I'm out of concealer."

"I won't mark," Mike promised against his skin, the vibration causing Will to shudder. He swirled his tongue around the head, tasting the salt and the pre-cum, savoring the way Will's thighs trembled against his cheeks. "I'm just getting the blood flowing. Helping you into character, y'know."

"You're getting... something flowing alright," Will whined, his fingers tightening in Mike's curls, tugging just enough to sting. "God. You're so... greedy."

Mike pulled back, his mouth wet, looking up at Will with dark, satisfied eyes. He crawled up the bed, hovering over him, a smug grin plastered on his face.

"You like it," Mike said, not a question.

"I love it," Will corrected, breathless, his eyes fluttering open to look at Mike with a hazy, drugged affection. "But if you make me cum now, I'm going to be useless for the stream. I'll just be sleepy and boneless. I'll just lay there and drool while people tip me to wake up."

Laying there? Drooling? Getting paid for it?

Honestly, that sounded like the dream job. That was the peak of human evolution. Why was Will complaining? If Mike could figure out a way to monetize his own naps, he'd be a millionaire by Tuesday. He briefly considered pivoting his own career path to professional narcoleptic but he doesn't think he has enough facecard to surpass the lazy bum allegations instead.

"You realize you just described the perfect career, right?" Mike grinned, leaning down to nip at Will’s jawline, teeth grazing the skin. "Let them see you sleepy. Let them see you boneless. Let them wonder why their *Sweetbunny* looks so thoroughly, blissfully satisfied before he even touches a toy. Let them wonder who put that look on your face."

It might be petty, sure. Possessive? Maybe. It was Mike’s way of staking a claim on the one part of Will that the camera couldn't capture: the afterglow. And he knew it was ridiculous to be jealous of digital ghosts, but then he saw the way Will’s eyes lit up.

There was a spark there—a dark, thrilled recognition that seemed to say *Yes, claim me.* It was a look that nearly shattered Mike's resolve. It made him want to break his promise immediately. It made him want to sink his teeth into the soft skin of Will's throat and leave a mark so dark, so undeniable, that every single viewer would know exactly Will belonged to someone before the stream even started.

He had to physically restrain himself, forcing his mouth away from the temptation of Will's neck.

"One quick round," Mike negotiated instead, his voice rougher than intended, his hand sliding down to cup Will’s balls, weighing them. "I'll be fast. I promise. Quick in and out."

Will hesitated for exactly one second, pretending to take into consideration his professional integrity against the feeling of Mike’s hand. His resolve crumbled immediately. "Fine. But don't... don't ruin my hair. It took me twenty minutes to get the volume right."

Mike laughed, kissing him hard, effectively swallowing Will's protest. "No promises."

He didn't *intend* to ruin the hair, but physics and lust were a volatile combination. Mike hooked his hands under Will's knees, driving them up toward his shoulders, opening him up completely. He settled his hips and pushed in—one long, smooth stroke that dragged a ragged, broken noise from Will's throat.

It wasn't slow nor was it tender. Mike fucked him with a frantic, possessive intensity, his hips snapping forward to meet Will's with a wet, heavy slap of skin against skin. He wanted to leave an impression. He wanted Will to be thinking about *this*—about the weight of Mike, the stretch of him—while he was smiling for the camera in twenty minutes.

Will was a mess beneath him. His hands scrabbled for purchase on the sheets, his back arching off the mattress as he tried to take Mike deeper.

"Mike," he gasped, his head thrashing side to side, effectively destroying twenty minutes of careful styling against the pillowcase. "God, *please*."

Mike leaned down, burying his face in the crook of Will's neck, inhaling the scent of lavender and sweat. He bit down on the pulse point—careful not to bruise, but hard enough to make Will keen. He reached down between their bodies, his hand wrapping around the base of Will's cock, pumping in time with his thrusts.

The dual stimulation was too much. Will unraveled. He cried out, a high, desperate sound that Mike swallowed with another kiss. Will came hard, his body bowing tight, coating his own stomach in thick, white ropes. The sight of it—Will ruined and undone beneath him—pushed Mike over the edge seconds later.

Mike groaned, pulling out just in time to spill himself hot and heavy across Will’s stomach, his release mixing with Will's in a messy, intimate pool. He collapsed forward, his weight supported on his forearms, chest heaving as he stared at the visible evidence of their connection swirling together on Will's skin.

He didn't pull away immediately. He couldn't. He dropped his head, resting his forehead against Will’s damp shoulder, breathing in the scent of him. Will’s hands came up, weak and trembling, to stroke the back of Mike’s neck, fingers tangling in the sweat-damp curls.

"Hi," Mike whispered against Will's skin, his heart rate slowly returning to double digits.

"Hi," Will breathed back, a smile evident in his voice.

Mike lifted his head. Will’s eyes were half-lidded, his lips swollen and red, his expression soft with an openness that made Mike’s chest ache. Mike leaned down, capturing those lips in a slow, searing kiss—not hungry or desperate like before, but deep and savory. It was a kiss that tasted like salt and devotion, a silent promise reasserted in the quiet of the room.

And then, at exactly 09:20 PM, the alarm on Mike's phone blared, cutting through the moment like a siren.

Mike groaned, pulling back just an inch to rest his forehead against Will's again. "I hate that sound."

"Work to do," Will reminded him softly, though he didn't let go of Mike's neck.

"Yeah." Mike sighed, pressing one last, firm kiss to Will's damp forehead before finally sitting up. He grabbed the towel he'd had the foresight to place on the nightstand. "Let me get you clean."

He wiped away the sticky mess with a reverence that belied the rush they were in, his touch gentle and thorough, treating Will's skin like something precious. He cleaned his stomach, his thighs, checking for any missed spots, his focus absolute.

Will looked like he'd been hit by a very sexy tornado. His hair was a disaster—volume gone, sticking up in every direction. His lips were swollen and bee-stung red. His eyes were heavy-lidded and glazed.

"You look great," Mike said, admiring the destruction.

"I look like I just got railed," Will complained, checking his reflection in the monitor, though a small, satisfied smile tugged at his swollen lips.

"You *did* just get railed," Mike pointed out, leaning down to press a quick kiss to Will's temple. "Have a good stream, babe."

He walked out, closing the bedroom door with a soft click that felt like a curtain dropping on a stage. He made the ten-foot commute to his own room, walking with the slightly wide-legged, satisfied gait of a man who had just conquered a small country—and who was currently strutting through his apartment completely starkers.

He sat down at his desk, the cool leather of the chair against his bare skin serving as a grounding reminder of reality. He slid his noise-canceling headphones over his ears, sealing himself into the digital world and logged in to the familiar interface of *Velvetcam* where the chat room was already scrolling at a dizzying speed.

_bunnylover: Hey Lee. You seem... relaxed tonight.

On screen, Will's shoulders dropped, the tension melting away.

"I am," Will said to the camera, his voice raspy and wrecked in the best possible way. You could hear the smile in his tone, heavy and satisfied. He ran a hand down his chest, fingertips grazing a patch of flushed skin near his collarbone. "I had a really good... warm-up."

The chat exploded.

User778: WARM UP??

Caitlyn_xx: omg tell us everything

Daddy_Issues_69: Jealous.

Mike leaned back in his chair, crossing his arms behind his head, feeling a surge of smug, burning satisfaction that was probably bad for his karma but great for his ego.

Let them guess, Mike thought, watching the theories roll in.

This was their life now. A steady, steamy rhythm built on trust, mutual respect, and a staggering, medically inadvisable amount of sex. They had found a balance between the domestic and the digital, between Will and Lee, between Mike and Mitch. It was a symbiotic ecosystem of filth and friendship, sugar and spice, and enough industrial-strength lubricant to slip-n-slide their way into a noise complaint.

But let's be real: boundaries are just suggestions when you're twenty-something and horny. The transition from *Helpful Staff* to *Silent Producer* to *Occasional Co-Star* happened quickly. It's surprisingly easy to navigate, especially when your boyfriend approaches sex with a level of dedication and focus that is both impressive and slightly terrifying.

Mike can still vividly remember the first time he was featured in Sweetbunny22's profile—a milestone he would have genuinely loved to frame and place on the Wheeler family mantelpiece, right between Holly's baby pictures and Nancy's journalism diploma, if only to see his father's soul leave his body.

It was during that time where Will had this weird fixation, or perhaps a silent challenge to himself, to take all glorious 11 inches of Mike's cock in his mouth. You can compare it to learning a very difficult secret handshake—if the handshake involved taking the hand, putting it in your mouth, unhinging your jaw like a python, and then shoving it right down your throat until you hit the uvula.

Not that Mike was complaining. Absolutely not. He would be more than happy to quit his job, drop out of college, and abandon all societal responsibilities just to ensure he was available and hard whenever Will got into this specific mood.

He hadn't quite mastered taking all 11 inches then yet but he was very nearly there. (*Take that, Julian from sophomore year.*)

Picture this: Will is lying on the bed, head hanging off the edge like a discarded doll, throat bared to the ceiling in a display of absolute, terrifying trust that made Mike's knees weak. Mike is standing over him with his hands occupied— wandering over the

pale expanse of Will’s torso, his thumbs rubbing soothing circles into the tense muscles of Will's chest while his fingers trace the dip of his ribs.

He is murmuring a constant, low stream of praises—*“So good, baby,” “You’re taking it so well,” “Perfect, just like that”*—grounding Will even as he slowly, methodically fucks his mouth with a depth that would make a lesser man call a priest.

Suddenly, Will’s hands fly up. He pushes Mike back.

Mike freezes, heart hammering. "Too deep? You okay?"

"No," Will gasps, his lips swollen, a thin string of saliva connecting him to Mike. His eyes are blown wide, swirling with a mix of endorphins and that terrifying determination he usually saves for difficult art commissions. "Record it."

Mike blinks. "What?"

"Take a video of me," Will says, his voice dropping into that register that is both terrifyingly innocent and absolutely, undeniably filthy. "I want to see how I look when I’m doing it. I want to see how much of you I can take."

Now, listen. Mike Wheeler is a man of simple needs. If Will asked for the moon, Mike would find a ladder. If Will asked for a video of him ruining his throat for Mike’s amusement, Mike was going to provide the highest possible frame rate known to man. He was nothing but a dog on a leash, and he liked it.

He grabbed his phone and hit record.

He watched through the screen as Will went back to work. And let me tell you, seeing it through the lens changed something in Mike’s brain chemistry. It was one thing to feel it—to feel the heat and the suction and the desperate, eager way Will’s tongue swirled around him—but to see it? From this angle, Will's eyes were hidden, but the visual was arguably worse for Mike's sanity.

He could literally see the shape of himself pressing outward against the skin of Will's neck, watching his throat bulge and work to accommodate every inch of him he can take with every deep thrust. It was a religious experience.

It triggered a compulsion Mike was quickly realizing he couldn't control. His free hand drifted down, almost on its own accord, to wrap around Will’s throat. It wasn't to choke him; it was tactile confirmation. He rested his thumb right over the bob of Will's Adam's apple, just so he could feel the hard ridge of his own cock sliding beneath the skin. It

was becoming a habit, this need to touch the evidence of his own invasion, to feel himself inside Will from the outside.

It felt illegal. It felt like he was breaking several laws of physics and decency simultaneously. Looking down at the beautiful, wrecked creature unraveling beneath him, Mike had the sudden, crystal-clear thought that Will Byers must be God's favorite child to be sculpted this perfectly.

Which, admittedly, was perhaps not the most theologically appropriate thought to have while said child was currently gagging on Mike's cock, but Mike had never claimed to be a saint (if you haven't noticed.)

It was only after, when Mike had spent himself—the first of many that night, because stamina is a virtue and refraction period is only myth in Mike and Will's book—right across Will's face, that the real kicker happened. Will took the phone. His chest was still heaving. Cum was dripping down his cheek, matting into his eyelashes like tear tracks. He looked at the playback, watched the way he looked wrecked and claimed, and then looked up at Mike with a shy, hopeful smile.

"Can I post a photo of this?" Will asked, wiping a thumb across his lip, looking like a fallen angel who just discovered the concept of sin. "Just the end? Just the mess?"

See, this was the specific brand of chaos Mike did not expect but secretly, desperately, pathetically waited for. He had literally prayed to gods he didn't believe in for moments like this. On the surface, Mike nodded coolly, the picture of the *Supportive Partner* who respects the boundaries of his boyfriend's sex work industry.

Inside? Inside, Mike was doing backflips. Inside, Mike was screaming, *YES, TELL THEM. TELL THEM WHO DID THAT. TAG ME. PUT IT ON A BILLBOARD.*

It was incredibly hard to stop himself from being a self-insert in Will's camboy life, especially now that he knew the logistics. He wanted the credit. He wanted the receipts. He wanted every single person in that chat room to know exactly whose name Will was screaming when the stream cut to black.

And well, it snowballed from there. It started with a photo. Then a few videos. Then a hand in the frame. Then a directive voice that sent the chat room into a feral tailspin. Mike couldn't even lie and say he hated it when he started reading comments asking for *Lee* to be fucked on camera. In fact, he preened. He printed them out mentally and framed them in the gallery of his ego.

However, Mike operated on a strict vampire-invitation policy: he only starred in a video whenever Will explicitly asked. He never proactively offered, a conscious last-ditch effort to ensure Will maintained absolute free reign over his own platform.

It was enough that Will knew Mike would quite literally do anything for him—even if it meant displaying his almost 11-inch glory to the rest of Will's constantly growing subscribers. (And if, by doing so, Mike was also able to prove Dustin's drunk freshman year theory that his dick would do numbers in the porn industry correct, well... he'd keep that smug satisfaction to himself.)

Sweetbunny22 ✓
Posted 2h ago • Subscribers Only

Some cravings just can't be satisfied through a screen... 💦 Last night got a little out of hand (in the best way possible). My throat is still sore. 😩

Enjoy the view, bunnies. Maybe next time I'll share more? 😊

♡ 12.4k 842 💎 5,200t $ SEND TIP

JH **jock_hunter88** 1h ago
HOLY SHIT. Lee... we need to see you get properly fucked on cam. PLEASE. 🥵
Reply ♡ 2.1k

VP **velvet_prince** 55m ago
The throat bulge gif is hypnotic... imagine that but... lower? 🍑🍆 On stream? Yes?
Reply ♡ 892

GR **gym_rat_nyc** SUB 40m ago
Stop teasing us! Next goal needs to be a full fuck show. I'd pay double. 🔥
Reply ♡ 1.5k

TC **_takeachance** TOP FAN 30m ago
Bet you'd take me well too. 😏
Reply ♡ 42

"All done," Will announced, his voice raspy and cracking slightly on the last syllable, effectively snapping Mike away from his internal monologue about the past.

Mike blinked, his body jolting as the real world rushed back in to replace his thoughts. He looked at the monitor. The chat room was frozen, the camera feed replaced by the stark, white text: **STREAM OFFLINE**.

Shit, Mike thought, feeling a pang of genuine guilt. *I missed it.*

He had been so busy mentally writing the dust jacket blurb for the autobiography of their sex life that he had completely zoned out. He had been staring right at the screen, monitoring the bitrate, but looking *through* it, lost in the overwhelming reality of how much his life had changed.

He spun his self-proclaimed producer's chair around, the wheels squeaking on the hardwood.

"Sorry," Mike said, pulling the headset down around his neck. "I spaced out. Did you...?"

"Oh yeah," Will breathed, a lazy, satisfied smile stretching across his face. "I definitely did."

Will was lying on the bed in a pose that could only be described as 'boneless victory.' His limbs were sprawled out in every direction, one arm dangling off the edge of the mattress, the other thrown dramatically over his eyes to block out the purple LED lights. His chest was heaving with slow, deep breaths, his skin glistening with a mixture of sweat and body oil that caught the light. He looked wrecked and so, so beautiful.

Mike stood up, his Mitch persona evaporating instantly, replaced by the soft, frantic fussing of *Mike*.

"Stay there," he commanded gently, though it was clear Will wasn't planning on moving anytime soon. "I'll clean you up."

He moved to the bathroom with the efficiency of a man who had done this a hundred times. He ran the water until it was warm—not too hot, not too cold—and soaked a plush, dark grey face towel (bought specifically for this purpose because white towels were a laundry nightmare in their line of work). He wrung it out until it was just damp and steaming, then grabbed the bottle of water from the kitchen on his way back.

When he returned to the bedroom, Will hadn't moved an inch. He was still staring at the ceiling, a dazed, happy expression on his face.

Mike sat on the edge of the bed, the mattress dipping under his weight. Will turned his head, his eyes heavy-lidded and hazel-bright.

"Good stream?" Mike asked, reaching out to brush a damp strand of hair off Will's forehead.

"Record breaking," Will hummed, leaning into Mike's touch. "Chance tipped for the 'encore'. I think we just paid for the rest of the semester's tuition."

"Good," Mike said, though he barely registered the money. He was too busy focusing on the task at hand.

He unfolded the warm towel. "Lift up."

Will groaned, a theatrical sound of protest, but lifted his hips obediently. He cleaned Will up gently, wiping away the slick evidence of the performance, his movements slow and thorough. He treated Will's skin like it was made of glass—careful, precise, and infinitely tender.

This was the part the cameras never saw, the part that didn't earn tokens. This was only for Mike the very own terms of service that he had written for himself: *If you get to break him, you have to put him back together.*

"You were quiet," Will murmured, his eyes fluttering shut as Mike wiped down his inner thighs with the warm towel. "Usually you're growling instructions in my ear. Or telling me how pretty I look when I'm ruining the sheets."

"Sorry, baby. I was thinking," Mike admitted, tossing the dirty towel into the hamper with a dull thud. He grabbed the bottle of water, unscrewed the cap, and held it to Will's lips. "Drink. You're dehydrated and I don't want you cramping up later."

Will took a long, greedy sip, some of the water escaping the corner of his mouth to track down his chin. Mike caught it with his thumb, drying the drop against Will's skin before it could hit the pillow.

"Thinking about what?" Will asked, pulling back to look at him, his lashes wet and clumped together.

Mike paused. He looked down at his boyfriend—at the faint, red handprints beginning to bloom on his hips from where Mike had gripped him too hard earlier, at the softness of his mouth, at the trust radiating off him in waves like heat.

"Just... us," Mike shrugged, feeling a sudden, overwhelming wave of affection that threatened to choke him. "About how weird this life is. And how... good it is."

Will's smile softened, losing that practiced camera edge and becoming something small and private. He reached out, his hand wrapping around Mike's wrist, anchoring him. "It is good."

"Yeah," Mike whispered. He leaned down, pressing a kiss to Will's forehead, then the tip of his nose, and finally, softly, his lips. "It's really good. I'm so lucky."

"Mike?"

"Yeah?"

"I can't feel my legs."

Mike laughed, the sound breaking the heavy intimacy of the moment. He pulled back, grinning down at the absolute disaster zone on the bed. "That's what happens when you spend forty-five minutes with your ankles behind your ears, baby. The blood flow tends to get a little confused. Come on. Up."

"Carry me?" Will asked, making grabby hands playfully, his eyes wide and pitiful. "I am but a vessel. A broken, empty vessel."

"You are ridiculous," Mike sighed, but he was already sliding his arms under Will's knees and back, preparing for the lift. "You're lucky I do squats now."

(*Narrator's Note: He doesn't. The only exercise Mike Wheeler gets is whenever he's dismantling Will Byers like a Lego set—which, to be fair, is a rigorous cardio regimen.*)

He lifted Will easily, Will's head falling naturally onto Mike's shoulder, his nose burying itself in the fabric of Mike's t-shirt.

There was always a moment of quiet comedy when Mike held Will like this. Mike was a creature of verticality—all sharp angles, long limbs, and a lanky height that made him loom over most furniture. Will, on the other hand, was built like a brick house. He was

shorter, yes, but not by much, his frame packed with the kind of solid muscle that Mike's metabolism refused to generate no matter how much pizza he inhaled.

"Jesus," Mike grunted, adjusting his grip as Will's deceptive weight settled into his arms. "What are you eating? Lead pellets? You're getting heavy."

"It's muscle," Will mumbled into Mike's neck, nuzzling his cold nose against the skin there. "Dense. Compact. Powerful."

"You're a boulder," Mike corrected, though he hoisted Will higher with a flex of his own arms, secretly pleased that he could still carry him. Mike might look like a stiff breeze could knock him over, but he had the wiry, surprising strength of a spider monkey—especially when it came to hauling his boyfriend around.

Mike carried him out of the bedroom, pulling the door shut behind with his heel.

Crossing the threshold was like stepping between worlds.

Will's room—once a typical college bedroom filled with art supplies—had officially been designated as *The Studio*. It has now officially become a workspace. It smelled of latex, expensive lighting equipment, and the faint, metallic scent of hard work. It was where *Sweetbunny* lived, where the purple lights hummed, and where the tokens flowed.

But the rest of the apartment? That was theirs.

Specifically, Mike's room.

Over the last few months, a slow migration had occurred. Will's clothes had migrated to Mike's closet. Will's skincare products had colonized Mike's desk. And, most importantly, Mike's sad, squeaky twin mattress—the one that had sounded like a dying seagull every time they so much as breathed on it—had been dragged out to the curb.

In its place sat a majestic, memory-foam Queen—a cloud of fortress bought specifically for *them*. It was the only piece of furniture in the apartment that *Sweetbunny* was strictly forbidden from filming on. This bed was for sleeping, for cuddling, and for the kind of lazy, quiet sex where they forgot about the rest of the world.

This was where Mike brought Will to come down. It was their decompression chamber.

Mike walked into the room, the familiar scent of their mixed laundry detergent welcoming them. He set Will down gently on the edge of the bed.

"Let's get this off," Mike murmured.

He knelt between Will's spread legs, his fingers going to the clasps of the harness that was still crisscrossed over Will's chest—the only piece of the costume Mike hadn't removed during the cleanup. Will sat pliant and sleepy, his arms loose at his sides, as Mike undid the buckles with practiced ease. He peeled the leather straps away from Will's skin, revealing the red marks they had left behind, and tossed the gear onto the floor.

Then came the thigh-highs. Mike rolled them down Will's calves, his thumbs massaging the dense muscle of Will's legs as he went. He stripped Will bare, leaving him sitting there in nothing but his skin and the afterglow.

"Arms up," Mike instructed.

Will complied, lifting his arms like a tired toddler. Mike pulled one of his own vintage oversized hoodies over Will's head. On Mike, the hoodie hung like a curtain; on Will, it swallowed him whole in length, the hem hitting mid-thigh, but pulled pleasantly snug across his broad shoulders and biceps.

"Pants," Mike muttered, kneeling again to guide Will’s feet through a pair of soft flannel bottoms.

Once Will was fully bundled, looking like a very sleepy baby, Mike stood up and cracked his knuckles.

"Okay. Up we go."

Mike scooped him up again. "To the couch?" Will mumbled into Mike's neck.

"To the couch," Mike confirmed, maneuvering them carefully through the doorway so he wouldn't whack Will’s head on the frame. "We can watch *Superstore* if you like. I think we’re on Season 5."

He carried his bundle back out to the living room, feeling the reassuring weight of Will against his chest. He deposited Will gently onto the orange-covered sofa and grabbed the throw blanket, tucking it around him until only Will’s messy hair and happy eyes were visible.

"Popcorn?" Mike offered, heading toward the kitchen.

"Extra butter," Will called out from his cocoon. "And Mike?"

Mike paused in the doorway, looking back. "Yeah?"

"I love you."

Mike smiled, a genuine, blinding thing that he never had to fake for a camera. "I know. I love you more."

He turned the corner into the kitchen, listening to the hum of the refrigerator and the distant sound of Will turning on the TV. He grabbed the popcorn bag, feeling a sense of peace settle over him.

And for those of you in the audience currently screaming at your screens, asking, *"Wait, that's it? Shouldn't there be a private session after Will's livestream?"*

Let me stop you right there.

It wasn't just because Will currently had the motor skills of a cooked noodle, no. It was because the Saturday Night Private Sessions were legally deceased. Dead. Buried in an unmarked grave behind the apartment complex.

And the man holding the shovel? Mike Wheeler.

The time of death was a Saturday evening, roughly five weeks into their relationship.

Mike likes to think of himself as a progressive, secure, modern man. He tells himself he isn't the jealous type. He respects Will's hustle. He respects the Art of it all and most importantly, the bag Will is getting out of it. He knows that *Sweetbunny* is a brand, a persona, a small business that paid for their very nice espresso machine. While he *has* Will—has his heart, his mornings, and his very enthusiastic evenings—he knows he does not own him.

Mike was a patient man. A supportive man. A man who, for the first few weeks, would respectfully excuse himself from the room whenever Will had a private session booked. He'd put on his noise-canceling headphones, sit in the living room, and aggressively play *The Legend of Zelda* until Will emerged, flushed and richer.

He was the picture of cool detachment or at least he tries his best to… until *the incident*.

It was a Saturday night. The main show had ended, the credits had rolled (metaphorically), and it was time for the 'After-Hours Private'—the exclusive encore

reserved for the highest tipper of the evening. To no one’s absolute surprise, *_takeachance* had secured the spot. Again.

Mike had done the usual prep—lighting check, audio check, a quick 'knock 'em dead' kiss on Will's temple—and was halfway out the door to give them privacy. He was being so good. He was being so respectful.

But then, he paused. Just for a second.

Maybe it was instinct. Maybe it was a disturbance in the force. Or maybe it was just the fact that he realized he’d left his Switch on the desk in the corner.

Whatever the reason, Mike turned back. And he glanced at the monitor.

Usually, private sessions were one-sided, a black void where the user watched and typed commands. But that fucker, *Chance,* had his camera on.

Now, Mike had built a very specific mental image of this man. In Mike’s head, Chance was a bald, middle-aged divorcee named Gary who lived in a basement in Ohio and smelled like soup. It was a comforting image. It made the whole thing feel transactional and slightly pathetic on Chance's part.

But the man on the screen was not Gary.

The man on the screen looked like he had just walked off the set of a Disney live-action remake. He was young—maybe twenty-two. He had a jawline that could cut glass, hair that looked like it smelled of expensive sandalwood, and piercing dark eyes. He was sitting in what appeared to be a high-rise penthouse with floor-to-ceiling windows. He looked like Prince Eric if Prince Eric had a trust fund and a darker search history.

And this Prince Eric was currently... *enjoying* the sight of Mike’s boyfriend.

Mike froze. Hit pause right there because Mike’s just brain short-circuited.

That was the competition? *That* was the guy dropping thousands of dollars to see Will?

A wave of primal, ugly, green-eyed possession crashed over Mike so hard he nearly staggered. It was visceral. It tasted like battery acid.

See, Mike had made peace with the *concept* of the audience. The audience was a blob. A faceless, formless entity that threw money at Will like a wishing well. You don't get

jealous of a wishing well.

But this? This wasn't a blob. This was a *rival*.

It was one thing to share Will with a faceless crowd of anonymous users. It was another thing entirely to watch a literal underwear model—someone who looked like he smelled of sandalwood and tax evasion—jacking off to *his* boyfriend in 4K resolution. And worse? The guy had a nice room. A *really* nice room. The kind of room that made their shared apartment look like a hamster cage.

Mike's brain started doing that fun, self-destructive thing where it ran a side-by-side comparison. *Prince Eric:* Rich. Handsome. Penthouse. *Mike Wheeler:* Barista. Lanky. Once baked cookies so hard you can throw it at someone's head and be charged with manslaughter.

Does Will like looking at him? The thought was a parasite, burrowing deep.

Mike didn't say a word. He didn't interrupt. He simply turned around, walked out of the room, and closed the door with a click that was perhaps a little too final.

He didn't go to the living room to play *Zelda* this time. He went to the kitchen and stared aggressively at a magnet on the fridge for twenty minutes. He paced. He contemplated arson. He contemplated wire fraud. He wondered if he could report Chance to the IRS.

By the time the stream ended, Mike had spiraled through five stages of grief and landed squarely on *Cold, Calculated Fury*.

So, after Will had logged off and came out to the living room, humming a happy little tune, Mike had been waiting but he wasn't playing games. He was sitting in the dark, spinning a pen in his hand like a Bond villain (*this dramatic bitch*), the silence around him heavy enough to crush a diamond.

"No more," Mike had said simply, the pen stopping its rotation with a sharp *snap*.

"No more what?" Will asked, pausing mid-count, his eyebrows furrowing in confusion. "No more pizza? Because we have leftovers."

"No more privates with *him*," Mike stated, his voice low and devoid of room for negotiation. "Or anyone who looks like they could be on the cover of *GQ*. From now on, if they want to see you, they do it in the public chat with the rest of the peasants."

Will blinked, processing the ultimatum. He set the water bottle down on the coaster, his eyes narrowing slightly as the realization hit. A slow, dangerous grin spread across his face—the kind of grin *Lee* wore when he was about to ruin someone's credit score.

He sauntered over to where Mike was sitting in the dark.

"Are you..." Will tilted his head, dropping his voice to a whisper. "Are you jealous, Mike?"

"No," Mike lied through his teeth, refusing to break eye contact, though his knuckles were white where he gripped the armrests. "He's chopped."

"Uh-huh," Will hummed, not buying it for a second. He stepped between Mike's spread knees, his hands resting on Mike's shoulders. Then, with a boldness that made Mike's breath hitch, he settled himself right into Mike's lap, straddling him. The friction was immediate, and Mike had to physically restrain himself from grabbing Will's hips.

"You're totally jealous," Will whispered, running his fingers through the hair at the nape of Mike's neck, scratching lightly. "You know—he actually asked if I was single."

Mike's hands came up to grip Will's waist, his fingers digging into the soft cotton of Will's loose shirt. "He asked what?"

"He asked if I had someone taking care of me," Will teased, leaning in until his lips brushed Mike's jaw. "He said a boy like me deserves... a firm hand. He said he bet I'd look pretty in his sheets."

Mike saw red. Actual red. He felt like Tom the cat after Jerry dropped a bowling ball on his foot—steam shooting out of his ears, face turning a violent shade of crimson, and a high-pitched train whistle screaming in his brain.

"He doesn't get to talk about *our* sheets," Mike growled, his grip tightening until it bordered on painful. "He doesn't get to think about you in them. He doesn't get to look at you, Will."

"But he did," Will whispered, pulling back just enough to look Mike in the eye. His expression shifted, the playfulness darkening into something heavier, something reckless. "And I let him."

Will shifted his hips, grinding down slow and deliberate, a movement that nearly crossed Mike's eyes.

"Maybe I *have* been bad," Will breathed, his voice dropping to a register that was pure, distilled sin. "Maybe I need to be reminded who I belong to. Are you going to punish me for it? Are you going to mark me so I won't do it again?"

The air vacated the room so fast it probably left a vacuum seal.

Mike stared at him. He saw the challenge in Will's eyes, glittering and dangerous, but beneath the bravado, he saw the plea. Will wasn't just asking for a physical reprimand; he was demanding a full-system hard reboot. He wanted Mike to take the pristine, high-resolution mental image of Chance and aggressively scribble over it with a permanent marker labeled **PROPERTY OF MIKE WHEELER**.

And honestly? Mike was holding the marker and he'll be more than happy to cross out that image and may draw little dicks around it.

"Is that what you want?" Mike asked, his voice rough. "You want me to make sure you can't sit on his tacky velvet furniture even if you wanted to?"

Will nodded, breathless. "Yes."

"Stand up," Mike commanded.

Will scrambled off his lap immediately, standing between Mike's knees. He looked small in his oversized t-shirt, his bare legs pale in the dim light.

"Boxers," Mike said, gesturing vaguely. "Off."

Will didn't hesitate. He hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his boxers and shimmied them down, stepping out of them with a grace that Mike found infuriatingly attractive. He kicked them aside, standing there in just the shirt, vulnerable and waiting.

"Good boy," Mike praised, and the way Will shivered at the words was a reward in itself. Mike patted his own thighs. "Over my lap. Face down. Ass up."

Will moved like he was in a trance. He draped himself over Mike's lap, his chest pressed against Mike's thighs, his legs dangling off the side. The position left him completely exposed, his bottom pale and round and waiting.

Mike rested his hand on the curve of Will's ass. It was warm. He felt a surge of affection so strong it almost hurt, warring with the urge to leave a handprint that would last a week.

"You give me no choice, baby," Mike murmured, his tone dripping with a sweet, manipulative regret that he knew Will ate up with a spoon. "I have to do this. You understand, right? I can't have you forgetting who owns this."

"I understand," Will whispered into the scratchy fabric of Mike's pants, his voice trembling but accepting.

"Count them for me," Mike ordered, his hand hovering. "And don't skip a single one."

He brought his hand down. *Smack.*

It was a solid, flat-palmed connection that rang out in the quiet apartment with the distinct crack of skin meeting skin.

"One," Will gasped, his hips jerking instinctively off Mike's lap before gravity—and Mike's other hand on the small of his back—forced him back down.

Smack.

"Two!" Will's voice went up an octave, the breath punched out of him.

Mike found a rhythm—one that feels like he wasn't rushing. He was methodical in his application of force. Making sure to not just hit but *paint*. He watched the pale skin turn a mottled pink, then a deepening crimson, aiming for that specific, deep bruising that he knew Will craved. Every strike was a syllable in a sentence Will needed to hear: *Mine. Mine. Mine.*

He didn't stop at ten. He didn't stop at twenty. He glazed over Will's endurance, pushing him into that floaty, teary headspace where nothing existed but the sting and Mike's voice. Mike calculated the force just so it would hurt, he wanted it to leave a mark that would make Will wince every time he sat down for the next forty-eight hours—just long enough to remember, but short enough that Mike could kiss it better by Monday.

"Twenty-four," Will sobbed, his fingers clutching desperately at the soft cotton of Mike's sweatpants, his knuckles white. "Twenty-five... ah! Twenty-six... oh god, Mike..."

The name slipped out on a ragged exhale—a desperate plea for his boyfriend.

Mike froze. His hand halted mid-arc. The silence that followed was heavier than the impact.

"Who?" Mike asked, his voice deceptively calm, though a dark, pathetic sort of joy was curling in his gut.

God, look at him. Look at Will Byers, the love of his life, draped over him like a prize, crying out his name. It fed something starving inside Mike, some primal need to own and be owned that he usually kept buried under sarcasm and bad jokes.

He didn't strike. Instead, his left hand—the one resting on the small of Will's back—slid up to clamp around the nape of Will's neck. He squeezed, just enough to be a threat, forcing Will's face down into the fabric of his thigh.

"That is not what you call me," Mike growled, leaning down so his lips brushed the shell of Will's ear. "Not right now. Is it?"

"No," Will whimpered, shaking his head against Mike's leg, his body trembling with a mixture of pain and overstimulation. "No... Daddy. I'm sorry."

"Say it again," Mike demanded.

"Daddy," Will breathed, broken and beautiful.

"Good boy."

Smack.

The blow was harder this time, a punishment for the infraction. Mike watched the way Will's body convulsed, the way his hips jerked instinctively off Mike's lap, desperate to escape the sting, only to be dragged back down by gravity and Mike's possessive hand.

And Mike... God, Mike was struggling.

The grey sweatpants he was wearing were currently doing absolutely nothing to hide the heavy, throbbing evidence of exactly how much he was enjoying this. He was hard—painfully, visibly hard—the fabric straining over the eleven inches of desire that Will had been teasing all night. Lying face-down, Will had to feel it. He had to feel the heat radiating off him, the thick, unyielding ridge of Mike's cock pressing hot into his soft stomach through the thin layers of cotton.

Mike felt the shift in Will immediately. He felt the moment the pain sparked into a confusing, desperate wire-cross of pleasure.

Desperate, hazy with endorphins, Will shifted. He dragged his upper body down, pressing his chest hard against Mike’s lap. He found the ridge of Mike’s erection through the grey sweatpants and bore down, grinding his sternum and stomach against the heat, seeking friction, seeking to ruin himself against the hardness beneath him.

It nearly broke Mike. The sensation of Will—heavy, solid, and desperate—rubbing his chest against Mike’s aching length made Mike’s vision swim. He wanted to flip him over. He wanted to bury himself inside and let Will cry it out.

But he didn't. Will wants him to be the one in control.

"I didn't say you could move, sweetheart," Mike murmured, his voice a low, honeyed rumble that vibrated straight through Will’s chest. "Did I?"

"No," Will gasped, freezing instantly, his body trembling under Mike's hand.

"You're trying to cheat," Mike accused softly, his thumb stroking the sensitive skin behind Will's ear with a terrifying gentleness. "You're trying to feel good before you've paid your debts. That's naughty, baby. You take what I give you. Nothing else. Not until I say so."

He brought his hand down again. *Smack.*

"Thirty!" Will screamed, the count resetting in his haze, the sound wet and broken.

"You doing okay down there?" Mike asked, his tone dripping with a sickly sweet concern, leaning down to press a kiss to the sweat-damp hair at Will's temple while his hand hovered for the next strike. "You're doing so good for me."

"Yes," Will whined, open-mouthed sobs tearing from his throat, tears leaking from his squeezed-shut eyes to dampen the grey cotton. "Thank you. Thank you, Daddy. Please."

"You're welcome," Mike said politely.

He kept going. He painted Will in shades of crimson and violet until the counting dissolved into incoherent, wet noises. Only when Will was completely boneless, a sobbing mess of endorphins and pain draped over his lap, did Mike finally stop.

He rested his hand on the hot, stinging skin, letting his palm absorb the tremors running through Will's body. He rubbed gently, soothing the fire he’d just ignited.

"Done," Mike whispered, the word heavy with finality.

He hauled Will up, pulling him into a straddle. Will was boneless, burying his face in the crook of Mike's neck instantly, crying softly and clinging to him. Mike held him tight, one hand cradling the back of Will's head, the other rubbing slow, calming circles on his back. He kissed his hair, his sweat-damp temple, his wet cheeks, murmuring soft praises into the skin.

"I've got you," Mike soothed, rocking him slightly until the tremors began to subside into occasional, hitching breaths. "I'm here. You did so good for me, baby. So perfect."

He shifted, guiding Will back down onto the couch cushions. Mike moved with a deliberate gentleness, laying Will on his back, mindful of the tender skin he had just disciplined. He took a moment to look—really look. The sight of Will, wrecked and flushed, his chest heaving under the loose shirt, fed that possessive beast in Mike's chest until it was purring. Mike carefully surveyed the damage he had inflicted—the redness spreading across Will's bum—and felt a dark, satisfied coil of heat tighten in his gut.

Mike reached for the hem of the t-shirt. "Let's get this off."

Will lifted his arms weakly, his eyes still swimming with tears, watching Mike with an adoration that made Mike's heart ache. Mike pulled the fabric up and over Will's head, tossing it aside.

And then he paused. There, shimmering on Will's flat stomach and pooling in the soft hollows of his hips, was the undeniable evidence. Will had come. Somewhere between the frantic counting and the desperate tears—without Mike ever laying a hand on him there—Will had shattered completely. Untouched. Ruined solely by the sting of Mike's discipline and the rough drag of his voice.

"Baby," Mike breathed, his voice rough with awe. "You didn't even touch yourself."

Will shook his head, a fresh wave of tears leaking from the corners of his eyes. "Couldn't help it," he whispered, shameful and sweet. "It was too much."

"It was perfect," Mike corrected.

He leaned down, capturing Will's lips in a slow, searing kiss that tasted of salt and tears. Will met him halfway, desperate and needy, his hands tangling in Mike's hair. Mike broke the kiss to trail his mouth down, pressing wet heat to the hollow of Will's throat, over the erratic pulse, and lower still.

He stopped at Will's stomach, looking at the evidence of Will's release shimmering on the pale skin. He lowered his head, dragging his tongue flat against the stickiness,

tasting the salt and sweetness of Will's own pleasure. Will gasped, his hips bucking up, his hands scrabbling for purchase on Mike's shoulders.

Mike hummed against the skin, collecting the rest of the slick fluid on his fingers. He needed to be inside. As much as he wanted to be gentle, the sight of Will ruined and waiting was fraying his control. He slicked his own length with Will's essence, a perverse, claiming act that made his breath hitch.

"Can you take me?" Mike murmured, lining himself up at the entrance. "You're still so wet for me baby."

"Yes," Will sobbed, his head thrashing against the cushion. "Please. Now. I need— need you inside."

Mike pushed in. He didn't rush. He didn't slam into him like his instincts screamed to do. Instead, he sank into the heat slow—agonizingly slow. He watched Will's face as he filled him, inch by inch. He watched the way Will's eyes rolled back, his mouth falling open in a silent scream of overwhelm. It was tight, but yielding, a perfect, velvet glove that felt like coming home.

"Mike," Will choked out, forgetting the rules again, but this time Mike didn't correct him.

"I know," Mike whispered, leaning down to press kisses to Will's sweaty temple, his ear, his jaw. "I know, baby. You're so good."

He began to move. Long, deep drags that pulled a whine from the back of Will's throat. Mike's hand came up to cup Will's face, his thumb stroking the wet cheek, grounding him even as he wrecked him. Will's nails dug into Mike's back through his shirt, sharp and desperate, anchoring himself against the tide of sensation.

"You take it so well," Mike praised, grinding his hips against Will's, feeling the way Will's internal muscles fluttered and clenched around him. "So tight. You're made for this."

Will was crying again, overwhelmed by the slow drag, feeling everything inside and outside and everywhere all at once. He clung to Mike, his anchor in the storm, as Mike drove them both toward the edge with a relentless, loving intensity.

It was the kind of sex that cleared the cache— a reset, if you may. No Prince Eric. No cameras. Just them.

And that, my brochachos, is how the Saturday private sessions died. RIP.

(*Okay, yeah. That was arguably a little too much for a flashback. We probably could have just said 'Mike got jealous and they banged.' But... well, okay. You get the picture.*)

Back in the safety of the present timeline, however, the dust has long since settled. If you zoom out—past the jealousy of those early days, past the cam shows, past the tax brackets—you'd see that not much had actually changed. The fundamental laws of their universe remained steadfast.

Mike still walked Will to all his classes, carrying his portfolio like a devoted, lanky squire. Will still asked Mike to critique his figure drawings, and Mike still forced Will to read his creative writing drafts, trading feedback like currency over breakfast. They still hosted movie nights with the full Party once or twice a month, though the dynamic had shifted slightly. Now, the commentary track involved a horrifying amount of teasing about their *size difference*—and no, Lucas wasn't talking about their height.

Will was still the sun Mike orbited around, the singular, most important person in his life. That hadn't changed since the swing set, and it certainly wasn't going to change now that he'd seen Will's O-face in person. If anything, Mike was more down bad. Pathetically, terminally down bad.

He had even survived when Will had dragged him down to the coast to tell Joyce and Hopper the news of their relationship. Mike had received his second life-threatening warning from the former Chief of Police over a plate of meatloaf.

"I have a shovel in the shed," he said conversationally. *"And a lot of free time now that I'm retired. And forty acres of backwoods."*

(*He's slowly warming up to me,* Mike had told himself delusionally while Hopper glared at him across the dinner table like he was contemplating where's the best spot to hide Mike's body).

And despite Will technically being in a higher tax bracket now thanks to the *Sweetbunny* empire, Mike still insisted on paying for dates. It was a matter of principle. Besides, he could afford it now. Mike had quit his job at *The Daily Grind* about two months ago because his occasional guest appearances on Will's profile as the faceless 'Mitch' paid more than half a year of making lattes. Will had insisted on a 50/50 split for their shared content, and Mike had agreed, mostly because he knew Will felt guilty about Mike acting as his lighting technician, fluffer, and co-star for free. (As if Mike wasn't enjoying every single second of it).

So, Saturday nights—and let's be real, every other day ending in 'y'—were reclaimed. They were sacred. They were *theirs*. And they were at that point in their relationship where everything was finally, blissfully, suspiciously going their way.

Well, that is until Lucas Sinclair decided to scroll through Twitter without his safety filter on.

It was a Friday evening, roughly one week before the One Year Anniversary of *Sweetbunny*. The apartment was definitely *not* quiet. It was filled with the wet, desperate sounds of two people trying to inhale each other. Mike and Will were currently occupying the same square foot of the new sofa, limbs tangled in a knot that would require a diagram to untangle, shirts riding up, in the middle of a makeout session so intense it technically qualified as a fire hazard.

Mike was lost in the sauce. He was busy mapping the topography of Will's spine with his hand, thinking about how lucky he was, when the peace was shattered not by a knock, but by the sound of the front door being thrown open with enough force to dent the plaster.

"I KNEW IT!"

The scream was primal.

Mike yelped, a high-pitched sound he would deny in court, and scrambled back so fast he nearly fell off the couch. He dragged the throw blanket with him in a futile, frantic attempt to cover the very obvious, very enthusiastic situation happening in his lap. Will wiped his mouth, looking dazed, swollen-lipped, and thoroughly confused, blinking like an owl exposed to a flashlight.

Lucas stood in the doorway, chest heaving, pointing an accusing finger at Mike. He looked like a man who had just seen a ghost. A very large, very naked ghost.

Max was standing behind him, looking equal parts horrified and delighted, holding her phone up like a detective presenting the smoking gun in a murder trial.

"Jesus!" Mike shouted, trying to fix his hair which was currently standing up in every direction. "We have locks for a reason! What is wrong with you?"

"What is wrong with *me*?" Lucas choked out, stepping into the apartment and kicking the door shut behind him. He marched right up to the coffee table and slammed his hand down. "I was scrolling, Mike. I was innocently scrolling through my timeline, looking for basketball stats, looking for wholesome content, when I was assaulted. *Assaulted*."

"By what?" Will asked, his voice still raspy from the makeout session.

"By a retweet," Max supplied helpfully, turning her phone screen around.

There, playing on a loop in high definition, was a ten-second clip from one of their recent *collab*. It was cropped tight—no faces, no background. Just the high-definition, undeniable reality of Mike's dick burying itself into Will's ass with a rhythm that was, frankly, hypnotic.

Mike felt his soul leave his body. It ascended straight through the ceiling, waved goodbye to his dignity, and dissipated into the ether.

He had known, logically, that his luck couldn't last forever. For the last six months, he had been living in a golden bubble of domestic bliss, financial stability, and incredible sex. He had clearly overdrawn his account at the Bank of Good Fortune, and now God had come to collect the debt in the form of public humiliation via Twitter video compression.

And honestly? Mike couldn't even blame the Almighty. He remembered filming that video. He remembered the way the lights had hit Will's skin, the sound of his breath, the absolute, mind-altering euphoria of being exactly where he was. He had been on Cloud 9. He had been on Cloud 10, 11, and 12. If the price for that level of ecstasy was Lucas Sinclair staring at his junk on a Friday night, maybe—just maybe—it was a fair trade.

But he still wanted to dissolve into the floorboards. Or move to Alaska. He heard igloos were nice this time of year. Soundproof. No Wi-Fi. Just him, Will, and zero risk of social media engagement.

"Read the caption," Max urged, smirking like the Cheshire Cat.

Will squinted at the screen. "*Probably AI generated. Nobody has a meat stick that big and no self-respecting gay guy would take it up his ass like he's having a colonoscopy. Fake news.*"

"Oh," Will blinked, processing the review. "Rude. I take it very gracefully, actually."

"That's not the point!" Lucas shrieked, his voice cracking. He pointed a shaking finger at Mike's crotch, hidden beneath the safety blanket. "I know that dick, Mike. I'd know that dick anywhere!"

"How would you even—" Mike demanded, his face burning a violent shade of crimson that clashed with the orange sofa cover. "It's cropped! There's no face! There are no

identifying birthmarks! How could you possibly know that's us?"

"How?" Lucas laughed, a manic, hysterical sound that belonged in an asylum. "You think I could forget? You think I could scrub that image from my brain? Spring Break '23 will continue haunting me until I'm old and wrinkly. It's burned into my retinas! It's not a choice, Mike! It's a trauma response!"

"Lucas, stop," Mike groaned, burying his face in his hands. *Not the Spring Break Incident.*

"I feel like I'm back in that very dark, dark place of my life." Lucas yelled, his voice rising again with no disregard to the neighbors (not like Mike and Will had even considered them in the first place.) "That dick is my personal boogeyman. It stalks me in my nightmares. And now? It's on my timeline? Monetized? Trending?"

"It's not a boogeyman," Will defended, crossing his arms over his chest, looking oddly protective of his boyfriend's dick— Mike wants to kiss him. "It's very friendly once you get to know it."

"Gross!" Lucas gagged, covering his ears. "I don't want to know it! I don't want to know that you know it! I want to go back to ten minutes ago when I could just pretend you guys sword-fought in bed or something! Seriously, Will, I think that *thing* can reach your kidney."

Max, meanwhile, had flopped into the armchair, scrolling through the comments under the video with a fascinated expression. "Honestly? This makes way more sense than the Sugar Daddy theory. I always thought Will had too much pride to be a trophy husband."

"Hey!" Will protested, though the corner of his mouth twitched. He wasn't exactly fighting the allegations hard.

"So let me get this straight," Max noted casually, scrolling through the tweet's replies, "This... *content*... is where the money is coming from? Not the 'digital art commissions' you've been gaslighting us with for a year?"

"It *is* art," Mike insisted from behind his hands, peeking out through his fingers like a child hiding from a monster in a closet he built himself. "It's performance art. It's avant-garde. It explores the... duality of man."

"It explores the elasticity of Will's sphincter," Max deadpanned, not even looking up. She tapped the screen. "Cut the crap, Wheeler. I'm looking at a video titled 'Twink gets wrecked by giant cock'. That's not the Guggenheim. That's Pornhub premium."

She looked up, eyes sharp. "How much?"

"How much what?"

"How much do you make? For... *that*." She waved her hand at the frozen video loop on her screen, where a pixelated Mike was doing unholy things to a pixelated Will. "For letting the internet see your tonsils from the south end?"

Will shrugged, unbothered, "Depends on the month. Some months are slow. But last month? With the tips and the exclusives?" He hummed, doing the math. "Enough to buy the TV. And pay our rent for the next six months. Oh! And I put a down payment on a new car for my mom."

The silence in the room was deafening. It was heavy. It was the sound of capitalism crushing dreams. Even the hum of the refrigerator seemed to stop out of respect for that tax bracket.

"You're joking," Lucas whispered, staring at his own hands like he'd never seen them before. He looked like his entire worldview was crumbling. "I am suffering. I am literally suffering through organic chemistry. I'm taking out student loans with interest rates that should be illegal. I'm eating ramen that tastes like despair and cardboard. And you... you're paying rent by being... a professional pillow princess?"

"I work hard!" Will defended, though he was currently reclining against Mike's chest like it’s his very own throne.

"You lay there!" Lucas shouted, his voice cracking. "You lay there and look pretty while Mike does all the manual labor! It's unfair!"

"I'm a service top!" Mike protested, his voice cracking indignantly. "It's a very demanding role! The cardio alone is—"

"Shut up, Mike," everyone said in unison.

"You're all sick," Lucas declared, sinking onto the floor and staring blankly at the ceiling, questioning every life choice that led him to this friend group. "I need a beer. I need to bleach my retinas. I need to know why Dustin liked the post."

"Maybe he’s into art too," Mike said, finally recovering enough to smirk.

"I hate you," Lucas said, but he accepted the beer Will offered him. "So. Are we watching a movie or are we just going to sit here and discuss Mike’s career as a

faceless porn star?"

"Movie," Mike said quickly, snatching the remote like it was a live grenade. "Definitely movie. Big robots. Sad Ryan Gosling. Let's go."

But as *Blade Runner 2049* started playing, filling the room with synth music and neon light, Mike couldn't focus on the replicants. He was too busy having a quiet, internal mental breakdown at the ripe old age of twenty.

He caught Will's eye across the sofa. Will offered him a small, secret smile—one that was equal parts apologetic and amused, a silent *I love you even if our friends have seen your junk*.

The cat was out of the bag. The dick was on the timeline. And honestly? The world didn't end.

But Mike's brain, traitorous organ that it was, immediately fast-forwarded fifteen years. He hallucinated a sunny kitchen in a nice suburban house (bought with cam money, probably). He imagined a hypothetical child—let's call him Thomas—sitting at the breakfast table, swinging his legs. Eleven-year-old Thomas, innocent and bright-eyed, looking up from his cereal to ask the forbidden question: *"Daddy, how did you and Papa get together? Was it romantic?"*

Mike felt a cold sweat break out on the back of his neck.

What was he supposed to say?

"Well, son, it's a funny story. First, I was oblivious for twelve years. Then I paid $20 to watch your father shove a dildo up his ass on the internet and decided, 'Hey, it's a good idea to sin tonight.' And then spend another month trying to out-tip everyone to get more private sessions with him instead of walking 5 steps to his room and asking 'hey, can you be my boyfriend?'. It was a tough time, Thomas, tough time…"

Yeah. That wasn't going to fly at the PTA meeting. He was going to have to lie. He was going to have to invent a whole new backstory of how the power went out and they had to stay warm by cuddling on the same bed nearly naked like they do in the army— or maybe Will got an epilogue boyfriend and he was so chopped and annoying they decided to cheat on him. *Yeah,* Mike nodded to himself, *Sounds like a good plan to me.*

For now though, he just grabbed a handful of chips that Lucas stole from their pantry and pretended not to notice Max sending the video link to the group chat.

Honestly, a part of him had been worried. Not for himself—Mike had long since accepted that his dignity was a currency he was willing to spend—but for Will. He had been terrified that their friends might look at Will differently, that the "Sweetbunny" persona might overshadow the gentle, brilliant artist they knew.

But looking at them now—Lucas aggressively bleaching his eyes with a throw pillow while Max laughed at him—Mike felt a knot of tension loosen in his chest. They were horrified, sure, but they weren't *judging*. They were just... them.

He looked over at Will, who was currently watching Lucas's theatrics with a fond, crinkled-eye smile, his face illuminated by the flickering light of the TV. Will looked happy. He looked comfortable. He looked like the same boy Mike had loved since they were ten, just... freer.

And Mike had to pause and ask himself: *How in the hell did I bag him?*

Seriously. Look at him.

Mike felt a surge of gratitude for whoever it is that made this possible. He knew, objectively, that he wasn't seeing those pearly gates. His search history alone had barred him from entry, and his current occupation as a faceless smut peddler probably sealed the deal. But he would thank God every single day anyway. He would build an altar. He would even go so far as to offer up *_takeachance* as a human sacrifice if the Lord asked for it.

He thought, with a sudden, violent intensity, that if he died tomorrow—if he choked on a popcorn kernel right now—he would personally fight whatever demon tried to drag him down. He would claw his way out of the pit. Because he wasn't going anywhere. Not now that he had *this*.

Sure, people might say they could have taken the short road. They could have just *talked* six months or a year ago. They could have skipped the pining and the VPNs and the angst. But if Mike was given a chance (ugh, he hated that word), he'd do it all again. Again and again and again.

Because in this lifetime, this specific, messy, chaotic timeline was the one that granted him Will Byers.

And if it also granted him unlimited lifetime access to Will's 4K porn archives? Well, that was just a really, really nice bonus.

Mike shifted on the couch, sliding his foot under the blanket until it found Will's. Will's toes curled against his, warm and solid.

Yeah. He'd pay double.

He was never getting his deposit back on his dignity, but honestly? It was the best investment he'd ever made.

E N D

Well, maybe just one more?

Yeah, just one more.

Ladies and gentlemen and the on-going list of depraved people reading this, I present to you,

Bonus Shot: The Purple Reign

Timeline: 8 Months Post-Relationship **Status:** Live & Uncut

If you were to ask Mike Wheeler to list his top three fears, they would be:

1. Losing Will Byers.
2. Accidentally sending a screenshot of his camera roll to his mother.
3. The specific, heart-stopping noise the tripod makes when it's about to tip over.

Tonight, however, a new fear was rapidly climbing the charts to claim the number one spot: *The purple lace situation happening in the bathroom.*

It was a Saturday night. The apartment was quiet, save for the low hum of the expensive PC tower and the distant sound of New York traffic. The blinds were drawn. The "Studio" (formerly known as Will's bedroom) was bathed in a soft, atmospheric lavender glow that made everything look expensive and slightly sinful.

Mike was currently standing in the center of the room, adjusting the ISO on the 4K webcam and trying to calm his heart rate, which was currently beating at the tempo of a techno song.

This wasn't their first rodeo. Mike had been the "invisible hand" of *Sweetbunny22* for months now. He knew the lighting angles better than he knew the periodic table. He knew exactly how to position the ring light to make Will's skin look like porcelain. He knew how to moderate the chat to filter out the creeps while keeping the whales happy.

But tonight was different.

Tonight, the *Invisible Hand* was becoming visible. Tonight, for the first time, Mike wasn't just going to be behind the camera. He was going to be *in* it— **live.**

It had been a subscriber goal—a ridiculous, lofty number that Will had set as a joke, thinking they would never hit it. *"50k Tokens for a Live Collab with Mitch."*

They had hit it in three days.

So here they were. The contract was signed (metaphorically). The stage was set. And Will was currently in the ensuite, transforming into *Lee*.

"Mike?" Will's voice called out, muffled by the door. "Can you come check this? I think the straps are twisted."

Mike swallowed, his throat clicking dryly. "Yeah. Coming."

He walked to the bathroom door and pushed it open.

And then his brain simply... stopped. It bluescreened. *Error 404: Functionality Not Found.*

Will was standing in front of the vanity mirror. He was wearing... *it*.

It was a set of lingerie that defied physics and decency in equal measure. A deep, royal purple lace that contrasted violently, beautifully against Will's pale skin. It was a halter-neck style, with delicate, intricate lace cups that framed his chest, connected by thin, satin straps that wrapped around his torso like a present begging to be unwrapped. The matching panties were barely there—high-cut, sheer lace held together by hope and structural engineering.

Will turned to look at Mike, biting his lip nervously. He tugged at a strap that crossed his ribs.

"Is it too much?" Will asked. "I feel like a grape. A sexy grape."

Mike stared. He stared at the way the purple lace dipped low on Will's stomach. He stared at the way the straps dug ever so slightly into the soft flesh of his waist. He stared at the curve of Will's hips, accentuated by the high cut of the fabric.

"It's not too much," Mike croaked, his voice sounding like he'd gargled gravel. He cleared his throat. "It's... Will, it's lethal. You look like a weapon."

Will preened, a small, satisfied smile curling his lips—the first flash of *Lee* breaking through. "Good. That's the goal. Can you fix the back? I can't reach the clasp."

Mike stepped forward, his hands shaking slightly. He reached out, his fingers brushing against the warm, smooth skin of Will's back. The lace felt delicate under his rough fingertips. He found the small metal clasp at the nape of Will's neck and secured it, his knuckles grazing the sensitive skin there.

Will shivered. "Your hands are cold."

"Your back is hot," Mike countered, leaning down to press a kiss to the shoulder blade right next to a strap. "You ready for this?"

Will met Mike's eyes in the mirror, his expression sharpening into that signature *Lee* confidence. "Always been," he said, smooth and sure. "Are you?"

Mike looked at his own reflection—just a torso in a black t-shirt and grey sweatpants, standing behind the vision in purple lace. It was a study in contrast: The ethereal, expensive beauty of a Renaissance angel, and the guy who looked like he was about to make a late-night run to Taco Bell. He looked at the way his hands looked on Will's waist. He looked at the possessive set of his own jaw.

"I was born ready," Mike lied, giving Will's waist one last squeeze. "Let's go make rent."

They moved from the intimacy of the bathroom to the waiting studio, where setting the scene for a broadcast like this usually involved a logistical nightmare of gaffer tape, strategic pillow placement, and aggressive camera cropping to ensure their anonymity. But tonight, they had backup.

Velvetcam had recently rolled out a new, experimental feature for their "Sapphire Tier" creators called *VelvetVeil*. It was a high-end, AI-driven algorithm that automatically detected and blurred faces in real-time, regardless of movement or lighting. It was designed specifically for the anonymous creator market—a digital condom for your identity. It cost an extra $100 a month, which Mike thought was extortion, but Will had insisted.

However, Will Byers didn't just trust the machine. Will Byers trusted paper trails.

Before activating the feature, Will had engaged in a three-day email war with Velvetcam's legal department, eventually extracting a written addendum to their Terms of Service stating that in the event of a *VelvetVeil* malfunction—if the blur slipped for even a microsecond and revealed a face—Will could essentially sue them for the GDP of a small European nation.

But the tech upgrades didn't stop there. Because they were officially "Sapphire Tier" now, they had unlocked the *Multi-View* feature. Mike had spent the last two hours sweating over cable management to position three separate 4K web cameras around the bed: one directly in front (the classic view), one from the side (for depth), and one mounted on the ceiling (the "God's Eye" view).

This feature allowed the viewers to choose which angle to watch from on their own screens, toggling between them in real-time. They could direct their own personal movie. It was excessive. It was professional. It was going to pay for their next three vacations.

So, while the cameras were still angled low out of habit (old habits die hard), there was a safety net and a cinematic universe being built in their bedroom. A very expensive, legally binding, AI-powered safety net that allowed them a little more freedom of movement.

Will sat on the edge of the bed, the purple lingerie stark against the white duvet. He spread his legs slightly, the lace stretching, teasing. Mike stood behind the camera for a moment, checking the frame. He could see the faint, shimmering distortion field of the *VelvetVeil* hovering at the top of the frame, ready to intercept any accidental face reveals like a digital bodyguard.

"Okay," Mike said, his hand hovering over the mouse. "The blur is active. We're safe. Going live in three... two..."

He hit the button.

LIVE

The chat room, which had been waiting in a frenzy for twenty minutes, exploded instantly. The text scrolled so fast it was a blur of neon colors.

User782: PURPLE!!!!

Simp4Lee: OMG THE OUTFIT

Daddy_Issues: MITCH IS HERE I SEE HIS SHADOW

_takeachance: Finally.

"Hi everyone," Will purred, leaning back on his hands, arching his back so the halter top stretched tight across his chest. "Welcome to the special. As you can see... I brought a friend."

Mike stepped into the frame.

He didn't say anything at first. He simply sat down on the edge of the mattress next to Will, the bed dipping under his weight. Then, with a casual, possessive ease that made the chat lose its collective mind, he reached out and hauled Will backwards, pulling him right into his lap.

Will let out a small, surprised *oh* as he was rearranged, settling back against Mike's chest. The camera captured the perfect tableau: Will's purple-clad torso framed by Mike's black t-shirt, Mike's thighs bracketing Will's hips, and Mike's large hands immediately coming to rest on Will's thighs, thumbs rubbing possessive circles against the skin.

The chat went feral.

User99: HELLO1!?!

Bonk: I am looking respectfully (lying)

"Say hi, Mitch," Will teased, tilting his head back to look up at Mike, exposing the long, pale line of his throat to the camera—and to Mike's hungry gaze.

"Hello," Mike rumbled. He pitched his voice low, right into the sweet spot of the microphone clipped to his shirt. It wasn't his 'can I get a venti oat latte' voice; it was his 'I pay the mortgage' voice.

Mike didn't look at the camera. He looked down at the boy in his lap. He ran his thumbs over the sheer lace of Will's panties, feeling the heat radiating off him, the way Will's breath hitched at the contact. The fabric was so thin it might as well not have been there, a fragile barrier between Mike's calloused hands and the skin he knew better than his own.

"You look good in purple," Mike murmured, leaning forward so his chest pressed against Will's back. He let the words vibrate through his sternum, knowing Will would

feel them as much as hear them. "Like a prize."

"I *am* a prize," Will shot back, his tone bratty and confident, though Mike could feel the slight tremor in his thigh muscles. Will loved this—the attention, the praise, the heavy weight of Mike holding him down.

"And who won?" Mike asked, his arms tightening around Will's waist, pulling him flush against his chest until there wasn't even room for air between them. He buried his nose in Will's hair, inhaling the scent of expensive shampoo and arousal.

Will shivered, a full-body ripple that was clearly visible on the high-definition stream. He turned his head slightly, his eyes half-lidded. "You did."

He caught Will's chin with one large hand, tilting his head back further until their lips met. It wasn't a gentle, camera-ready peck. It was a hungry, open-mouthed devourment that defied the angle. Mike kissed him like he was trying to breathe for both of them, his tongue sweeping into Will's mouth to taste the submission.

Will melted instantly, his head falling back against Mike's shoulder, a soft, wet sound escaping into the microphone as their mouths worked together. For a few seconds, the personas of *Mitch* and *Lee* dissolved, leaving just two people who couldn't get enough of each other.

When Mike finally pulled back, leaving Will dazed and swollen-lipped, the tip jar was going nuclear. It filled the room with a steady, rhythmic *ding-ding-ding* that sounded like a slot machine paying out a jackpot. They were bantering, teasing, kissing, and building the tension with the ease of two people who had spent the last four months memorizing each other's triggers. Mike resumed exploring the complicated architecture of the lingerie straps, tracing the lines with his fingertips, making Will squirm and keen in his lap without actually doing anything explicit yet. It was foreplay performed for an audience of thousands, but it felt dangerously, thrillingly private.

And then, *he* showed up.

> **_takeachance:** [Tipped 5000 Tokens] *Lovely color on you, Lee. Take it off. I want to see if you're pink underneath. Also, tell the help to move his arm, he's blocking the view.*

Mike froze.

He stared at the monitor over Will’s head, his jaw working.

The help?

Mike Wheeler was many things. He was a writer. He was a barista (formerly). He was a neurotic mess with a caffeine dependency. But he was not *the help*. He was the boyfriend. He was the producer. He was the Director of Photography. He was the guy who scrubbed the toilet and cleaned the lint filter in the dryer. He was the *Chief Hydration Officer*.

Will saw Mike’s posture stiffen against his back. He felt the way Mike’s thighs tensed, hard as rock beneath him.

"Chance," Will laughed, a nervous, tinkling sound that betrayed the sudden spike in his own heart rate. "Be nice. Mitch isn't the help. He's the... management."

> **_takeachance:** [Tipped 2000 Tokens] *Management implies control. I think we all know who pays the bills here, darling. Now, off with the top. I didn't pay for a fashion show.*

That was it. That was the snap.

Mike felt a cold, calm rage settle over him. It was the same feeling he got when someone insulted his D&D campaign, but magnified by a thousand and mixed with a heavy, throbbing dose of territorial primate brain. It wasn't just anger; it was arousal. Sharp, hot, and heavy.

Chance wanted to see who paid the bills? Chance wanted to see who had control?

Fine.

Mike leaned down. He brought his mouth close to Will’s ear, angling it perfectly so the lapel microphone would catch every wet, heavy syllable. He tightened his hold on Will's waist, pulling him back so hard Will gasped, his ass grinding involuntarily against the rapidly hardening ridge in Mike's sweatpants.

"He thinks he owns you because he has a credit card," Mike growled, the vibration running straight down Will's spine.

Will’s breath hitched. He shifted in Mike’s lap, a subtle, needy movement. He could feel Mike growing behind him, a solid bar of heat claiming space between his cheeks. "Mitch..."

"Does he own you?" Mike demanded. His hand slid up from Will’s thigh, dragging slow and heavy over his stomach, before wrapping around his throat. He pressed his thumb against the pulse point, feeling it hammer like a trapped bird. He splayed his fingers wide, effectively claiming Will's entire neck.

"No," Will gasped, his head falling back onto Mike’s shoulder, exposing himself completely to the camera—and to Mike.

"Who owns you?" Mike murmured, biting the sensitive spot just below Will's ear.

"You," Will whimpered, his eyes rolling back, his hands coming up to clutch at Mike’s forearm. "You do."

"Show him," Mike commanded.

He didn't take the top off. He didn't give Chance the satisfaction of a striptease, or the grace of a slow reveal.

Instead, Mike moved his hand from Will’s throat down to the center of his chest, twisting his fingers into the delicate, expensive purple lace of the halter top until his knuckles turned white.

He didn't unhook it. He didn't look for the clasp.

He ripped it.

The sound was sharp and violent—a distinct *rriiiip* that echoed through the microphone, shocking in its suddenness. The fabric gave way under Mike’s grip, tearing down the center. He pulled the ruined material aside roughly, exposing Will’s chest to the cool air of the studio and the burning heat of Mike’s gaze.

Will cried out, a sound that was half-shock, half-wasted arousal, his back arching off the mattress instinctively. His chest was heaving, his skin flushed a beautiful, mottled rose, his nipples already hard and demanding attention.

"He wants to see if you're pink?" Mike sneered at the camera, his eyes dark, addressing the lens with a terrifying intimacy. "I'll make you pink. I'll make you every shade of red he can imagine."

"Lay back," Mike ordered, his voice dropping to a low rumble that vibrated in Will's bones.

He didn't wait for an answer. He unclasped his arms from around Will's waist and guided him backward, pressing him down until his shoulders hit the mattress. Mike followed him, crawling over Will’s prone form to cage him in, blocking out the studio lights with the breadth of his shoulders.

He leaned down. He didn't kiss Will. He buried his face in the crook of Will’s neck, inhaling deeply, dragging his nose through the sweat and the scent that drove him crazy, before moving lower. He hovered over the soft, pale skin of Will’s pectoral muscle, right above the heart that beat only for him.

He opened his mouth and sank his teeth in.

It wasn't a nip. It wasn't a love bite. It was a claim. Mike bit down hard, grinding his jaw, letting his teeth sink into the yielding flesh. He tasted the salt on Will’s skin, felt the pulse jumping frantically beneath his lips. He wanted to leave a mark that would last for days. He wanted Will to look in the mirror three days from now and see the ghost of Mike’s mouth on his skin.

Will screamed. It was a high, desperate sound that shattered the audio limiters, a vocalization of pure sensory overload. His hands flew up, claws digging into Mike’s shoulders, dragging down the black t-shirt, not pushing him away but holding him there, anchoring him close. His hips bucked, seeking friction, his body recognizing the pain as a prelude to pleasure.

Mike held on for a second longer, savoring the shudder that wracked Will’s frame, before slowly pulling back.

The reveal was devastating. There, stark against the pale skin and the ruined purple lace, was a vibrant, angry red mark—a perfect oval of teeth marks that was already beginning to bruise purple at the edges. A brand. A signature.

"There," Mike growled to the camera, his voice rough with satisfaction, his thumb reaching out to trace the wet, stinging mark he had just made. "Pink enough for you?"

The chat was scrolling so fast it was illegible. It was just a blur of *WTF* and *HOT* and *RIP CHANCE*.

But Mike wasn't done. The beast was awake, and it was hungry.

He stood up on his knees, towering over Will. His hands went to the waistband of his sweatpants.

"You want a show?" Mike asked the camera, his voice dropping to a low, dangerous rumble. "I'll give you a show."

He shoved the grey sweatpants down.

He wasn't wearing underwear. He hadn't bothered. The heavy, thick length of him sprang free, already hard, already leaking, slapping against his own stomach with a heavy thud that the microphone definitely picked up. The camera—thank you, 4K resolution—caught every vein, every inch of the legendary 10.8 that Will had bragged about.

The chat froze for a microsecond, the servers struggling to process the collective intake of breath from fifteen thousand people, before exploding into chaos.

User99: THAT'S NOT A DICK THAT'S A LIMB

Bonk: I'M CHOKING JUST LOOKING AT IT

Simp4Lee: HOW DOES THAT FIT??? PHYSICS IS A LIE

Mike ignored them. He looked down at Will. Will was staring at it too, his eyes blown wide, his lips parting in a silent invitation.

"Turn around," Mike commanded. "Crawl over me."

Will scrambled to obey, moving on hands and knees until he was hovering over Mike. Mike lay back against the pillows, spreading his legs, and guided Will into position. Will settled his knees on either side of Mike's head, lowering his hips until his ass—still clad in the sheer, ruined purple panties—was resting directly on Mike's face.

Mike groaned, a sound of pure, unadulterated gluttony. This was his favorite pastime. It was his hobby, his passion project, and his religion. He reached up, gripping Will's

hips with bruising force, and buried his face in the soft flesh.

He didn't bother pulling the panties aside yet. He licked right through the lace, the rough texture of the fabric adding a maddening friction against his tongue. He breathed in the scent of Will—lavender and musk and arousal—and felt his brain shut down. Mike groaned, a sound of pure, unadulterated gluttony. He hooked his fingers into the delicate gusset of the lace—the only barrier left—and yanked. It wasn't a total destruction, just a jagged, gaping tear right down the center, creating a window to the main event.

Mike buried his face in the opening immediately. He ate Will out like a man starving, like a man struggling to breathe and finding oxygen only in the taste of him. He pressed his tongue flat against the hole, lapping at the rim, pushing inside, groaning into the lace that scratched his cheeks. He devoured him, messy and loud and desperate, using his tongue to wreck Will, finding the bundle of nerves and working it relentlessly.

"Daddy," Will whined, his voice vibrating against Mike's stomach as he lowered his own mouth onto Mike.

If Mike was in heaven, Will was taking him straight to hell in the best way possible.

Will didn't hesitate. He took Mike into his mouth with the practiced expertise of a man who had practiced for *months*. He swirled his tongue around the head, tasting the pre-cum, before taking him deeper. Mike watched—or tried to watch through the haze of pleasure—as Will worked him. It was a feedback loop of sensation. The sound of Will sucking him off mixed with the wet, sloppy sounds of Mike eating him out through the torn lace.

But it wasn't enough. It was too good, and that was the problem. Mike was getting close, dangerously close.

"Stop," Mike gasped, tapping Will's hip. "Get off. Move."

Will pulled off with a wet *pop*, leaving Mike glistening and aching.

"On your knees," Mike commanded, his voice rough, sitting up. "Face the camera."

Will scrambled to obey, his brain clearly offline, operating solely on Mike's instructions. He crawled to the foot of the bed, facing the lens but unable to look at it. He collapsed forward, burying his face in his crossed arms on the mattress, sticking his ass high in the air.

It was the perfect view. The torn purple lace framed his entrance like a target, the fabric hanging in tatters around his thighs.

Mike stood up for a split second, grabbing the hem of his black t-shirt. He yanked it over his head and tossed it aside, baring his chest to the cool studio air and the hungry gaze of 15,000 viewers. He wanted skin on skin. He wanted no barriers.

He knelt behind Will. He reached for the lube, though Will was already slick from the earlier prep and Mike's mouth. He coated his hand anyway—excess was the theme of the night.

He slid one finger in deep. Will gasped into his arms, his hips bucking back instinctively. Mike added a second immediately, curling them inside, hitting the prostate with a cruel, deliberate precision.

"Easy," Mike murmured. He knew Will was ready—they had spent forty-five minutes stretching him out with toys before the stream even started—but Mike wasn't in a rush. He wanted to torture him. He wanted to make him wait.

"Mitch," Will whined, his voice muffled by his arms. "Please. I'm ready. I'm so ready."

"I know," Mike said, but instead of replacing his hand with his cock, he added a third finger. He stretched Will wide, watching the torn purple lace strain against the distended rim. "But I like feeling you twitch. I like feeling how empty you are without me."

He didn't stop there. He pushed a fourth finger in, curling his hand into a tight shape that filled Will completely. He wasn't just prepping him anymore; he was practically fucking him with his hand, driving his wrist in deep, twisting and curling against the prostate with a ruthless rhythm.

Will was shaking beneath him, a fine tremor running from his shoulders to his thighs. He tried to lower his hips, trying to escape the overwhelming fullness, but Mike wasn't having it. Mike placed his free hand flat on the small of Will's back and shoved down hard, forcing Will's spine to curve and his ass to rise higher, presenting him even more obscenely to the camera and to Mike's reach.

"Arch," Mike ordered, pumping his hand in and out with wet, squelching noises that the microphone picked up with crystal clarity. "Take it. Take my hand."

He worked him for another agonizing minute, listening to Will's broken whimpers turn into needy sobs, until the need to claim him properly became physically painful.

He withdrew his fingers, slick with the previous application, but it wasn't enough. He reached blindly for the bottle on the nightstand, squirting a fresh, generous amount into his palm. He wrapped his hand around his own length, stroking down once, twice, coating himself in the cool gel until he was glistening under the studio lights.

He positioned himself at the entrance, the head of his cock pressing against the ring of muscle that was twitching in anticipation. The purple lace of Will's panties acted like a frame, straining against Mike's width.

"You want me to fill you up?" Mike asked again, pressing in just an inch, testing the give.

"Yes," Will begged, his hips bucking up, trying to impale himself. "Please. I'm empty. I'm so empty."

"Not for long," Mike promised.

He drove home.

He sank in all the way to the hilt in one long, smooth stroke. Will let out a silent scream, his mouth forming an 'O', his eyes rolling back so far only the whites showed. The lace panties strained and snapped, one of the delicate side straps giving way under the pressure of Mike's hips grinding against Will's.

"Jesus," Mike hissed, overwhelmed by the heat, the tightness, the sheer reality of *Will* wrapping around him.

He began to move.

It wasn't the slow, romantic lovemaking of their Saturday mornings. This was performative, possessive, primal fucking. Mike slammed into him, the sound of wet skin slapping against wet skin echoing in the room. He reached down, grabbing both of Will's wrists and wrenching them behind his back, securing them with one large hand. The angle forced Will's chest out, arching his spine, making him completely vulnerable to the camera's gaze.

"Look at the camera," Mike commanded, leaning down to bite the sensitive cord of Will's neck. "Look at them watching me use you."

Will turned his head, his eyes glassy and unfocused, trying to find the lens through the haze of pleasure. "I... I can't... Mike, it's too much..."

Mike.

The name slipped out, raw and unfiltered. Mike heard it. His producer brain—the part of him that obsessed over lighting and VPNs—fired a warning shot. *Protocol breach.* But his lizard brain? His lizard brain didn't give a damn. Because honestly? His real name sounded way better in Will's mouth than *Mitch* ever could

"It's not enough," Mike growled. "You take all of it. Every inch."

He pulled almost all the way out, the friction maddening, and then slammed back in, hitting that spot deep inside that made Will's toes curl. Will sobbed, a broken, needy sound.

"Up," Mike ordered, releasing Will's wrists only to hook his arm around Will's waist, hauling him up until Will was kneeling, his back pressed flush against Mike's chest.

It was the perfect angle for the stream. Will's torso was on full display—the ruined purple lace, the flushed skin, the rapid rise and fall of his ribs. But Mike wasn't looking at the lace. He released Will's waist, his hand sliding up to wrap loosely around Will's throat, tilting his head back to anchor him against Mike's shoulder.

His other hand drifted down. It slid over the flat plane of Will's stomach, pressing into the soft skin just above the waistband of the panties.

"Look," Mike whispered, pressing his palm flat as he thrust upward.

There, visible even through the low light, was the faint, shifting outline of Mike moving inside him—a subtle, impossible distension of Will's lower belly with every deep stroke.

"Fuck," Mike breathed, the sight of his own size marking Will from the inside out nearly sending him over the edge right then and there. "Look at that. Look at me inside you."

Will whined, his head thrashing against Mike's shoulder. "Too big... you're too big..."

"And you're taking it like a champ," Mike praised, his thumb digging into the bulge, chasing the movement of his own cock. "Touch yourself. Show them how good you are."

Will reached down, his hand shaking, wrapping around his own leaking length. He stroked in time with Mike's hips, a desperate, frantic rhythm.

"That's it," Mike encouraged, biting down on the junction of Will's neck and shoulder. "Just like that."

"Daddy," Will sobbed, his voice pitching up. "Please. Please, I need it."

"What do you need?"

"Breed me," Will begged, the words wet and heavy. "Please, breed me. Get me pregnant."

The biological impossibility of the request didn't matter. The intent hit Mike like a physical blow, snapping the last thread of his control. He went feral. The thought of filling Will up, of leaving a part of himself growing inside this beautiful, perfect boy, drove him to a level of need that was terrifying.

"You want that?" Mike snarled, abandoning all rhythm for pure, animalistic driving. "You want me to knock you up?"

"Yes! Yes, please!"

"I'm going to fill you up," Mike promised, his voice a wrecked growl against Will's ear. "I'm going to fill you so deep you'll be leaking for days. I'm going to get you so round and pregnant everyone will know who you belong to."

"Mike!" Will screamed, shattering.

Mike groaned, his hips stuttering as he drove in one last time, burying himself as deep as physics allowed. He held it there, his hand tightening on Will’s throat, his other hand pressing flat over Will’s stomach as if to seal the deal. He poured himself into Will in hot, heavy spurts, spending everything he had.

Will unraveled in his arms, coming undone in a mess of white coating his own hand and stomach, his body bowing tight before collapsing back against Mike.

They stayed like that for a long time, Mike panting into Will’s neck, the two of them a tangle of sweat and fluids and ruined lace. The room was silent except for their ragged breathing and the relentless *ding-ding-ding* of the tip jar going nuclear.

Mike lifted his head, sweat dripping from the tip of his nose. He looked at the monitor, expecting a rage-quit. He expected a "User has disconnected." He expected total, crushing victory.

Instead, the chat pinged with a notification that was distinctly... underwhelming.

> **_takeachance:** [Tipped 100 Tokens] *A bit primitive for my taste. 6/10 for enthusiasm, but the lighting was subpar during the climax. You blocked the best angle, Mitch. Do better next time.*

Mike stared. His eye twitched.

Primitive?

He had just performed a biological miracle. He had just rearranged Will's internal organs using his dick. He had delivered a performance that would be studied by historians. And he got a *six*? From a guy who probably paid people to open his jars of pickles because he didn't want to ruin his manicure?

"He didn't leave," Mike whispered into Will's sweaty hair, his voice tight with disbelief and insulted pride.

Will blinked, his eyes slowly focusing. He looked up at Mike, dazed and beautiful and wrecked. "What?"

"Chance," Mike hissed. "He tipped a hundred tokens. One. Hundred. And he gave me a six out of ten. He said I was 'primitive' and that I blocked his view."

Will let out a wet, breathless laugh that sounded more like a wheeze. "You *were* primitive. You bit me. And you blocked the camera with your shoulder."

"I was establishing dominance!" Mike defended, offended. "It's an artistic choice!"

He pressed a kiss to Will's nose, but the petty rage was fueling him now. He carefully withdrew, watching the way Will shivered at the loss of fullness—a visual 10/10 if he ever saw one. Mike reached for a towel from the nightstand, pressing it against Will to catch the mess before it ruined the sheets completely.

"Stay here," Mike murmured. "I need to handle customer service."

He stood up, his legs shaking slightly—not from weakness, but from the sheer audacity of user _takeachance. He walked over to the desk, ignoring his discarded clothes. He

leaned into the frame, letting the camera see his sweat-damp torso, the marks on his neck where Will had scratched him, and the very obvious, satisfied smirk on his face.

He looked directly into the lens.

"Lighting was fine," Mike rasped, his voice dripping with condescension. "You just couldn't handle the heat."

He leaned closer, dropping his voice to a whisper.

"And for the record? *He* gave me a ten."

He hit **Stop Streaming** with a little more force than necessary, severing the connection and plunging the room back into reality. The digital noise died instantly, replaced by the soft hum of the purple lights and the sound of their own breathing. The silence of the apartment rushed back in, reclaiming the space.

Mike turned slowly back to the bed. Will was still lying there, a vision in ruined purple lace and sweat. He looked like a fallen angel. He looked like the best thing Mike had ever seen.

"You okay?" Mike asked, the "Mitch" persona dropping away to reveal the frantic, caring boyfriend beneath. "Was I too rough? Did I hurt you?"

Will shook his head, shifting on the bed and wincing slightly. "No. No, it was... god, Mike. That was incredible."

He looked down at the torn lace of the halter top hanging sadly from his neck. "You owe me forty dollars for the lingerie, though."

Mike laughed, walking back to the bed and climbing in, pulling the duvet up over them both. "I think we made enough tonight to buy you a whole new wardrobe. Consider it a business expense."

"True," Will hummed, snuggling into Mike’s side, resting his head on Mike’s chest. He traced patterns on Mike's skin, his touch light and teasing. "You were... really jealous, though."

"I was not," Mike lied, running his hand up and down Will’s arm. "I was professional."

"You bit me," Will pointed out, tracing the stinging, raised mark on his pectoral. "On camera. You marked me like I'm property."

"He was being annoying," Mike grumbled, pulling the duvet up to their chins. "He needed to know."

"Know what?"

"That he can buy the time," Mike said, pressing a kiss to the top of Will's sweat-damp hair. "But he can't buy the person. He can't buy *this*."

Will smiled against Mike's chest, the tension leaving his frame. "No. He can't."

Mike lay there for a moment, feeling the afterglow of the performance. He felt big. He felt powerful. He felt, frankly, like he had just won a wrestling match against a faceless internet billionaire and emerged victorious. The adrenaline was still pumping through his veins, making him feel invincible.

"I was just establishing dominance," Mike murmured, his voice thick with unearned swagger. "Basic biology, really. I had to show the pack who the alpha is."

Will stiffened against him. He pulled back, looking at Mike with an expression of pure, unadulterated horror.

"What did you just say?"

"I'm the alpha," Mike repeated, puffing his chest out slightly. "I marked my territory. It's very omegaverse of me."

"Oh my god," Will groaned, covering his face with his hands to hide the second-hand embarrassment. "I am breaking up with you. I am filing for divorce. We aren't even married, but I'm filing anyway. That was the cringiest thing I have ever heard."

"You love it," Mike grinned, poking Will's side. "You love my primal energy."

"I hate you," Will said, peeking through his fingers with a look of profound disgust. "If you say the word 'alpha' one more time—or 'pack', or 'territory'—you are sleeping on the fire escape. With the pigeons. I am dead serious, Mike."

"But I protected you!"

"You ripped my underwear and bit my boob!" Will argued, though he was fighting a smile. "You're not a wolf, Mike. You're a menace with dental insurance."

"I'm a *provider*," Mike corrected, capturing Will's hand and kissing the knuckles. "I provided a show. And I provided..." He trailed off, his gaze dropping to where their

hips were still pressed together.

The humor faded, replaced by the heavy, sticky reality of what they had just done. The air in the room grew thick again.

"Mike?" Will asked, his voice dropping to a whisper.

"Yeah?"

"Did you mean it?" Will asked, his hazel eyes searching Mike's. "About filling me up?"

Mike paused. He thought about the mess currently contained in the towel between Will's legs. He thought about the primal, biological urge that had overtaken him—the need to leave a part of himself inside Will, to mark him in a way that couldn't be washed off with soap and water. He thought about how right it had felt to lose control.

"Yeah," Mike whispered, the truth heavy on his tongue. "I meant it. I wanted to... I don't know. Keep you."

"Good," Will said, his voice sleepy and content, snuggling back into Mike's side. "Because I'm not letting you clean it up yet. I want to keep it. For a while. I like... feeling you."

Mike's breath hitched. It was such a small admission, but it floored him. The idea that Will wanted to hold onto him, to keep the evidence of their intimacy close, was hotter than any camera angle or lighting setup.

"Okay," Mike agreed, his voice rough. He wrapped his arms tighter around the boy who was his best friend, his boyfriend, and his livelihood. "Sleep. I've got you."

"Mike?"

"Hm?"

"I love you."

"I love you more, baby."

And as Will drifted off, Mike lay awake for a few minutes longer, listening to the city outside. He thought about the stream. He thought about Chance. He thought about the purple lace lying in ribbons on the floor.

He decided he liked purple. Purple was a good color.

But Will looked better in nothing at all.

YOU LOGGED OFF OF VELVETCAM

Chapter End Notes

That was one hell of a ride for me, I hope it was the same for you! This last chapter took too long to write because I had to start over from scratch again and again just because I don't like how it was going and even until this final draft I feel like it's still a bit disappointing hshshhss.

I LOVE YOU ALL!!!!

ALSO, just putting this here in case any of y'all are curious how Sweetbunny22 was born.

It happened during a smoke break outside the arts building, while Will was aggressively stressing about the cost of a new sable brush.

Jasper took a long, meaningful drag of his cigarette, looking at the Arts Building like he owned the deed to it. "Velvetcam," he said, the word curling out with the smoke. "Stop looking at Craigslist gigs, Will. You're too talented to be someone's personal assistant for twelve dollars an hour. You need to get on Velvetcam."

Will had frowned, the name sounding vaguely like a brand of expensive stationery or perhaps a very high-end ribbon. "What's that? Some kind of freelance portfolio site?"

"It's a camming site," Jasper corrected, and he actually looked offended that Will didn't know. "But it's not like the others. It's new. They're trying to rebrand the whole industry. Less 'seedy basement meat market,' more 'cinematic aesthetic experience.' High production values, moody lighting, all that shit. It's invite-only for creators right now, and I've got a referral code."

Will felt a cold drop of sweat slide down his spine. He looked at Jasper's vintage Saint Laurent jacket and then back at his own frayed sleeves. "You mean porn? You want me to do porn, Jasper?"

"I want you to get paid," Jasper said simply. "Call it whatever you want. Look, I know it sounds intense, but think about the studio fees you owe. Think about that

$400 oil set you were eyeing.”

Then, Jasper leaned in, breaking down the math to pique his interest, and Will’s internal calculator—the one that usually just screamed 'INSUFFICIENT FUNDS'—started whirring.

"The revenue model is insane because they're trying to attract actual talent, not just people with a webcam and a dream," Jasper explained, lowering his voice to a conspiratorial murmur. "Standard sites are predatory—they take forty, sometimes fifty percent of your hard-earned moans. Velvetcam does an 80/20 split. You keep eighty percent of everything. Tokens are bought at five for a dollar. Do the math, Byers. A thousand tokens is two hundred bucks. One good night? That’s your share of the rent. You cash out instantly to your bank. No waiting, no checks in the mail."

He leaned in closer. "And they have this thing called 'The Golden Hour.' If you hit the trending page, the site matches your tips for sixty minutes. Will, I made eight hundred dollars last night just sitting in my underwear and sketching. You have the face for it. And," Jasper dropped his gaze respectfully, "you definitely have the ass for it."

Will looked at his reflection in the bathroom mirror that night. He was... okay. He knew he wasn't Mike—he wasn't tall and sharp angles and striking, moody features. He was softer. Smaller. But he was fit carrying canvases and he has an ass that even Captain America would be jealous of.

Eighty percent split, he thought. Instant payout.

He used Jasper’s referral code. He bought the webcam with the last of his savings and hoped with all his might that it’s a worthy investment. He told himself it was performance art. That he’s the one holding the reins and he’ll only need to do it until he can get back up to his own feet.

The first time he turned it on, his heart was hammering so hard he thought the microphone would pick it up. He’d bought a mask—a simple black domino mask—but looking at the preview, it wasn't enough. Hawkins had taught him that secrets were only safe if they were invisible. He couldn't show his face. Not even a sliver of it. He reached out with a shaking hand and tilted the camera down, cropping the frame strictly at his chest. The screen now showed a headless, nameless boy in a soft light. On his first ever live stream he didn't speak. He just sat there. He breathed. He touched himself, tentative and terrified.

He made fifty dollars in twenty minutes.

And just like that, Sweetbunny22 was born.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!